

## Passage

The solemn pond displays the summer night  
Perfect in the rondure of its speculum,  
The sky set out in order, light by light.  
Serenely *a muskrat noses through* the lines  
Of stars; *the cool reflective moon sways in*  
The water *that trembling languidly* but once  
Now settles, *steadies itself again*, and shines  
Impassive *within the astonished O*, again  
Moveless, *upon the water's plane* immense.  
Something has happened in the world this night  
Of rare consequence for some time to come,  
Whether or not it alters the final sum.