

Ways of Thinking

About reasons for a lake
whipping into November as I plow
and steer toward my eighty-first year.

About a gray boat
taking waves aslant old wood
bent and stretched for what washes up.

About a jukebox, and a girl
washing a window or waiting,
her eyes electric jolts of green.

About a boy smelling of trees,
his arms full of the girl
who inhales his red flannel shoulder.

About beauty being where you are,
any shore. My boat glides now
into shoals of indigo, beautiful.

Find your lake, immemorial.

—Dawn Baker Brimley

This poem won second place in the 2017
Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest.