

Creeps

today is just
like yesterday

except for
a swim

across
the lake

whose water
creeps

me out most
always has

since long ago
when I first

discerned
the rusty

devil's claws
in the shallows

under my
canoe

that seemed
to strain to leap

from the lake
bed up

to drag
me and my

tipsy craft
down in

their jagged
clutch

nevertheless
I jump

into the cold
black

water and tie
the swim

ring to my
ankle in case

of cramp
or worse what
could be worse
I'll tell you

it's when
you reach

the deep
interior

a quarter
mile

from either
solid shore

and that
dark beast

who's kept
to those

silent depths
forever

will look up
and notice

above him
in the blue

a feast
two naked legs
winking whitely
in the high

firmament
of his world
and who will
surely rise

to investigate
what might

be for him
a revelation

of flavor
and swirl

akin
to that

of an oyster
or maybe

a pearl
on toast

By Sidney Wade



POEMS
FROM HERE

