

Llyn Clague

The Perch

On one of those days so beautiful
you're convinced the world is full of wonder –
or, at least, you are –
I sit on a plank bench, atop a huge boulder,
fifteen feet or more above the water.

In the high afternoon sun the lake glitters like a summer night of stars,
and three islands, big, mid, little, rise out of the depths like bears,
from the bottom of slumber, through a column of nightmares,
to lie on the surface, backs arched, green fur falling to the shores.

Motorcraft crisscross the lake space in haphazard patterns –
or no patterns –
of direction, speed, or apparent purpose.

“Floating living rooms” – platforms on pontoons,
slow, genteel, like oldsters on a porch, rocking, pondering.

Out- and inboards – water bugs pulling little kids on tubes
or bigger ones on skis.

One skier, very skilled, slides
side to side, high-jumps the wake
in flashes! like exclamation points! of sunlight and surf!

Teens strut, prance, pose, cavort and dive.
off a purple plastic, Disney-like float,
and their half-distant shouts drift through the air like cries of birds,
the harsh squawk of a red hawk, the two cries of a loon, wailing and piercing,
the eternal *who* of the owl and mourning dove,
a skyful of language, meaning and emotion, without words.

The magnificence of the day –
the lake, the mountains ringing the bowl, the depthless blue,
and the people, with nothing more in play
than play, the essence of happiness –
on my bench, atop my boulder, with an unobstructed view,
I confess,
with a blink of the mind, I could believe
nowhere else is.

Llyn Clague's poems have been published widely in magazines such as *Atlanta Review*, *California Quarterly*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *The Avalon Literary Review*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Hiram Poetry Review*, and other print and online journals. His seventh book, *Hard-Edged And Childlike*, was published by Main Street Rag in 2014.

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