

Dress Rehearsal for Utopia

KAREN DONOVAN

We're glad they made Clear Falls.
The white rocks love the water,
the water loves its splash and brim.

Over the cliffs roll kids, kicking
with frogs in the beetled pools.
The bees crash-land in sticky nests.

We love our skin and the skin of others
under the sky that keeps nothing out.
A man goes wading, wearing a hat.

There's only sand and a rusted bridge,
a gesture dark where the spring
flowers. A branch trails in pollen

dust hieroglyphics for minnows,

and the killer whales surrender
their air with grateful sighs
and fold flat for the long ride home.