

Mid-February

BY MEGAN LESTER

Noticing a black pool on the ground,
I stretch my hand over the darkness,
expecting to see my arm reflected
in a puddle.

But the black pool was a shadow,
and my hand another shadow,
making a blacker silhouette
in the not-puddle.

A brief disappointment.
I had wanted to see my arm
waving up at its twin.

How much, I thought
could be held
in a pool of water.