

Yoga

Josh Beaudoin, Capital University

The green bench,
a Tibetan monk,
poses by the lakeshore.

Waves ride in like
dragonflies bounding
up stairs.

Beneath a maple's shade
I listen as cars doppler
off into the west,
invisible behind me.

I am forcibly calm,
my vertebrae the slats,
my hands the scrolled bronze grip,
just dying to hold still.