

## With a Key

Peter Broderick

I had enough so I went home  
To the place I was raised  
To my younger days

Down at the pond  
She was swimming naked  
With a key in her hand  
With her beautiful skin

After awhile I was running naked  
To any place that's away  
To my abiding grief

And back at the pond  
She was digging it wider  
With a key in her hand  
With her unaltered patience

Before the end I went there to find her  
To the growing pit, to my dried up nest  
She asked why I didn't bring the water  
With a key in her hand  
With her face all bright

And with her first words  
I started crying  
Just like I knew I would  
No matter what she said

And then her smile  
Turned my tears upside down  
With a key in her hand,  
Without knowing  
And though it was blurry  
I could see the whole filling  
And because it was blurry

But soon she was shouting,  
"Too much, too much"  
With a key in her hand  
With a chance of knowing  
I got excited

I was so overwhelmed  
I simply couldn't stop  
With water at my chest  
With no control

Only her right hand was above the flood  
With her key somewhere else  
With her key somewhere else