

Hive People

The hive people hum in town.
But inside my mind all's still

a mirror-lake.
Clean green, the town's sculpted hill rises, ricks of lime-blasted stone.

White marble skull,
silver, reflecting the globe

still as a thief in the night. Still as sleeping river-people.
Morning's a packet-boat, its watchlike wheels:

scullers come in late noon, backs of bent bronze rowing
shivering water, racing.

Wind takes body
shifts along the lake's spine like feathers on a bird's back.

All day has been a water-shifting, like a deck of blue-grey cards.
The sunset is water-boned.

A translucent touch
invades everything, taste of ash

rolling in wave on wave blue upon the tongue,
like rolling back a sash on ocean. Darting birds take bread on waves.

The Federal Building sinks in cloudy marble;
till scullers, like money-changers, rest on black waters.

Town, lake, are still, a tomb. Inside the skull, river-people rise, hum;
movement's green-gold in the brain, hive people turn round
toward the top of the sculpted hill, over the blue wave, home.