

Flying

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One day during that
time between evening
and late afternoon
I heard it.

It flew across the lake
through the trees to me.

It was a sound velvet, haunting, nostalgic.
“A water bird,” I thought, “a heron, an egret,
a loon.”

Later I found
that someone was playing
an oboe, there across
the lake.

I never forgot,
The sound stayed with me
inside somewhere where things
like that are wont to stay.

One day I brought one
ebony and silver
home to live with me.

Now I fly
across the lake.