

Scene on the River Pier

Dog days, warm nights, sitting on the pier's edge
light on water, slightly moving, drifting
Reveals the life cycle over, over.
Hunted, hunters, under, above, floating.

Turtles, sunfish, and catfish, very hungry.
White moths flying toward the warmth of light,
dropping on the surface for the hunter
waiting, underwater for a fresh meal.

With the newly added daughter-in-law,
we are spying on the feeding cycle,
Right at our feet, so quiet, so real.

Feelings of this shared closeness between
us and the pier will be with me always.
Life should always consist of times like this.

