

Clinch Park

by Bill Yarrow

He was drawn to water. Water, in which lived rocks and weeds and formidable fish. Water, of dangerous hues of blue, more violet than the pale-faced palette of the sky. Water, the glue of contingent necessity. Water, the stippled foundation of all foundational philosophy. He looked into the watery eyes of the old woman sitting next to him. She had on a periwinkle sweatshirt in preparation for the night. She smiled and turned away. The sun was disappearing over Traverse City. There was nothing on the lake but a faint sailboat and a shadowy gull. Cars, in awe of evening, crept by metallically on the darkened parkway. The soft sounds of sunset had subsided into silence. The black water, infinitely resonant, spoke a lasting vastness.

