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by [Paul Willis](#) in the [August 7, 2013](#) issue

A lake lies all alone in its own shape.
It's not going anywhere.

A lake can wait a long time
for a hiker to come
and camp on its shore.

It will reflect the moonlight,
give him a drink of pale silver.

Toward dawn, the wind might ruffle
it a little, and the water
will have words with the granite.

Once the hiker goes away
through October meadows,

the lake will sparkle by itself.
You'll never see it. There is
so much you will never see.