Canada On A Lake, July 1999

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The humid air forces a sundress on my sweaty body
night air brushes over the hairs on my arms
and kisses a smile on my lips
The water is a textured floor, silver, shimmering
and it meets the fiery orange sky – lapping against the sunset

The small tide plays with my toes, begging me to come in
I resist only because it’s dark and the horseflies and blackflies are forming
into packs along the surface
Tiny sapphires tinkling above the water.

The wet sand cakes my feet – trying to swallow my toes
while the crickets use the water’s beat to play a song for me
that’s all I can hear: crickets playing in perfect tune to the water’s tide
it soon falls in sync with the beat of my own thoughts
Not always steady but constant.

I reach out and feel the cool, smooth leaves
they touch my hands and tell me to stay a while longer
I accept the invitation and smile.