

JANE MCKIE

## Transcendental

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This water always puts you in a trance,  
as if it's melt water from a glacier  
rather than unfiltered tap water.

Hard to interpret, the hydromancy spills  
from your gibbering mouth—nonsense  
about the magical north, goose-offal, hermits.

It's good though, makes the kitchen light up—  
when you carry a cup, hoarfrost mazes the floor,  
tracing pilgrim paths across lino.

Outside our window, trees pretend  
they are slender, bow to blackbirds  
who pretend they are herons.

The wind mewls under the garden door  
to worship at my ankles as I listen to you  
console our lives with greater meaning.