

## 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

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