Small World Made Large

John Grey

Lying on the pond’s edge,
I get so low, so focused,
that the Jesus bugs
walking deftly across the water
are helicopter-size.

Surface tense,
legs long and hydrophobic,
no sinking here,
a miracle knows its place.

And minnows,
swollen to the size of whales,
circle slowly,
lost in their own reticence.

And here comes a dragonfly,
a 747
of such glistening color,
it brings my eyes to heel.

I am motionless, silent, and fascinated.
My magnitude gracefully gets out of its way.

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