

Trio, West Coast Images

1

Evening:
luminous sapphire.

Water, a mosaic of snakes,
rippling by.

The planets too
are real,
lizards, khaki-colored,
squatting in the shadows
of their own brooding chins.

Smoke-trails of jasmine rise
three feet toward the stars.

2

Here a heron drifts like a yacht,
like a long-range rifle.
Day's corona blacks the islands,
weaves the sea
into an irridescent cape
fallen from a god.
On the mountains, haloes.

3

Midnight.
A tree sways out into the starlight.
Silent path, that leads to the edge
of the universe.

—*Roo Borson*