

Surface Tension

A

Droplet

Has dripped.

And falling, forms a sphere

Of perfect tension, a tiny globe

That wobbles a little uncertainly in flight.

Perfect mirrors of liquid refract the light.

Or is it perhaps just falling, tremulous,

Towards a fast-approaching end.

Something hard or soft,

Now.

Spl

ash

And, looking like a crater on the surface of the moon,

Sends up a perfect child of itself for a short life

Before it is swallowed in a greater pool

Of so much water.