The Bench of the Dock

Scott J. Grates
St. John Fisher College

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The Bench of the Dock

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