

COLORS of GLASS, 2004

- *Vilma Ginzberg*

From Section I, Love-Words:

ENCOUNTER

you touched down
like a flat stone
skimming off my lake's shiny surface

and I
fluid
eager
reached for you
as the water kisses the stone on its leaving

now
my wave-rings of response dying
I become
again

placid

little did I know
how deeply
you would settle in me