

**Concerning Lakes  
(for Jean Canepa)**

At a lake, since you like lakes  
seriously, I remember there, Herb, Grubby  
with one arm sun-burned, and I were,  
I cannot think why.

Have you ever seen  
a lake, green in  
cupped hands of hills  
sit held in tree-arms,  
alarms of  
light winds waving?

Water might flow,  
I do not know, it  
sits in lakes like no,  
never will it. I cannot  
think why.

Walk by a lake-  
side, wet right up  
to the edge, with  
rushes and cattails, ancient  
old beards who  
knew  
the baby Moses. Roses  
might grow too, I do not  
know, by lakesides; never like  
the rushes do. No, I  
cannot think why.

Take lakes by  
moonlight, since you  
take lakes, you might  
think them bright  
pearls, preposterous, true,  
but you take lakes, they  
do look like pearls at night,  
god, why I cannot think.

Clubfooted children lie  
beneath them, cry  
some medieval cry, I  
can't think why.

Sad, the world lives  
by lakes  
and doesn't like them like  
Grubby and Herb and I  
do. And you, do you  
like lakes?

—*Hugh Miller*