

Wetlands nocturne

by [Steve Lautermilch](#) in the [March 8, 2005](#) issue

(Rhodoms Point, Big Colington Island)

You gave me time. And giving
that, like a master, a miser, gave away nothing.
You knew this all along. For
though you move in cycles and seasons,
you dwell beyond, outside of time and measure, beyond
the scope of words and reasons.

This is what you give, then: a center, a way
of being, that though it moves, lies beyond movement
the way the springs of a well rise
far below the moving waters of their mirrored
surface where they play and spill like the dance of trees
rooted upside down in heaven.

How strange it seems, through the looking glass. For I know
your ways, am one of them with you. Like needle,
like compass, like kayak
I follow you as you follow me.

And moving, am moved toward you. As you
like these waves, make no move at all.

Croatan Sound. Albemarle Sound. Currituck Sound.

Pamlico Sound. The music
of a water wind beyond human names
and naming.