

# Deep Pond

*by* Tim G. Young

I was looking in the deep pond

When I saw something wiggle.

And it wasn't the water.

It wasn't the silly breeze,

Playing in the cattails.

It wasn't the sun sparkling

Or the dog of the neighbor

Barking.

When I saw something

In the water

I knew what it was.

I knew the spirit

Did swim through the

Wiggle and brush my cheek.

I wasn't afraid

But my heart stopped  
For at least a minute.  
But my blood was  
Not lazy.  
Still it jumped and  
Then returned to pump  
My spirit higher and  
Higher.  
Water spirit,  
My spirit,  
Dance with me  
All night long  
By the fires  
Big and strong  
Until we splash  
With the spirit  
Of a new day's  
Song.

