

## Water, Five Ways

*Katie, don't you sound like your mother!*  
Feeling of a river, back in time, way back.  
Feeling of replacing a bulb in a socket.

When I answer the landline  
in my mother's house, the house  
wanders off. *Oh, no!* I keep waving.

Feeling of sea-froth sliding around  
see-through to sand. Once, early morning  
after carnival, masks were dropped

in the river and there we saw them dissolve,  
like evening light pulling across a lawn.  
The events were over

but some people still milling about:  
feeling of rocks again under foot, of a bind,  
feeling of jimmying a stuck kitchen drawer.