

ELANA WOLFF
THE BOWER

The village has a pond,
it has a bower.
The pond is broad and shallow,
the bower small and lower—

hidden in the valley
from traffic in the street.
Its face as firm as faith,
its back an even sheath—

from equinox to equinox.
This is when it draws
you down and when
the bond is strongest.

The pond is there for those
who want the mirroring
of water: world & self
reflected back as image.

The bower is a cover
for a secrecy that deepens.
Lie beneath the over-
lapping boughs

and climbing vines.
To form you are a supine
mind: to mind
you are idea.

A bird is picking glitter
from a twig above your head.
You used to do that as a child: pick twigs
and glitter, hide your little treasures

in a box. The box was found,
the top removed; they'd outlived
their objective. Glitter
and the twigs retain their mystery.

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it has a bower.