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