

Watermark: The Reservoir

From the new mountain highway,
we have watched the narrow road below
lapped up by the lake, water rising
all the way to Hyde's place:
now the tips of Lombardys
point above water like sable brushes.

I am ten, and wood slabs float
into haphazard rafts at Crescent Cove;
I am certain they rise from barn roofs
collapsing upward:

*Surely the road beneath
still winds,
strange, stringy plants
waving upward in the current
where wild roses
pale toward green light.*

*Aspens quake for a season
under the ripples.*

*Persistent birds
bubble songs to the surface,
holding to branches
washed of leaves.*

*Trout from streams of Wind
River Range find the limits
of the lake exotic—
ground nests of larks
hatch spectacular birds
to climb the liquid sky.*

Title poem from Dixie L. Partridge, *Watermark*
(Upper Montclair, N.J.: Saturday Press, 1991).