



'Crystal Springs Reservoir'

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Crystal Springs Reservoir

Scott Stevens

Gold flashes in the waves. I wonder
if the rumours were right

about the carp who once
ate a man here whole.

My gilded wish to see
something at sunset.

The lake finds itself
tiresome when blue

and emulates the gray fog
sinking over the wooded mountains:

a green eye
between pale lids about to shut.

At the water's edge,
long dead

grasses wait for winter
rains to reinvent them

into daffodils, lilies – maybe they'll split
at the stalks, then out

walks a new life
form, praying

mantises, still
virginal

in their lime-colored
coats.

More likely
the reservoir will rise

and drown the grass in spring.
On the other side the redwoods vanish

in mist. What pink metal
will dawn make of these waters.