

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?

I've seen how the water
climbs up to work at the keel, how it
eases the boat off its landing. I've seen the boat
tilting unattended on the lake, oars
in the oarlocks, the whole thing
tipping this way and that
against log, stone, and breakwater.
How the wind holds it in place
while the lake kneads it and rocks it
stem to stern against shore plucking
small bits from the bow. I'm afraid
someday I'll be out there rowing
across the black gloss at dusk, listening
to the loons, content, thinking
this is all I need, when I'll hear
some other kind of sound: water
between the gunnels, my blue boat swinging open
like a door.

NOTES FROM THE NEW WORLD

We went on talking into the dark.
We were saying the same words
over and over. Like children trying to speak
underwater, I thought if only I enunciated,
if only I shouted that word
a little bit better, you would lift
into the air yelling, "I got it!
I got it!" We were talking into the dark
as if there were a phrase
we hadn't come to yet, one last word
to make us understand. Yesterday, I watched a horse
gallop up to a fence, halt, buck,
and wheel back the other way again
and again, as if finally, the intention refined,
the fence would fall. Granted, in 1492 the sailors