

## The Farm Pond

The farm pond  
a town square  
a meeting place  
of the meadows  
surrounding it  
Cows no longer crowd  
the grassy banks  
to sate their thirst  
The thieving heron  
(so the farmer states)  
nips both frogs and fish  
The masked raccoons  
under cover of darkness  
shuck dug clams  
and swallow  
while honking geese  
and quack-quack ducks  
patrol the shore  
One can almost hear  
the cracking mud  
as waters recede to nil  
The animals may call  
a town meeting  
requesting tankers  
to deliver water  
until the earth  
is healed again

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