

One dragonfly hovers

by [Lynn Domina](#) in the [May 10, 2017](#) issue

above Presque Isle's iron-gray  
outcroppings, its near wing  
a smudge of indigo at the edge of my eye,  
blurring like the shade  
of the dead friend I thought  
I saw crossing the sidewalk.

Days like this, the almost real  
is more real than anything real.  
My breath caught, seeing her  
grasp the wrought-iron railing. Then, I watched  
a stranger latch a gate. Today,

the wave's pace quickens while water  
deepens from ultramarine to midnight.  
Small creatures shift imperceptible antennae  
as wings whirr, then disappear.