



David Rogers

## Lake

Large bodies of water attract you because  
their immensity confirms the suspicions  
regarding your own relative size: horizons  
are never straight lines since  
time is round and space is not flat, lying  
as it must on the uneven bottom of that great  
lake whose coastline has never been accurately  
mapped: the fractal nature of the coast itself  
is partly responsible, though by my calculation  
a map at least twice the size of the lake  
and filled with simulated water is necessary  
to approximate the pattern pebbles make  
on sand: such a map will fit only in  
the basement of the museum where in winter  
the curator will allow it to freeze and go  
skating, ostensibly to measure the effects  
of tidal forces on the simulated ice but really  
because she likes how the skates sound  
and the breeze flutters her skirt and brandy  
makes her toes warm: the human race has  
gotten  
things wrong at every turn: the world is not flat  
nor quite round nor at the center of whatever  
universe it happens to be in at the moment:  
god never existed: upstairs the dinosaurs glance  
at a sky that just now always begins to rain fire.

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David Rogers has published poems in *Nimrod*, *The Comstock Review*, *Atlanta Review*, and elsewhere.