

# Memories of the Big Lake

By Tim Boyle

My one blue eye stays open to the sky  
and when it rains  
thoughts pour in  
then as the wind fades and the blustery sky clears  
my thoughts become drops that were once sailors' tears  
soon thoughts from the rivers flow in from the sides  
becoming a soup that is mixed by the tides  
some thoughts running off the farm fields are muddied  
with logic from places where chemicals are studied  
and deep thoughts burbling up from icy wells and warm seeps  
at times carry particles where insidiousness creeps  
yet some thoughts are like gems in clear pools and reflected  
gleaming insightfully from sources undetected  
like the sun rises, mists rise from my eye  
to again feed the clouds with me wondering why  
as it seems like I've thought all these thoughts so many times before  
but through all of the fogginess  
my eye can't be sure  
I can't fathom why or know how far down  
the ripples and currents and eddies abound  
that bring these thoughts to my surface again to go free  
to maneuver and cycle and come back to me  
I vow that someday I will get it all straight  
but the wind again returns  
and my thoughts evaporate