

The Big Lake – a Poem

By Tim Boyle

a beach divides
the shore from the tides
in lapping slapping swirling bursts
and mouths of rivers
from unquenchable thirsts

tied to the moon
with invisible string
this living, seething, intangible thing
is moving near
yet back as planned
pounding rocks into grains of sand

the big lake is hoarse from constant
laughter
over playful fetch
and eminent disaster
masts tip bells
way off on the wind
yet still heard far up on the widow's walk
while thinking of her kin

for sometimes the water's lots are cast
for sailors' bones
for nothing lasts
for graves of ships
for misguided maps
inside the deep, deep down cold
hiding under innocent white caps

the flow and ebb
a circle brings
the seasons turned
upon its wings
the currents below
make the chandeliers creak
into gaping grinding tinkling teeth

the waters today are iron red
spring green tomorrow
or ice blue instead
root beer brown
it may be dependent on the town
but no one really knows

then shiny scales suddenly flash and flick
anchors drop with a barometer wick
these mysteries now
we must abide
yet taking for granted
we still take a ride
we can't hold the tiller or plot a course
encircled in our wet remorse
our history lies in your future past
we're rudderless
tied to your mast
staring into inky blackness
now we can see
all your secrets are kept
for eternity