



The lake's yellow dock floats
its warning over the lazy ripple.

Children whose habit is to get
what they want ignore its red-letter scowl.

How fast the bottom rises, how still
the lake when a boy waits too long
to rise. How sharp a wind that carries
a howl, a kick of sand, a book dropped.

Turn to any page and seek the letters
to spell loss. See how each corner

has its number near where the sharp
page ends, each turn a cut waiting.

The summer, the sails, the horizon,
the blanket—all have their ends.

