

LAKE PROPERTY

I walk to the thigh in wet, translucent sun.

Pearl snails, blind calligraphers,
engrave runes in the clam embellished sand.
Sun lances water, and I
walk carefully with sand rough feet
through the sharp edges and
pastel shells of the dead.

I am lake property
rented out for a short summer
to water and sun.

I stop walking
exhausted, and
unable to force my heavy thighs
through water
I dive
scattering bright minnows.

and i rise
solid
suspended between sun
in water and
float.

Jane Eggleston



Study in F^{dim}

Leighanne Robison