

Lake De Noon

Sunk to the oarlocks a green boat
hangs in the clear water. Hardly a ripple,
not one breath of cool air all day long,
and I sit reading Darwin on the porch.
Look up, across the lake. Even flies rest.
Waiting for the last summer of the thirties to end.
Bluegill and sunfish lie in the sandy shallows,
breathing among the motionless, dark reeds.