

After August Afternoons

After August afternoons
that begin in twinkling brightness at ten o'clock
and end at six in a heavy, damp glow,
we race each other
through the aroma of grill-darkened hamburgers
and over ground made spongy by water
and spilled lemonade.

Our feet clatter to the end of the dock
and tear a hole in the surface of the lake.
We sink,
rise again, and reach
for the bottles of shampoo we carried with us
that now dive slowly
to swim among the weeds.

Water, soft like gold silk,
whips a fluffy lather.
We are white-headed buoys bobbing,
bobbing,
and finally emerging
to smell of No Tears
and fish
and baths taken in a lake at the end
of an August afternoon.

Christina Cass