

Dog Park Reverie by Kimberly Hunt

My wife and daughter walk a bit
Assuring me, they both acquit
My need to harbor a concern
That their election serves to spurn.
They know I'd rather spend the time
To parcel sense in what might rhyme-
Distilling from the view at hand
Some nugget, I might understand.

I briefly wonder what they'll learn;
What they might share upon return.
But then, my mind drifts beyond reach
Beyond the limits sermons preach.

The Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate
Frame the horizon where I wait.
The gun grey water's winter sheen
Tries to withhold what is not seen.
I marvel at the cormorant
Who hunts atop the rippling slant.
I'd lose my focus in that breadth,
Fathomless as stranger's breath.

The call for me comes from beneath
Where realms indifferent to belief,
Indifferent to instant relief,
Remain untraceable by path,
Remain unchartable through math.

I seek admixtures from within
Unlabeled whether pathogen,
Buoyant hope or deep chagrin.
The inner reach where I observe
Often contests that I deserve
The benefit of clarity
From gleanings in my murky sea.

Yet, I'm receptive to these calls,
Even if what comes appalls.
Reflective flensings may yield thought
Illumining what has been sought.
Regardless of the aftermath,
My refuge from a wayward path
When wife and daughter reappear,
Is sharing what may not seem clear.
This makes my quest seem less austere.