

# Scrimshaw I

The wind turned on its head—with it, the light.  
The lake took on a jellied waxy rind.  
An alchemy. A texture to the air.  
In seconds, the far shore disappeared.  
There was a careless painter's quality  
to the new wind—a stranger's palette knife  
smudging the water's surface underneath as if  
some large and lonely creature trailed a path  
above itself. A marooned wake.  
The imprint of a thing that wasn't there.  
Then through the cotton-wool suspended snow the  
blue sky tore its way out of the sky—  
the blue sky pulled back its soft opaque veil—  
How could I ever tell you what I'd seen?  
*My god, I thought. Maybe beauty will save me—*  
It didn't. It would have been a pretty thing.

*Matilda Lin Berke*