

REFLECTIONS ON WATER

Liz Milne

The bright scribble of light on water
drew me in
Drew me in ripples and neon and the wine dark
Dark wine in my glass – I peered in
looking for enlightenment
It was not there

I walked to the river's edge, and saw
Saw teeth cutting my soul, my confidence, my joy
But no.
I walked to the river's edge, looked
into the depths
Depths of warm light on dark water

As I gazed, I began to feel something,
so I waited ...
Then a man said, 'Don't bloody fall in, love,' and the moment was gone