

Toy Boat Pond

The air seems leaden, absolutely still
And yet these weightless toys fly free,
Skating and careening over the pond,
Leaving silver crescents on the green,
Moved by some intangible wind
Too fine for our mere senses.

On this side of the water
Their captains line the concrete in quiet rows,
Their eyes fixed on the miniature horizon,
Electronic boxes in hand,
Remote-control antennas at attention,

While at the far, sunset end of the pool
Where the shadows of trees move
On diaphanous plastic sails
Boys heedless of the regatta
Bend close to the surface,
Angling for crayfish
With a piece of salami on the end of a string.