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AN EVENING STORM AT UTAH LAKE

by Truedson J.S.

The dock rocks up
& down & back &

forth like my grandma's
antediluvian chair

& my shirt flaps like a pennant
as the girl's collar is caught by the wind

graciously giving me
a glimpse of her bra

& I blush & look away
as the waves continue

to smack
spraying us—daring us

to be thrown
to be swallowed

to be released
in their wild & deep & green

waters that wash our feet
& lick the sky as the rain

begins to fall:
because He sendeth rain

on the Just & the Unjust
that sit on this unsure dock

but still I need to tell her
that she doesn't need to talk

that we can be silent &
that is OK but instead I listen

to her & the wind & the water
& the nervous & then tell her

that her surety makes me
uneasy because I'm not

sure of anything anymore
-as though the jaded

waves are inside of me

& the waves are wild &
deep & green & the waves

are God & He is raging
a whisper as though to breathe: child