

The state lakes at Alexandria

by [Larson Bowker](#) in the [May 31, 2005](#) issue

I have never stopped thinking of myself as a beginner.

Auguste Rodin

Now that I'm retired and done being chosen
Or rejected, respect mine to give again,
I want to grow large, as large as the twelve
Year old who dived off a wooden platform under
Weeping willows and swam the longest of
Man-made lakes to impress Rachel Kerwood,
Not sure he could make it an acceptable risk,
So that when he climbed out on the other side
Green pond scum clinging emeralds to a milk
White back, he sat beside her in the sweet grass
Eating black walnuts cracked open with a rock,
Talking of things he could only speak of
Because he'd swum through the silken stillness
In the middle of the deepest lake, where
Pure artesian springs turned the water cold,
And sullen bullheads grew twice normal size.