

In The Wake

by Johnsienoel

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.

