

FLOATING HEART

Loves a shallow pond, spreads
its tiny white flowers over broad

leaves; and proceeds till it covers
the whole surface, sometimes in just

one summer. If you're foolish enough
to turn it over, look for the heart,

legend has it you'll not only not
catch the pickerel lurking underneath,

you'll quarrel with those you love,
cry yourself to sleep with worry; and

in the morning head nude and cold for
the old rowboat, tied to a stump; climb

aboard, paddle quickly out to the middle,
then float back slowly ashore in a wooden

coffin, when the pickerel goes belly up.