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Watermark: The Reservoir

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Watermark: The Reservoir

From the new mountain highway, we have watched the narrow road below lapped up by the lake, water rising all the way to Hyde’s place: now the tips of Lombardys point above water like sable brushes.

I am ten, and wood slabs float into haphazard rafts at Cresent Cove; I am certain they rise from barn roofs collapsing upward:

_Surely the road beneath still winds,_
_strange, stringy plants waving upward in the current where wild roses pale toward green light._

_Aspens quake for a season under the ripples._
_Persistent birds bubble songs to the surface, holding to branches washed of leaves._

_TROUT FROM STREAMS OF WIND River Range find the limits of the lake exotic— ground nests of larks hatch spectacular birds to climb the liquid sky._