

# In The Wake

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Any form of exertion would defile  
what we are trying to do

here - absolutely nothing.

Two weathered men grunt  
corpulent, excuses for not sitting idle

chores to be done.

An outboard motor breaks  
the surrounding silence

morning's thrum has begun.

Mallards carve V's  
in their wake, rippling wastes

bob lily pads, overgrown.

A seagull laughs  
and a loon wails

lah-ooh-nah, lah-ooh-nah

crying summer's  
departing feathers

molting into fall.

