

My first love, and the lake

by Lindsay Vannaman

Above me, nothing

But velvet sky, glittering stars.

My toes stuck in damp sand.

Every so often I steal a glance to my left.

I fight a silly smile from spreading.

I want to touch his arm,

To feel for goosebumps, matching mine.

With a novice dive,

I break the calm blanket

Of summer water.

For a moment, the lake conceals

My bare body.

Though for him,

I am unashamed.