

Late Summer Lake Nojiri

Maurice Harmon

The dragon flies make tandem flights
steering a straight course, rising
and sinking as the light breeze blows

like a piece of silken thread stretched tight
from end to end, two sets of double wings
so clarified in the slowly sinking light

one cannot see their soft tremulous beat
joined tip to tip in their mating flight
their union is subtly gently held

and steady as they go, no
rapturous heights, no sudden lows
but holding the line as the sun goes