

# THE LAGOON

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In evening light  
The bushes lend  
Their green  
To ghostly water,  
And dandelions,  
A ghostly throng  
Plunge headlong,  
Burning their way  
Past imaged poplars'  
Shadowy grace  
Down to the depths  
Of the dark water.

And what they see  
We'll never know,  
For night descends  
And green and gold  
Are lost forever  
Within the depths  
Of the dark water.