

# A Day in Crete

by Jane Stuart

Leaping  
over bulls' backs  
tumbling acrobats fall  
in a circle of golden light  
and air  
Standing  
on topless waves  
on waxed boards pushing hard  
over water filled with surfing  
mermaids  
Turning  
veering, clicking  
wheels against the sidewalk—  
modern motion when your skateboard  
rises  
Sailing  
through dark water  
little boats crash heavy  
waves that rise out of an unseen  
wind storm  
Lovely—  
as linear  
as any silhouette  
your palace walls and dreams hidden  
in sand