

## POEM

## Recovery

I couldn't work out what was happening.  
I walked to the end of the rickety pier,  
drew a bucket of cold water from the lake  
and saw things I had not seen the day before

though the weather seemed much the same:  
Silvery fish darted under the surface,  
water boatmen skedaddled on its skin,  
ripples from a long gone motorboat

lapped the large flat stone at the shore's edge  
and the brown stems of giant lily pads curved  
down into the murk. A cormorant flew  
low and fast across the bay's wide mouth

and out of sight, while the deep cells continued  
their slow work of invisible rewiring.

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