

# Natural Symmetry

*Ken Raines*

The restaurant juts above the pond,  
casting lucent shadows in those moments  
that fall still between dinner and dark.  
Reflections luminesce against the faces  
lingering above the clutter from the meal.  
Through the window, those faces seem to grow  
brighter, glowing against the diminished light.

A clatter and darkening flurry in the sky  
as thirty geese wheel above the water  
and come around low, turning in concert  
to touch the pond's reflective surface, down  
in formation, trailing a welter of ripples and wakes.

The diners gawk, talk stops, their mouths fall  
open in dark circles of wonder—black  
daubs on white smears behind the broad  
panes—as if they had all inspired together  
and held their breath, like a chorus expecting a downbeat,  
face to face with the indifferent music of nature,  
and still they find a single note to sing.