

## ROBERT CANZONERI

### *Mount Desert Island, Noon*

Face to rock with the coast of Maine  
He lay still as the rock, its surface  
Worn as for comfort, his own  
Worn body taking from the ancient  
Rock heat fresh from the sun, giving  
The rock heat from his own deep fire  
First captured when the rock was whole,  
And cradled, held, seeded in heat  
Father to son to him.

The tide

Was neither out nor in. Below  
The waves rocked steadily ashore.  
Still as the rock he lay,  
Stilling his pulse, his surfacing  
Breath, the massive fluid ocean  
Of the self. It was not water  
That he rode with all its beat,  
Its intricate contrary motion toward  
Some shore, but this extremity  
Of rock set in rock upon rock  
To the deep rock on which all turned.