The Sky’s Mirror By Zach Horton

Once more

your eyes scan

what passes by

out the window.

This state of limbo declines

as your excitement

is difficult to contain.

Sitting in that van

with Charlotte’s hair

occasionally whipping your face.

Dismissed

by that brief smile and apology.

Something that words aren’t fit

enough for any sort of analogy.

But the water hypnotized,

   engulfing you from those last few moments.

           The recollection of these “fond” times

                    was anywhere but on your mind.

As the trees slow their pace,

You come to a stop.

So ready to stretch your legs

after the long ride in the back of a cramped van

to the campsite.

Guy’s mom had ordered the unpacking

and we all began to obey;

moving the picnic table,

unloading the fire wood,

the finding and setting of the tent

and coolers.

 Oh, how there was so much work to be done,

                        your work had only just begun

          How tedious and consuming they were.

 Regrets soon flowed, remembering the lack of retort

           So agreeable was this elaborate world.

                                                  Only now did you understand the true sense                                        that everything wasn’t as it was.

To end on a break,

the start of a fire,

and the promise of

a roasted lunch,

was what made it

all worth while.

You sit at the table

accompanied by Charlotte, Guy,

your fake mother but great friend Dawn,

all collectively content with the evening.

This is what you needed;

a getaway from the stress,

the militarized schooling,

and misfortunate family events.

This was a night to be remembered.

        And how contradictory that thought was.

You are at peace,

a place you can’t visit enough;

not with this life

that demands so much.

  You let your guard down.

You relax in

this fog of assurance

in the circle of friends.

                      Until Guy suggests

                a stroll into the night.

A unanimous agreement was made,

for you too loved the night:

it’s celestial companions-

the lack of crowds and heat

made the experience so unique.

We all sat up, and grabbed the necessities,

a flashlight and our lady's hand.

               The falsitude of safety

  was webbed within her fingers.

   No amount of light could bring

      illumination to the dark plot

                     they had planned.

You made your way down the gravel path,

smirking trees waved in the breeze

spilling out moonlight from the gaps,

lining the road with dancing shadow leaves.

Your thoughts resembled those

of the car ride here,

a state where your inner self takes over,

piloting the shell of your existence.

Wandering through the dark was fun

even if it was without direction.

Dawn suggested we go to the river

and another unanimous agreement.

The thought of star gazing was intriguing enough

but when combined with the flow of water,

the act was to achieve nirvana.

Relaxation and recreation was our theme.

It was all fun and games…

We arrived at the river, blanketed by stars.

Out you were in that clearing

You see it’s reflective surface nearing.

The night was silent, or was the lake listening?

Unable to relieve yourself of nervous habits

you bite your lip.

                                              You knew not what to fear,

                 always stuck in that fog.

You think the lake can hear your chattering,

as you heart beats in sync with the patting

of a thousand running rabbits.

You manage to spit out a retaliation,

to leave the lake and return to relaxation.

                 But nothing of a reply

    from Charlotte, Dawn, or Guy.

Terror arose as you knew what they planned

When she wouldn’t let go of our hand

Dragging you to the lake’s edge.

You couldn’t see through the water,

Not even the sky’s mirror was clear.

Glowing just beneath the surface was the embers

of a dark green.

As the bubbles began to surface, something was near.

Standing in-between them, something

gleaming underneath.

You feel the grasp of your friends on your shoulders

As resistant as boulders.

Out of the lake emerged

the once submerged green.

“It’s been so long since last year,”

Was the last thing

That echoed in your ears.