

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.