

Time Being

Lakeside, after Leaving Our Youngest at College

Dixie Partridge

Again the curlew calls its name.
Where we've camped over years,
the sky has already distanced itself
from the heat press of summer,
the lakeshore fluent
with ridges only seasons of water can scroll.

What brims toward voice between us
does not verge yet into spill.
The quiet grows . . . less hollow
in mountains than home on the plateau.
The shift of shoreline along the north
is coded by wind and currents
hidden as the braille undersides of fern.
As always the forecast will call for
our own weather of acclimation.

We've not been here in fall.
The water flares with beauty
edged in iron. Whatever cue
the leaves receive, who can tell what will come
from their turn toward true colors.
Our own veined arms sense
we might not come again to this spot
where now in slant autumn light
what we most notice is a curlew's cry.

As dusk begins to spread
from beneath the trees, we watch
a wide-spanned falcon with no wing movement
vanish into the next scene.