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## Drowning Creek Docks

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# DROWNING CREEK DOCKS

*by Lori DeLozier*

Day is getting skimpy, here,  
and falling apart on the rasping

docks. So much is falling apart.  
The boards give

a little, and then a little more,  
under the sluggish weight of my tennis shoes

and me. A clump of old men  
fish off the favored slip, in a stagnant

ripple of pipesmoke. Dreaming and not,  
dreaming and not; they lean on

their dwindling haunches, slack  
back in gray vinyl chairs — paintspeckled chairs,

like the first stars over  
the drowsy ridge — and the lake sinks

in the lagging light, and a crooked  
cat, with one eye gone,

waits

for a wriggling minnow.