

# What It Takes

LISA STARR

All it takes is one blue rowboat tied to a buoy,  
and its reflection, and this moment  
for me to go remembering everything.

Then a murmur, the sound of water lapping,  
the snapping breeze and the way the leaves  
resist the letting go, or don't...

the wheels of a bicycle coasting downhill  
with some gravity-glad rider—  
all of it, all of it complicit.

What I'm talking about is the sheer, shimmering faith  
of the rope that connects the boat to the buoy  
and the hands that tied the knot, and the fathers

who teach their sons and daughters  
these simple things I see all day  
and sometimes, not at all.

Moments like this become oracle, miracle,  
and I know in my heart of hearts that the whole world—  
this one—is just my own face in the mirror,

and I know that I am the boat and the buoy  
and the rope—and like faith, that holy smoke—  
I am brilliant, and bobbing, and blue.