

Wendy Walton

*A House, A Snake, A Tree,
and A Lake*

You ask me to draw you a picture
of a house, a snake, a tree, and a lake.
Though I question your reason, I scratch my reply
upon a scrap of crinkled memo paper.

I finish and you examine my house with many windows
and the door that stands ajar,
my rooted, leafless tree, my squiggled snake,
and my lake - large and waved.

You interpret my picture,
seeing that I invite people into my life,
feel rooted in who I am, and that tonight
my emotions are too troubled to feel sensual.

I don't need to see your picture to know
that your house has fewer windows,
and that your snake coils around your rootless tree
near your lake - small and waveless.