

How a White Lake?

By Pam North

For white fish deep
until the water crinkles cold
and fishers' lanterns crisp
against the dark.

Or frozen white in folds
like swans' backs or pastors' robes
lying in reverence
over still water.

Then open and frothing foam,
flaring like horses' muzzles
wet and black in the turning
churn of a summer storm.

How white
like a flash
just before
a memory.