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by [Paul Willis](#) in the [August 7, 2013](#) issue

A lake lies all alone in its own shape.  
It's not going anywhere.

A lake can wait a long time  
for a hiker to come  
and camp on its shore.

It will reflect the moonlight,  
give him a drink of pale silver.

Toward dawn, the wind might ruffle  
it a little, and the water  
will have words with the granite.

Once the hiker goes away  
through October meadows,

the lake will sparkle by itself.  
You'll never see it. There is  
so much you will never see.