

# Passage Over Water

by Cara Chimirri

There is winter sunlight  
hanging over gilded trees.  
For what, we do not yet know.  
It is blank. Like what follows on from love.

I had stopped on the bridge  
to watch the blue fish like dancers  
reflected in the veins of the yellow leaves.  
Fancying I could tell them their fortunes.  
The way you told me mine.

You read the word 'theosophy'  
looking to the dove coloured sky  
a blindfold against the vastness of open space.

Mudlark children  
on the river bank  
cut by glass  
and tussock edge  
launch paper boats  
windblown  
and wanting

and the softly elliptical fish  
slip back into the weed  
just before my hand closes  
and you pause.



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