

## Lake's Lament

Built almost sixty years ago,  
the cabin still dances  
with her partner, Green Lake.  
Together they reminisce about the rocks  
along the shore, a sturdy buttress  
which both joins and separates them  
and helps them notice:  
the mildewed dock with its rusty poles,  
paint peeling from the cabin's logs,  
the patched screen door,  
knotty pine boards stretching  
from floor to ceiling, metal lawn chairs  
with tube arms and legs that reach around to touch  
and a cracked window which seeps truth.

A large photo of our grandparents lingers  
over the fireplace. The family Bible rests  
on the mantel and I see a photo of my cousin and me  
holding hands on the front steps.  
I hear the sigh of the hidden loon  
as swallows sweep mosquitos for their chicks  
before they abandon the hollow in the aging oak  
to fly south.

By Arlin Buyert