

Pond from My Window

Literary – Poem

Brenda L. Wilson

The logo for Silver Arts, featuring the words "Silver Arts" in a cursive script font, with a horizontal line through the middle of the text.

Artist: **Brenda Wilson**
Title: **Pond from My Window**

Sub-Category: Poem

Local Game: Alamance Burlington Senior Games

Pond from My Window

My sudsy hands wipe plates clean,
rinse, set aside to drain.

I watch from my kitchen window
as rain crawls the banks of the pond.

An oak tree hugs the yard by the
old home down the hill,
too near the water's edge.

A downspout by the kitchen door slopes,
diverts rain from worn shingles.

The home withstands overflowing banks
where Copperhead snakes
slither from their nest.

A man's voice rises in warning
as rifle shots shatter the air.

Fish surface, then slide under
a rippling ring, droplets spray.

Bullfrogs croak their pleasure
at the ample rain.

Turtles poke their heads
just above the surface.

Fishermen in a low slung
Johnboat cast, reel in their lines
take their catch home
to adorn dinner plates.

A flock of geese migrate for the winter,
honks bring me back to the present
and I wonder if my neighbor stands
in front of her kitchen window,
hands dipped in suds,
as water drinks the sun.