

## SPLINTER

It was simply a dream of water and a house for sale—  
a cabin surrounded by a tea-colored lake, a dock.  
The boards sagged underfoot as though they would fail.

We slipped into the lake under a sky now pale  
at close of day, the waves made swells, rocking  
us in the simple dream of water and a house for sale.

It's true being landlocked is a kind of geologic jail.  
Out on the coast, surf piles up against the land's back.  
The boards sagged underfoot as though they would fail,

but yet held. Did I say our group was one male,  
the rest women? The air filled with bantering talk  
in the simple dream of water and a house for sale.

A baby girl hugged a windowsill in this watery tale—  
a surface tossed now by storm, littered with sea-wrack.  
I remind myself: simply a dream of water and a house for sale—  
where I watched as the boards gave way, sagging to fail.