

Speers Point

We stood there at dusk

and saw a quilt

of golden silk spread out

to cover all the lake,

the fabric floating,

tie-dyed with yellows

and pinks,

a brocade of purple clouds,

flaming rubies.

Its thin hem undulates against the shore,

stitched sapphires rolling,

and casting cold tongues of fire

onto the esplanade's

marble faces. Now and then, wind

and seagull may come near

but the carpet of glimmer remains

around the transfixed boats

and the black weight

of scattered islands.

Everything is pure, unperturbed,

save for a sudden swell from afar

and the faint roar of a vanishing motor boat,

like the howl of a god dying,

wrapped in this majestic shroud of gold.