

POETRY

Lake Merritt

by Sejal Ghia



"Reflections" by TK Saeed

The lake watches
people loop it on feet,
wheels, strollers,
leashes — it's dizzy!
It closes its eyes and
reflects.

It hears the whispers
of couples lying
in the grass
and the throb of a drum
circle summoning spirits
to dance.

On Saturday mornings,
the lake smells peaches
and plums, tacos, crepes,
dumplings. It smells fresh
kale and darkens.

The ducks, that fly in
perhaps from a lagoon
in Central Park South,
bob without
a purpose. The lake feels
them thrashing.

Come happy hour,
it puts on gold
mardi gras beads
before the sun can drop,
downs laughter and jazz —
the lake doesn't care
for a drink.