Four O'clock at the Lake

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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.