

# How Things Look from the Other Side of the Lake

*R. A. Christmas*

Put water between the highway and yourself;  
put a fence too, and some cows to graze.

For as long as you sit on this rock,  
you are not driving north or south,

to and from the ends of your life.  
You are in the middle, looking across.

The lake is like a mirror on the ground,  
where no road can show its face.

Behind, up over the west ridge,  
there may be the ghost of a trail in the junipers.

Perhaps you can walk home that way.