

POND SWIMMER

(human interaction at ponds' width)

An older man walks
From the cottage down a grassy bank
To barren dirt shore
Slowly he wades into
A silent summer pond
I sit a quarter-mile away
Watching him.

He has a choice,
Swim to the brown raft
Of wood
Near no one
OR
Swim to the inflated yellow raft
Nearest me.

The swim begins as does
My read
Some time later
I'll gaze across
A peaceful pond,
Each well kept cottage
more quiet
Than the next,
Wondering,
why there are
No inhabitants to hear
Nor care of.
The noise of purposeful splashing?
As it disrupts the last
Page of my fifteenth chapter.