

## Bear Lake

A fog follows the levee  
Along the drain canal.  
The lake is drawn from the valley  
Leaving sand and shell.

Ice is hiding the river,  
Snow covers the sand,  
Thick-lipped winter bends  
The willow wands till they totter.

Winter weakens to spring,  
The fog scatters out to the benches,  
Unbending willow prongs  
Lean up from the snow by the fences.

The wind blows away the sound  
Of straining pumps at Lifton,  
Within me I hear them in vision  
Turning the lake into sand.

Mountains rise out of the water  
The bottomlands sag into swales,  
Sloughs are festered with frogweed,  
In the mud lie leeches and shells.

Bear Lake lies in the sand  
From the pumps to the Wasatch wall.  
In its evening levels swell  
Black shadows of the land.

Planting the upland fields,  
I heard a far sound of flails,  
And the wind washed by in a wave  
Like the sway of swinging wheat.

Now the thin fringe of leaves  
Has darkened and heavied to brooding.  
Wind from the mountains crowding  
Scatters the petals and seeds.

Water is gone from the marshes,  
Pumps in silence are lying,  
Grain in the valley flourishes:  
All but the land will be dying.

—Edward L. Hart