

*The Pensive Silence*  
*of Two in a Skiff*

(In the reeds off shore  
A stately heron stands and stares  
Into the placid water.)

The pensive silence of two in a skiff  
Wagging its way past the swampy land:  
In silence of memories rushing past with the wind —  
Memories being lost somewhere in the drift.

In the bow, young hair streaming, one looks away,  
Squinting, tense, into the setting sun;  
The other, age molded to the tiller and stern,  
Turns his thoughts again to the wind and spray.

The pensive silence they both know:  
Their nearness strained by the silence,  
As the one dreams nothing of absence  
Or that the other must see her go.

(In the reeds off shore  
A stately heron stands and stares  
Into the placid water.)

The boat, Delta drawn, lingers  
On the purple water at the edge of purple land,  
Then fades, clenched from reality by a giant hand  
As it closes its tree-shadow fingers.

(In the reeds a stately heron stands and stares,  
Then stabs into the placid water.)

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