

Two Boats

Two boats marching down the river;
a tug in front the other one in tow,
make me think of chorus voices
singing scales in octaves, floating
step by step from higher tones
to those below.

Two sharply pointed bows
and at the front of each a push
of water mounted high
that we might even think was snow,
melting hence into the depths
where all such fleeting peaceful
city visions seem to go.