

JEAN ENG

SOLSTICE

Waves like white dragons
lunge across Lake Ontario.
The sky yanks tarpaulin off
bike and barbecue,
flings plastic over a balcony.
By the window where
night keens—a painted fan
trembles, its handle inside
the neck of a porcelain vase.
Grab the vase and tremors stop.
But fans fold drafts into paper,
wave the gods who keep
delicate things whole.