

Believe Cedars

Hiram Larew

I come soft barely to Burden Lake
Its birch shore and hear
Children across the water splashing fun
As a motor boat throttles back when it
Rounds buoys

I sit under a branch halfway that is asking to
Have its picture taken with
The water

Why not I say as the piper cub cuts
The sky's corner
And the breeze takes the
Leaves on a lark like my mind

In fact if I was younger I'd
Try to swim to
The island out there maybe
A fourth of a mile away floating
I believe on cedars

The fact that I'm not fully
Here and won't visit again makes
The lake seem even larger

I see that someone has cut the grass around
Me and that brambles and
Cares are just beyond me
And yes here comes a pair of ducks uninvited
Thank goodness

How to prepare
On Burden Lake's edge for right now or
For the long run or for glistening especially
When I hold my breath in my arms while
The outboard motor waves from its deck

Hello

This poem first appeared in *Poetry Catalog*.