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Come Hell or High Water

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come hell or high water

by Vondalee Knoll

come hell or high water
this is the night that the lake rose up
this is the morning after
rowboat rescuers in a blizzard
zero visibility
windchill twenty-five below
the lake has reclaimed her place
demanding that the land give way
no one remembers seeing
the water this high
ancient shores beckon the lake
primeval sands thirst for water
the trees remember
the ducks chuckle
in their smug feathers
everything is moved
by the force of the waters
debris flung up on the waves
is heaped
in the yard
of my most fastidious neighbor
the icy water
prevents
his Dutch need
for control
his compulsion
to create order
from nature’s art
for now we cannot be tidy
for now we must yield
to the wind and water
but we are persistent
eventually I fear
we shall win
everything will be swept clean —
as desolate as a Dutchman’s porch