

The Wake

The Wake is a time line
Moving out to the edges where sand is made.
The water clock is timeless but not silent.
Erosion whispers on the depth of time.
The swimmer goes diving in memory
Where certain details have been washed away.
Other thoughts rest in curious enclosures,
Temporarily suspended above the current.
The pool of thought is clear on the surface.
At its greatest depths light barley passes.
The thoughts that swim there go unnoticed.
A water wheel is turning,
Turning for a lifetime

Make light of water

Make light of water.
Make light of water.
A confused wave made its way to the TV.
The wave was thinking back on the old days,
Reflecting on its past.
It left a residue of salt on the circuits of set.
Corroded the wires.
Disrupted the current.
The TV set was solid state,
Simulated blue, black, and white.
On the top of the set was a blue box,
Above the blue box light.
On the circular box in tiny letters
It said
When it rains it pours.

The Glass Bottom boat Crew

A crystal glass filled to the brim
Was flung from a glass bottom boat.
I was drifting nearby on a red air mattress
Keeping myself afloat.
The crystal skipped like a stone
And on the water table left little rings.
The sound that it made when it tapped the surface
Made the crew of the glass bottom sing.
I dove down under the water
And listened to the crystal clear sound.
Somber taps were leaking through
As the waves began to pound.

I held my breath and fathomed this
From deep down below.
Beneath the surface of tce
Made the crew of the glass bottom sing.
I dove down under the water
And listened to the crystal clear sound.
 taps were leaking through
As the waves began to pound.
I held my breath and fathomed this
From deep down below.
Beneath the surface of ce of he sound
Being tossed to and fro.
The waves kept perfect time
As they broke on the shore.
The glass bottom boat crew
Moved to the beat
As they watched me through the floor.
But the crew of the glass bottom boat
Couldn't sing to save their life.
So they chanted these words with determination
To relieve their life long strife.

Can you float me a loan
Loan me a float
Fly like a loon
Loan me a boat
Sing like a loon
A blue blue tune
Sing with the motor
Can you float me a loan
Loan me a float

The Firemat
Sing like a loon
A blue blue tune
Sing with the motor
Can you float me a loan
Loan me a float
Fly like a loon
Loan me a boat
Sing like a loon
A blue blue tune
Sing with the motor

The Fireman

A fireman went on vacation
To let off

some steam.

The fireman was once a water boy
To be a fireman was his dream.
The fireman feels the force of the water
When he holds the hose and sprays.
He spend his time praying for fires
Waiting for days and days.
Now the fireman is water skiing
Skiing at his leisure.
The fireman take a diving spill
As part of his pleasure.
Velocity changes the feel of the waves
It's a easy thing to measure.
The higher the knots
The harder you fall.
Rug of knots not soft at all.
The skier leans into the liquid
Making temporary walls of white.
Water frozen in this position
Makes a building with Halls of light.
The angel of the hydrofoil
Hovers over the lake.
The fireman watches
With a drink on the rocks
And wonders if she is a fake.
Now the fireman
With fire in his eyes
Slowly began to speak.
Knowing full well
Of the fires down below
Made his knees go somewhat weak.
He said--
I saw a man walking on the water
I saw a man moving on the ice
I was thinking of a walk on the water
I had thought of it once or twice

There's been alot of talk
About the water walk
And water wings as well
When the well runs dry of things to say
There'll be another story to tell.
The first man was a carpenter
Moving on the water.
The ladder man was a fisherman
Walking on the ice.
A fisherman can find heaven in winter
Far from the human race...

Bill Seaman 1984