
A RIVER BEND

Each waterlily bud of gold
Rides on its image. The bay stirs
At a whimsy of wind, and swans unfold
Their wings a little; then motion blurs
Reflex of snaws and bud and bill
Below the heart-shaped lily leaves.
But while that flurry of dusk is still
Racing the water's outer heaves,
The pooled reflections grow sunny-clear;
Gold bud riding its mirrored flame.
Swan and double, sire and dame,
And their cygnet brood of dusky plume,
Imaged with reed-tops full in bloom
And cloud-shadows in motion caught
Are mesmerized to a single thought:
Beauty is nowhere if not here.

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