Four O'clock at the Lake

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Four O'clock at the Lake

Cover Page Footnote
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The pale afternoon sun spreads slender fingers across dense green grass, resting, until evening steals in to claim its place.
Pink coral bells bob in the gentle breeze.
Delphiniums, heavy with nectar, bow their heads in deference to the fading day.
The backyard is testimony to what has gone before.
Wet bathing suits hang, as if by ears, on the makeshift clothesline
while a plastic pool, filled with a few inches of grassy water, waits, abandoned, in the middle of the lawn.
Only the brightly patterned fish imprinted on its side swim there now.
Jars of soap bubbles, half-filled, sit in sticky pools on cement steps, beckoning unsuspecting, drowsy spiders to visit.
I stretch out on an old wicker chaise, toes pointing toward the lake, and close my eyes.
I drink the last of the sun's dying rays, and feel the wholeness of the day inside me.