

Stillness

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When you are on water
assaulted by speedboats and jet-skis,
there is little point in hoping for tranquility,
for a quiet afternoon, awake with no wakes.

On our little pond, however,
stillness is the norm,
though our new kayak—
loud lime-green molded plastic—
affronts the blue of the lake
each time I launch it.

I bring a pencil and a scrap of paper,
paddle slowly out of the cove,
then listen carefully while I drift
silent as a fallen branch or curious turtle
until the dictation begins
and I am blessed with the job
of recording secretary
for the ageless wisdom
wafted across the water by the breeze.