Knots Burning in the Lake Breeze

BY JOHN REPP

We're high on life for good now & as we say
"high on life," we recall the Jesus People we couldn't
escape in high school, bounding everywhere,
eyes glittering, salvation a soaking rain they dripped
down hallways & auditorium aisles. In our oaken world

no longer redolent of wine & ganja, we burn the knots
on the hempen rope of time—a fancy way of glossing
what Chekhov said about how dailiness kills the soul
(not trauma, not failure, not the exaltation that dies

the next second into a cough that won't stop).
When oaks are this old, they sound permanent,
but before Shelley shambles his broken statues

& relentless wind into the kitchen, let's break
for lunch now that the strawberries are rinsed

& the bread has cooled in the lake breeze.