

You.
The image of my thoughts.
I stand at your water's edge.
My toes, scratching the grit beneath my feet,
I take rest near you
as the seasonal colors
reflect my view
and the offerings of autumn
spill like watercolor
upon your black background.
I ask you of your day.
You sit quietly, still.
I respond for you and we converse in this way.
A single ripple rolls toward me and I consider this a
welcome.
My fingers dance on the remnants,
flicking new born rocks toward you
only to be smoothed by you again.
I consider this your
discipline.
Rows of shadow pass over you.
My eyes now parallel to the sun,
I squint as the flock flickers past.
One slowing,
his windmill size wings whip back,
gliding upon you,
disturbing your black glass mirror
you take the fowl for a ride.
Offering only a slight commotion
closing in, he circles you.
On your edge
in a stoic like stance
he awaits the approaching minnows
as your ripples reel them in
to a patient beak.
I quietly laugh as we watch the motionless dance
turn to a tango, the beak winning.
Throwing his head back in a glug
the minnow takes rest in his new home,
we watch the dance again.
Watching, as patterns repeat,
I look away.
He pecks at the muddy sand
cocking his head toward the vibration
of my beating heart.