

THE POOL

Austin Humphreys

I see you now beside the pool,
in the cool dim light of early afternoon.
Tall trees and massy leaves above,
tumbled rocks, gigantic and remote,
scattered in profusion down the water-course.
From the hot bright thrusting sun I clambered
down into the flood-carved creek bed,
and there you were!

Standing on a rock, pale skin glistening,
body lithe, but oh, so frail and slim.
How thin you looked beside those granite rocks,
yet you smiled bravely at the ice-cold plunge
into waters dark with the mysteries of time.

A week before in class you seemed so grave -
grown suddenly mature. But here,
in this primeval valley of the Great Divide,
I felt a sudden pang of fear that you
would not endure, but wafer-like would be
consumed and waste away. Reluctantly
I turned to go -

A casual wave as you broke surface;
a few steps up the crumbling bank
and once again, the words I wished to say
have waited until now for their release.