Morning Walk

pebbles sit this way and that

water imminent on their dull surface

in their numbers a randomness

yet

they sit this way and that way

exactly now

a cool cascade of randomness

adding up to improbability

i ask the guy beside me

how many coincidences can be called chance

she says look

i almost missed the heron

fishing naked from the seaweed

dreaming of losing a feather

to find one fitful sleep inside my woman’s night

ah then the image agrees with you

patience stalking desire

the tide is possesively high

transforms randomness into the unpredictable

are these my shiny pebbles?