

## Melissa Reider

### I DREAMED EATON BROOK

I dreamed I was the old row boat  
On Eaton Brook Lake,  
Moored by thin ropes slung loose  
Over the knotty post,

The battered cleat.  
I dreamed the hollow sound  
Of my wood plank sides  
Thunking against the docks,

Softly, arrhythmically.  
I dreamed the motion without rest,  
The lift and lick of waves,  
The ceaseless rippling of the lake.

I dreamed the utter emptiness  
Of being tied and idle.  
I dreamed the oars  
Being fitted and pulled

And the rower's weight  
Steadying my center  
And the long silent glide  
Across the green glass at night.