

in which you admit that the water has gone bad

With your toes breaching the surface
of the pond behind your house, you feel
rotten water, dark muck slick with shit
and chewed bubble gum. The pond is crammed
with debris and broken needles, stinging sounds
and greasy bubbles. The word eutrophication comes to mind,
then utero. Then body, then fluid, then dense,
but dead. Feet sucked into mud, you look
like something wild. The black yolks of tadpole eggs
find your eyes as you stare into the pond
and think about the water turning your feet
green and how in the moment
you may look like a girl emptied
and refilled with dead leaves; I mean,
like a thing reborn.