

## The Retention Pond

Thanksgiving's blanched happiness  
come round again, the wood storks  
hunch like Troy's elders along the wall,  
uttering not a word of complaint.

In stoic progress they soldier on,  
clerkishly planting one foot in the mud,  
then another, opening a sheltering wing  
as if from noblesse oblige. They eye each other

with respect--or is that suspicion?  
The gray waters slick with light,  
like a slate countertop, each spindly reed  
grazing its mirror-double. And there,

through the breaks, a black boar  
snuffles in shadow, like a gorged piggy bank.  
All lower nature aspires to the Catholic--  
large families and no birth control.

On a rotting post, the lone anhinga,  
our local Tiresias, dries outspread wings,  
like an advertisement for Barclays Bank.  
The old Hohenzollerns, they've seen it all before.

—William Logan