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,

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/i-found-myself-in-waters»* Copyright © 2011 Con Chapman. All rights reserved. to the beach at Cahoon Hollow where the sands were hotter; then, beneath the crashing waves I found myself in waters.