The Bench of the Dock

Scott J. Grates

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/27

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/27 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
The Bench of the Dock

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1999.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/27
And there they were--
Sitting on the bench of the dock,
Just like an older version of us.

And if we weren't there--
Sitting on the bench directly across,
They'd never be lonely as
The birds softly sang.

And if the ocean's force never
Crashed waves under the dock--
They'd still feel the cool breeze of
A warm summer night.

And if the yellow sun didn't set into
Her blue eyes on the dock--
He'd still see a burgundy tint
From fulfilled fantasies.

And if all that were stressful in life
Stormed down from above--
There'd be a dry spot around
The bench of the dock,
Where they were sitting--
Just like an older version of us.

Remaining in our subtle surroundings,
Nature's elements corrode our flesh
Creating an illusion, which presents us older.

And in our hearts we're still--
Two young lovers
Who look across the way in awe.

We admire the two who sit on
The bench of the dock--
Just like a younger version of us.

--S.J. Grates