

## An Exact Lady

She is a boat  
with a unique sail  
yoked to the kit house  
over there on the beach

She is a dirt driveway  
small shells litter the grass  
and in the dirt beneath  
somewhere worn and poor  
a loose iron nail dreams

She is a freestanding column  
about twenty feet tall  
away from a stone wall  
where the oak leaves stop drifting

She is a book  
but on every page  
someone else's name  
lights up

She is a dog in another life -  
all the Woods Hole black dogs  
sing her name  
as they lope down Water Street

She is a mole  
that has lived for a hundred years  
under her living room floor -  
the mole is part of the weather

She is an Exact Lady  
like the waves  
like a folded photograph  
like a pine breeze  
like an ice saw in a shed  
like a Dutchman's Pipevine  
like stained glass  
like a looking glass looking back

Like every Exact Lady  
she has a brick road  
and you'd better meander it  
and there's a wren ahead of you

Do you see that butterfly  
going to sip at the museum  
flowerbeds?  
That's her  
before she is now  
as yet unspecified  
as yet not history  
as another exact moment  
worthy of our best effort  
the best attention  
of our best selves.

Eric H. Edwards  
A Woods Hole Poet