

LOLA HASKINS

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*Minnows*

For Gerald

The squared shade of water under the dock is the most elaborate brooch that ever quivered silver. The open pond is its dress, floor-length and flowing after the rain. And now, through the long folds, the sun touches skin, the sand of which we are made, under which who can say what we may be thinking. *We are young? We will not be young again?* The pond has as many names as a boy gives the constellations, which surge in great arcs over his head, long after the last couple has bowed deeply, each to each, and left the floor.