

One dragonfly hovers

by [Lynn Domina](#) in the [May 10, 2017](#) issue

above Presque Isle's iron-gray
outcroppings, its near wing
a smudge of indigo at the edge of my eye,
blurring like the shade
of the dead friend I thought
I saw crossing the sidewalk.

Days like this, the almost real
is more real than anything real.
My breath caught, seeing her
grasp the wrought-iron railing. Then, I watched
a stranger latch a gate. Today,

the wave's pace quickens while water
deepens from ultramarine to midnight.
Small creatures shift imperceptible antennae
as wings whirr, then disappear.