

PUDDLES

They are mirrors for the self-involved,
muddy little portraits of dimpled chins
and eyebrows that slant like snakes climbing walls.
They are playpens and water bowls and
silver trampolines. Practical jokes
on just-washed cars. What ice has longed to be
since Adam turned his back on the first shiver.
For you, they're a healing, all that cold
finally draining from your bones. You gaze
into the stillness, looking through your face
to a collar of clouds, starlings poised
on a linden branch. Perhaps you'd rather
strum a lilt of fingers or poke a toe—
sacraments of curiosity.
You could even drop to your knees and drink.
Drag your inner child out, scribble
a tiny splash, and then another,
until there's nothing left but a wet spot
on the road. Puddles plunked here for the sole
purpose of zilch. A gratitude of melt.