

# The state lakes at Alexandria

by [Larson Bowker](#) in the [May 31, 2005](#) issue

*I have never stopped thinking of myself as a beginner.*

*Auguste Rodin*

Now that I'm retired and done being chosen  
Or rejected, respect mine to give again,  
I want to grow large, as large as the twelve  
Year old who dived off a wooden platform under  
Weeping willows and swam the longest of  
Man-made lakes to impress Rachel Kerwood,  
Not sure he could make it an acceptable risk,  
So that when he climbed out on the other side  
Green pond scum clinging emeralds to a milk  
White back, he sat beside her in the sweet grass  
Eating black walnuts cracked open with a rock,  
Talking of things he could only speak of  
Because he'd swum through the silken stillness  
In the middle of the deepest lake, where  
Pure artesian springs turned the water cold,  
And sullen bullheads grew twice normal size.