Watermark: The Reservoir

From the new mountain highway, 
we have watched the narrow road below 
lapped up by the lake, water rising 
all the way to Hyde’s place: 
now the tips of Lombardys 
point above water like sable brushes.

I am ten, and wood slabs float 
into haphazard rafts at Cresent Cove; 
I am certain they rise from barn roofs 
collapsing upward:

Surely the road beneath 
still winds, 
strange, stringy plants 
waving upward in the current 
where wild roses 
pale toward green light.

Aspens quake for a season 
under the ripples. 
Persistent birds 
bubble songs to the surface, 
holding to branches 
washed of leaves.

Trout from streams of Wind 
River Range find the limits 
of the lake exotic— 
ground nests of larks 
hatch spectacular birds 
to climb the liquid sky.

Title poem from Dixie L. Partridge, Watermark 