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.

David Gilbert

Correspondence to David Gilbert; davidgilbert43@yahoo.co.uk

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