

GILLIAN HARDING-RUSSELL

**IN MEMORY OF THREE ARTISTS WHO  
DIED IN ONE WEEK (PATRICK LANE, JOE  
ROSENBLATT, AND JOE FAFARD)**

Three colourful leaves dropped  
into the stream of things

the water slick on their bright backs  
as they came alive like fishes

under a film of water  
and of our attention

but later they sank into the silt  
at the bottom of the everyday

only resurfacing at moments  
like meteors in the dark

whose scintillating flash startled  
even themselves

until a sudden long pause  
and sedimentary death

when a century or two later  
a pebble skipped a thought

leaving a dent in the water  
where widening circles

closed over the smoothness  
underneath the opaque mirror

weren't those stars staring back  
behind the watery curtain of time

unique and motley, with the ordinary  
brilliance of mortals like ourselves?