The Pond Years

Steve Minnich
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By Steve Minnich

The Disappearance
I am sitting in a chair in a pond. Reading a book, perhaps the Bible. Getting lazier. Skipping a chapter here and there. This takes many years. It is possible that I was first consumed by the local legend.

The Chair
There is a chair in a pond. Perhaps it has long legs that reach the bottom. Perhaps the bottom is very shallow. Perhaps there is an island in the pond on which the chair sits. There is a chair in a pond and a bird circles overhead.

The Island
There are trees on the island, but not palm trees. There is one very certain panther that is pacing endlessly. There is a composer in the center who has not yet mastered the motions of triple meter.

The Composer
One might think the movements of triple meter are essential to one's being a composer. One might consider the composer a failure. There is no mention of the composer's musical abilities.

Triple Meter
The panther's pacing is rhythmic and unceasing.

The Panther
The panther is presumed lonely and the panther is presumed trapped. The panther has a dumb leg. There is no explanation of the panther. The panther is.

The Dumb Leg
The dumb leg may have been a gift from a traditional sort of man with a particular knowledge of the territory. It seems possible he might have just pounced and wrestled. Pounced and wrestled. A bird circles overhead.
The Bird
There are an uncountable number of species and I dare to know them all by name. The island is merely a suggestion, one possibility of many. It is possible that I was first consumed by the local legend.