

**At Mashapaug**

Gorham punished us

the pond like metal

dead stems rising  
from the ground

green rocks show  
where water once was

plumes like erupting  
volcanoes

so many insects  
the ground is moving

a body of air keeping me  
& seagulls company

small water waves  
where ponds meet

car music echoes  
off the surface

the speed of a train  
vibrates water

leaves show  
a withered past

rain like needles  
poking my skin

sunlight's my alarm,  
water's my lullaby