



### Time Marches On

While napping in the metal chair  
on the dock a slight splash awakens me.

I open my eyes and he reels me  
into his smile. They're back,

the neighbor's grandkids  
old enough now to swim, kayak,  
or cast from their dock to mine.

The rocking chair I am sitting in  
I bought at K-Mart years ago, now closed  
like the soon-to-be Christmas Tree Shops,  
so full of fun in their prime time.

His fly rod reminds me of Sears,  
also gone, how they sold fishing gear  
right next to the dish washers in front  
of a display of twenty tvs side by side

mounted to the wall, all set  
to the same channel, each one  
demonstrating a special quality.

I wave. He tips his hat, returns to staring  
at the bottom of the lake.

Fishermen don't talk much  
even when they're little.

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