

GENT — SINT — PIETERS

Alexa Dilworth

I see two lovers
on top of a high mound
by a lake.
A mound so high, so peaked,
it is a mountain.
And the lovers dots,
though highly visible dots
I have identified as lovers.
There is a town staggered
around the lake.
A panorama that from the train
and through the glasses
I seldom wear
looks like a 3-D postcard
or a collapsible,
not very convincing movie set.
From the train it is obvious
that the lovers are exchanging
recipes or swapping insects
from their collections.
When they stop, they will turn
to see a line that is a train
pass in the distance, the sun flashing
off windows in broken rhythm,
and add to their view
of the staggering town
and the very blue lake
an observation that, after all,
they are not lovers,
but simply dots.