Down by the Lake

Kate Zumach*
wave sound
soothing, piercing, background quiet
numb fingertips pinned under shaking warm
thighs, clenched together like young lovers
nose poised sole mountain on face
licking winds leaving chills of waterfalls down
hidden spine, concealed by bumps and down
bundled creature perched at the edge of two worlds
air whipping, water lapping, ripples stir from life just hidden
under black mercury, elusive droplets fall from hands
shattered fierce explosions hidden by fearful trees
dropping leaves, shaking from fear of man
another shriek from metal, cry hot dust and
aim knows not why, other puffs of feathers hop and skip
children on playground of sticks, ignorant to sound so fear
does not reach holes of ears, for those who do not know the
sound death makes