

Cary Waterman

## **SPRING EQUINOX**

Down the sticky black river road,  
water necklacing tree trunks,  
winter hair matted on pale ground.

The doe is crumpled from the night before,  
folding back even now into dead grass.  
Balance, when the wolves are equidistant,  
when all things hug the center.

I am both held and let go,  
melancholy and filled with love.  
My life pools in dark water around the legs of trees.  
and by the fenced posts this wet night journey.

From the west a boat of darkness  
pushes against dropped sky,  
black against blue.  
I look for you, look to tell you.  
I forgive!  
I am forgiven!