

Rondel: Beside water at nightfall

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [December 26, 2006](#) issue

So near to evening, thoughts against thought will run,
 unsettled in currents: fish, aswim down suddened light.
 Upon the bank, I've slowed to discern the turn toward night
in the songs of birds. Even water itself is by dark undone.

Trees and road, hill and distance—all coaxed into one.
 Stern shapelessness, I cannot place myself. Wouldn't know right
so near to evening. Thoughts against thought will run,
 unsettled in currents: fish, aswim down suddened light.

like this, then—boat that drifts for the shore, done
 with floating blind. At the edge of my vision, a white
 something. Sand bar? Rock break? There's not enough sight
to say. Will I learn at last how much such doubts have won?
So near to evening, thoughts against thought will run.