

Poem: Walking on the Punch Bowl

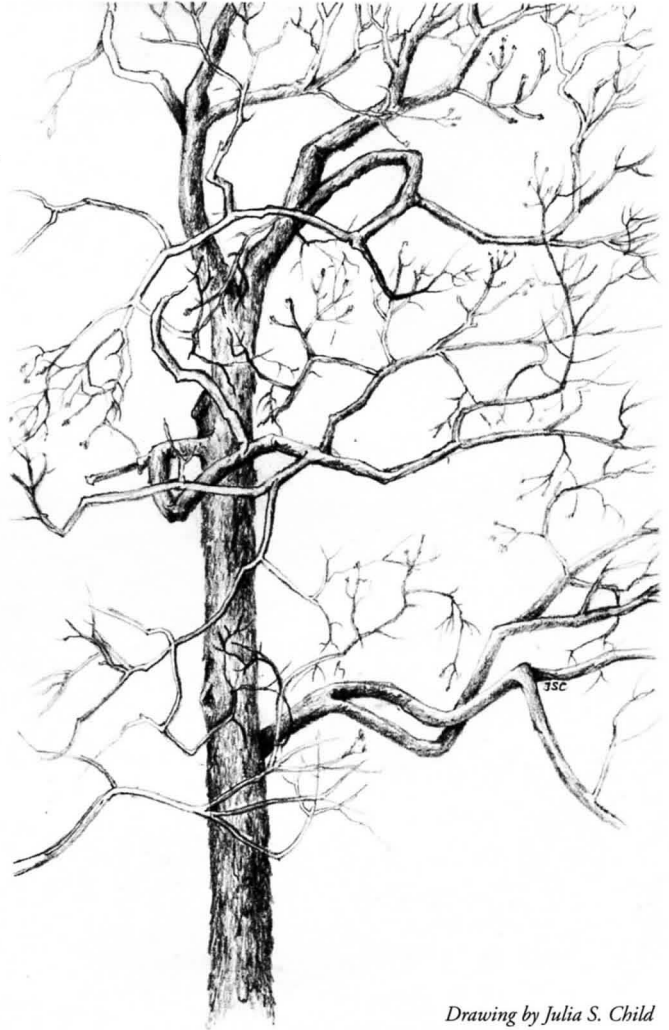
by Eric H. Edwards

Some late-fallen oak leaves
still only half-imprisoned
reach out, their fingers waving
a little – the pond as still as the moon –
blown this far and then

below them – as if to preserve
some temporal regimen –
other leaves, branches,
dimmer things broken like the moon,
air pockets, brittle and cloudlike

we wonder down at it, walk on it
hand in hand, as if holding hands
is all that keeps us safe;
from time, from falling whichever way
is less than now, less than this

slipping out, into the middle, now
the darkness of the steep banks
the sudden, indifferent moon
spots us... we take a bow off
balance, suspended so



Drawing by Julia S. Child

Eric H. Edwards is a Woods Hole poet.