

*Bog Song*

Praise me, I told the water lilies, for I am half invincible,  
half destructible, half mad: am, in fact, a divine half

and a half not, and it is lonely out here and hot,  
and half a lifetime has elapsed on this floating path

with its canopy of poison sumac, its pale, half-dead  
orchids, the dreams of bog people hidden

under the planks—so finely pored, so stubble-bladed,  
so adept at heat and loneliness, so not half—for who

else will praise me now, I who was too clever by half,  
who had an idea but no map: narrowing road, clearing,

the sun like the secret shining in the dark halves of all things,  
like the improbable spirit—house in a wood,

wet seed under the weight of thought?