

Leap

BY ROB COOK

for Mary Anne

As if a fish ran up across the water,
waved a fin, and leapt onto my plate.
Perhaps a sea witch cleaning out her larder
tossed it there, though was it food or bait?

I met you on vacation by the sea.
We talked and ate, we walked and kissed — oh what
a week! And then the *we* was *you* and *me*
with lives and plans a continent apart.

But now we clink our glasses as we cheer
that foolish leap of faith we took that brought
us so much happiness for all these years —
as if the twists of fate that are our lot

are songs of mermaids offering a chance,
and we can take the risk or miss the dance.