RETREAT

The reservoir shimmers like a torn page
of ocean folded into an envelope of woods.
First the beauty of it, then shock of the beauty,
then the shock of the shock. It holds a quiet
never found at the sea with its metal of gulls’
voices, waves grinding shells to sand. Making
sure we know it’s alive. But this is alive too.
Hemlocks add another ring before our eyes
while snapping turtles slip their eggs under
debris on an open slope dense with trees.
Not silent, but a music full of rests.
Boulders the glacier dropped on its retreat.