

Bellowing Ark

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Hrazdan's Gorge

City hidden above,
river gouged gorge
dammed here into

a peaceful pool
spills over.
Occasional fish ring
the surface, snatching
a heedless insect.
Quiet, peace, trees.

In a booth
with reed mat walls
little light, white cloth,
they sit, eat, drink, are,
talk without words,
to the music of water
rippling over the dam.

Affection, pleasure,
shyness, attraction,
scary,
tension of liking.

courage needed
to see one another,
perhaps perceive
in the dark, light.

the night is cold,
the heart flames up?

Michael Stone

Grounded

In all those old
Air Force movies
grounding is the worst thing