

# John Greaves, Peter Blegvad, Lisa Herman, Geg

It but incurs  
A lustre in a flood  
After many not dislodged.

And at each subsidence  
Half arises,  
Half holds to cloudy water  
Nature of its anchor kept occult.

We keep a current  
Flowing from a sluice.  
Cloud it with corrosives  
Hoping to appropriate  
What holds its own so well

What tips an ever wider wake.