
ECHO

Two bodies rest together
by the pond, water deep, moody
yet clear. We lie in damp grass,
alive and silent. When

did I hand you my voice?
At what point did we reach
the apex, and descend?
You turned inward.

I am afraid to touch you.
You stretch your hand toward
golden skin, a face full of beauty,
but your fingers pierce

the surface, send ripples crashing,
destroy any image we might
have recognized. When
did you stop looking at me?

You gaze on water
that dances from your touch,
your face reshapes itself
beyond my reach.

*Katie Rose Guest
Durham, North Carolina*

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