

## **STASIS**

There is a bridge in Somesville,  
not the old wooden one that arches over the stream,  
but the bridge between ocean and marsh,  
an ordinary overpass passing over  
sea turning to land,  
salt water to fresh.  
Twice each day  
the ocean  
changes its  
direction,  
reversing slowly,  
building its momentum  
until it forces itself in upon the land.  
The land receives first in grudging defiance,  
an old virgin fending off a lover,  
until he patiently and gently  
slides along her shores,  
showing her how it can feel  
to have the water rushing through the channel;  
then cautiously opening and laying back to welcome;  
mingling for hours until, in exhaustion,  
the ocean retreats,  
the marsh  
oozing and sucking,  
holding him as long as she can.

There is a long moment  
when the sea and land balance,  
when the waters rest,  
when it is impossible to know  
which way they flow.