

FLYING OVER FOUR RIVERS IN MAINE

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The indestructible
sun light
mirrors
silver or titanium
onto the rivers'
reflecting
surface.

The limit
of shapes—

leaves,
cuts,
scraps—

that reflect
the blue sky.

The white sun
beckons
like rescue
signals

or the devil
dancing
like a
satyr.

The yin-yang
symbol
cut
from sheet metal,

the surface
polished
with aluminum
of rippled air,

leaving only the
clouds
etched
and moving.

Rivers and lakes
like puzzle shapes
of islands,
water,
the mysterious
land,
and
my heart—
lost to my children,
as I fly alone—
in the center.