

Two Levels of Theater

I realize now that water is a mystery,
colorless, yet we see it and see through it,
reminding me of other empty things

like the page on which this poem performs
rising and dipping on the emptiness
delivering its glimmering undertones

a play of "is" upon the emptiness
the substance of nothing that contains the world.

Our words, like hard-won crumbs of grace that speak
our quiet and our miniature campaigns,
are flung upon the emptiness of water

like our comings and our goings, their under-
tones reaching the audience of us
whenever we are seen and seen clear through

keeping the whole world's vast performance true.