The sun broke the lake  
into thirteen portions and  
in the first you swam as  
mercury darting through water  
and dark reeds bending in the wind,  
the ripples ran across the second  
and dragonflies danced on the third.  
The fourth ran into a boat ramp  
and shadows moved under the  
surface whispering to the stones  
keeping their secrets;  
your laughter sang over the fifth  
portion shimmering by the  
wistful eucalyptus mirrored in the next -  
the seventh all the while lay dark  
and brooding over wiser creatures  
slipping from the silver bait  
and gentle fisherman on eighth's shore;  
he looked across the ninth at our  
light and the tenth was broken  
by his line recast.  
Eleven ducks darted below  
and surfaced glistening  
in the twilight settling  
on the twelfth and here -  
by the last I close my eyes  
and wait for you to break the water  
one last time.

Siobhan Reeves