

Return from the Cove

I round the bend
in retreat from the cove.
A strong pull on the left paddle
to make the turn
and face a moon half full.
She has already begun a serenade
to the surface of the lake,
striking a thousand keys
with sparks from flashing fingers.
The Naiads notice each note;
they reply with a reedy refrain.
For me it is a silent song
from the beginnings of moon
and lake.
I reach into the dark waters
to anoint myself with the sound
of liquid and light.

--- Lainie Senechal

Autodidact

I will let go of everything I've learned.
With time comes, not really wisdom,
but a recognition of repeated patterns.
My memories meander in;
we watch the sunset over the lake,
or wake in the night mesmerized by moonlight.
It is the moment that matters most to me,
like the flash of fireflies that burst into view
and disappear into the dark.

--- Lainie Senechal

Summer Grows Old

The summer grows old.
I age along with it.
A float on the lake,
as an island, where dragonflies
roost on toes, on shoulders;
in the end a mere landing pad
for small winged things.
The rhythm of ripples rises
against boat and shore
accompanied by various voices
from the boys' camp
which carry across the surface.
They arrive unintelligible,
in a language I have finally forgotten.
The raspy call of the cicada
remembers the languor
of the last heat wave.
Perhaps these times
have their purpose.
Later, lying in the hammock,
I meditate on the movement
of the dragonflies; no longer drowsy,
they dart between the trees
to devour the first mosquitoes
emerging into evening's light.

--- Lainie Senechal