

Lake

Jack Stauber

Knowledge and skepticals
Water and chemicals
Chin up and lower the shield
Assuming the closed wound is healed

Sunset window looks at the lake
With a certain visage that is quite
Difficult to break
With a word or a jab
From a pen or a stone
You're better off flying
Than being alone

Birds at the harbor
Fish-eating martyrs
Follow the floating debris
I'm glad they're not following me

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