

Lake Swimming

Laura Veirs

Lake swimming
Shucking free our deadened selves
Like snakes and corn do
Our bodies tore off swimming suits
And all the old notions
The cold ocean far away

Enter the sun
Marching like a matador
Flashing her velvet yellow suit
Throwing a red cape on the sky
Old butterfly
I'll dance with you
Though our wings may crumble
We can float like ash
Broken but the edges still shine

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