On the First Evening of the Year, We Go To the Municipal Lake

Iggy Schuler
ON THE FIRST EVENING OF THE YEAR, WE GO TO THE MUNICIPAL LAKE

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The sun opens her shutters, light unfurling over the basin
Like so many scarves dancing in the marketplace. Spanish Moss flags the swooping treeline, threatening to catch flame,
Sabal palms burst with being haloed. So much to see, celebrate:

Untenable shape of the rooftops,
    leotarded women in ankle weights
Like a track team on vacation,
    Tori like a fisherman in her brilliant red cap,
Live oaks insisting against January.
    Sea birds looping lazily, seeking
Nothing in particular.

You read something Italian out loud. I don't understand a word,
But I choose to believe it is a story about water. Fixed up on this Bench with y'all, I am a stubborn swimmer holding still
In the spinning world. I eat my sandwich:

    Joggers circle the pond, pulling the lever of night down
On the cobbled city.
    Someone is singing an old song from an old window.
A radio becomes apparent out there in the black heat.
    Blues for the evening.
Under the smooth water, fish.
    Our secret.