or if they sang some song
rowing back across the lake at dusk, twenty,
twenty-four, thirty
hands
taking one man
home.

IT BEING A FREE COUNTRY

Yesterday, swimming with you
arm over arm straight
to the center of the lake, it occurred to me
that what I really wanted to do
was to swim up behind you,
run my hands across your back down around
to your belly.
I wanted to turn you around,
feel your mouth on mine.

The water was its own
free country, opening
smooth and clean
around my body,
but I did nothing. I turned over,
floated on my back, said a word
or two to the blank blue
above me.

Later in the day, I was out
in the field, bare-breasted,
on my knees, picking blueberries.
The heat from the hill kept rising steady
and constant into my body. I was distracted
watching my breasts extend their roses,
their promises, their don't you want to touch me
down to the berries

ripening at the roots of the grass.
There on the hill where the berries
grew freely, I bent into the blue fruit
staining my knees, my mouth,
my lips. I let the sun-warmed berries
open themselves in my mouth, and considered
what I wanted to say to you
how I wanted to touch you
what I would do after that.

RESISTANCE

Three hundred miles away from you at the edge
of a lake, I sit wondering
if it was a mistake to invite you in, to let you
touch me, to even begin
with this thinking when will I see you again
and what I saw in your eyes after I'd climbed
singing
to fall exhausted
into your hands, smiling. I knew
I was in trouble. Here, there's only
water and air, a body of light
at my door. I watch the sky
move across the lake
washing round me as I wade into it, thinking
what you and I could do here, and when will
I see you again? Not ready for any of this, I row
out across the lake, and when I come back
to shore, I pull the boat carefully
up on its slip, never sure
it's far enough. There's a storm
coming out of the south, the whole lake
gathering and combing itself
against this shore, a white trail
of wind across the center.
Is this far enough, will this do?