

The Dock

You would like my yard
The trees enclose like castle walls
(one is a Black Walnut so we have squirrels)
My deck is high like a fort
looking down on a grass courtyard
There is a path in the back
down through a darkened wood
so steep you almost have to run
which is a good idea anyway
because of the mosquitoes
At the bottom a lake
boggy at first with thick, tall rushes
My boardwalk (I say mine because I built it)
is the only way through
to a creaky, old, perfect dock
There's a chair on that dock where I sit
and think and listen
and sometimes catch fish
I talk to you on that dock
not about important things
just the minute by minute stuff
You'd think I was crazy
but the birds don't mind
they have their own conversations
and the trees understand
they are in charge here
but when you're on the dock
they leave you alone
So I sit and think and listen and fish
and talk to you
Do you ever talk to me that way?
let me know
or maybe come over
I told you the way
And there are two chairs