

ANN KENISTON

Dock

sky over the lake, an emptiness
on an emptiness

the paler space
of sky retained

useless as the kayak passing in the near dark
close by the dock

not metaphor or ghost
though the rider casts a torch

forward, then passes back
into the dark

and her vanishing
continues, my wish

to feel her presence
shorn by me of touch, cheek

and lip removed or blurred
as if I didn't know where

to look for her
or she'd grown invisible which I cannot bear

and require, as if I'd reached down
my cupped palms

toward the water's surface
which is too far to touch.