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Stonewall Lake

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This lake swallowed a town,
or so the shopkeeper tells us
as my family buys bread
to throw to the carp.

We watch them come,
so many the water is knotted
with fish. I wonder if they
came from the ruins of that town,

swam through a chapel laced
with kelp, through empty doorways
and open windows. I wonder if
the villagers ever knew such quiet peace.

Beneath us, an ancient
village yawns. Above us,
there is only sky and
a cradle of green mountains.

At the lake, there is just one
carousing breath, a toothy
smile, two warm arms
wrapped tight around me.
I bury myself in this world
made simple, in the cold
green water, in our single
laughing pulse.