

# I Found Myself in Waters

*by* Con Chapman

I found myself in waters,  
a lily-padded pond  
that cooled us in July.  
Unready for the world, we pawned



ourselves for a longer lease on youth.  
I found myself in waters  
later that summer in Wellfleet,  
where we floated like otters

on our backs, sons and daughters,  
innocent again, in glades irenic.  
I found myself in waters  
through stands of grass Edenic,

to the beach at Cahoon Hollow  
where the sands were hotter;  
then, beneath the crashing waves  
I found myself in waters.

