

I jumped into the water, leaving my ^{leather} pants on the dock, my shoes
got heavy with water.

↑ marquant Jones

But, as I walked, I could scarce the playing lights. That
called to me, talked to me, puzzled and plinked.
They remind me of birds and birds remind
me of when we went camping that one time
when I was young and I touched a dog.
I still remember the softness of its fur,
its eyes so soft and brown like a leaf
muddy mudhole. I stepped back to reality
as I turned around looking at the
light coming down I thought of
light, a bird, and that deer in the
woods.

Just I think deer through the canopy
I remember the birds and animals
remember from one tree to another. I remember
remember down the path, remember animals
follow down, the four wheels of a car
under my feet. I follow the path
down, water, trees, all over (and)
good on the water, a pleasure
remember lake. A brown wooden dock
was sitting in the water.

Over