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The Lake

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The lake remains held in place by the hands of duck-weeds, twigs, and reeds. A thick layer of algae sits on its perfect pane of glass glinting off a white bone glow from the man on the moon. It mimics his scowl- a silent scream that echoes and shatters the glass creating ripples all across its surface. Whimsy and walloping creatures slug underneath its surface. They pace in circles waiting to nibble and lick on toes, leftover sandwiches, and hide in empty forgotten beer cans that sink as it swallows the dark body of water. Mud gurgles and blows dirt bubbles at the shore where you can still see imprints of ass cheeks, bare feet, checkered soles, and the scribbles of mad men done with slick wet sticks. The body lays there day in and day out month after month decaying and smelling of rotten fish. With every holiday and hot weekend, they come stripped down to their knickers and jump into the heated stew of things. Tonight I observed lovers slide in the bare-assed and kissing underwater letting in all the gory intimates of the lake into their mouths. All things dark and afraid come out to bask in the moon’s silent cry. Frogs and crickets give a symphony for the lovers to sing along. A snake slithers across the peeled skin of the body of water and swallows the moon like it’s a swollen egg, and it too cracks-its yoke spills out and so the night drips everything with charcoal. Without the moon, the trees, the bushes and shadows become dense, heavier, and darker. The lovers run through the water wildly kicking all living things aside to reach their clothes that hang limply on a dead branch. The quiet swoops in with strong chilly winds. The whole ecosystem gets goose bumps and huddles closer together. The leaves slap each other until many casualties fall to their death on wet moss and the trees all sway to the new rhythm of the night.

THE LAKE
REBEKAH DANIEL