

## **Kiss the Water**

There is a moment  
in the time between hours  
when the clock's hands  
take their rest  
When 'forever' becomes a word  
with a well-defined meaning  
one you can hold in your hand  
and tuck into the pocket  
above your heart  
The sky is brightly decorated  
in the pure colors of light  
of others' suns  
the friendly moon  
holding court in its quarter  
a sprinkle of incandescence  
decorating the lake's edge  
In the middle  
a little world of fibreglass  
nods on half-hearted ripples  
ostentatiously busy-working  
against the strakes  
We fold ourselves out  
letting our attention  
wander upwards and outwards  
holding forever