

THE POND

At the pond's edge are reeds
and green-scummed algae,
punctured by the bulbous eyes
of frogs.

And beneath,
small minnows pour
from the mouths of cans,
crab-feelers wave
through brown-thatched weeds.

Far out, toward the pond's center,
are depths beyond the deepest plummet's reach,
where the stones, thrown by young boys,
minute by minute sink
into swaying dark--

and live there, moved
by the cold lips of springs.

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