In today’s poem Rachel Flynn of Gorham combines a description of a merganser on a lake with a commentary about persistence.

On Wanting Only One Thing

by Rachel Contreni Flynn

for Patrick

This morning the hooded merganser appears lazy on the lake, puckered feet tucked beneath her rump so she’s just coasting, just carving with the cargo of her body a sloppy channel through snake grass, silent as a handbag. The merganser pays no attention to kites swooping in the spruce, loons keening in the coves, or cormorants airing their wings on the shore. The merganser never swivels her head for sleep or grief or even grooming, so it seems she might be stupid or nearly dead. But then, at the bright twist of fin beneath her, her soul becomes a syringe. She unhinges her joints into sleek steel, plunges through cold water, small heart soaring, mind clenched behind hopeful, topaz eyes.