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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