

Ken Cathers / TWO POEMS

in wait

tideless winter.
a few kickers lie
dormant belly-up

paint-peeled on the
icy landing. off
shore a loon thrashes

the water, splashes
the lagoon with crack
of shell-ice breaking.

turn around. there is
a face below the
grey surface, a force

in the dark shallows
waiting. hold to this
place. mark the way

tossed shells break
perfect ripples.
corrugated language.

listen. in the echo
there is something
to be heard.

this poem is a lie

this poem is a lie:
I am not in a forest
I have never been lost.

I have simply stepped
to another room,a
vacancy & this room

is the other room &
the door turns on itself.
I thought,once,I knew

the meaning thought
these lines were flowing
a river bending into

forms,a part of a cycle.
I thought I was
like the poem,a river,

a part of a going,of
becoming, I thought
these changes meant some-

thing. but this room
is the other room,the
door turns on itself.

there is only the illusion
of change; the words are
disguised and spoken again.