

## The Telltale Orb, by Tim Boyle

One magical day  
Just before ice-out  
Flying down the hill to the bay  
With my best friend John  
On our first bike ride of the year

Riding on top of the breakwater  
Too close to the edge  
Skipping all the good stones  
And doing nothing in particular  
Except maybe telling each other our dreams  
Without even thinking about it

Soon we're balancing on the old dock's pilings  
When we're amazed to see  
Where there was usually four feet  
Of ice-cold clear Lake Superior  
There was now only ten inches

Wait! Man, what is *that*?! I point  
What, says John  
Knowing not to get too excited  
About anything I'm excited about

That strange glowing gold bubble!  
On the bottom, in the rubble  
Right there! Half-hidden in silt  
Hunh. Is it alive?

I poke at it with a driftwood shard  
Hear a squeak -  
Weird. It's like... glass...?  
I need a bigger stick!

After poking and prying and freezing my feet  
Up pops an old bottle  
From 1933! I look at John and he looks at me  
It rolls over with a flash  
The bubbles come out  
Quick, grab it before it sinks!

Hey there's another! I see the telltale orb! Ha ha!  
Whoa, this one's blue!  
A patent medicine in perfect condition!  
From 1892!  
Get your own stick, John!

After more poking and prying and splashing and shouts  
Bottles are popping up everywhere  
Masons and whiskeys and ketchups and beer  
Until the water is too murky  
To see the telltale orbs  
That tell you where to pry