

CHRIS DOMBROWSKI

Tablet

Up the cutbank of a creek named after stone,
striking stone, I came walking, my fingers
stained with the pulp of raspberries picked
from branches arched over descending snowmelt
beneath two clouds and blue sky no one
built. Napped between that extravagant
quilt and sun-warmed sand until the taut line
woke me, tugging in my palm. The trout's
eye was a polished nickel poleaxed
by a drop of ink, though I am writing this
in the brown juice spit from a grasshopper's lips,
instinct having made for many a miracle
such as this emergent mayfly shaking its wings
dry, to whom I whisper—Go light and soft
with this pittance, straight to the lord
whose commandments are writ in water.