

KARA VAN DE GRAAF

Locking Ghazal

Sinking, the hind end of the Chevy lurches below the water's seal.
Our hands anticipate nothing, not the blind glass, not the door's fixed seal.

What other world is baptized by the rocking deep, shapes that disband
and re-form: ghost-fingers of weeds, minnows sharding like a mirror unsealed.

The bridge was built by hungry men, their days spent singing above
the river's implacable rush, fingers pounding rivets until they flush and seal.

The visible city honks its horns, drowns the swooping call of night's predatory
wings. Light pearls the water, moon's wavering print circular as a wax seal.

Below, our eyes assemble ephemeral scenes: spidered windshield cracking,
the car's crown of sediment, the stony river bed's gloss—wet black hide of a seal.