

ELLEN STANFORD

Devil's Pool

—*Wissabickon Creek, Philadelphia*

In the middle of my life
a rift:

gap of still water. Schist cool
against my back and my body
burning.

In the middle of my life
a clearing:

mica-flecked ache. A ledge
to jump off.

Longing's metamorphic, too—
a deep fault,
geologic.

All I want is something
to plunge me into the cold
current.

Someone to pull me
out, lichen-slick, sputtering.