

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.

