

I WAS WITH HER

that whole piping day
by waters, scooting on,
swaning off huge rocks,
fizzing slimmer than fish,

crawling in blue currents
one bubbling braid over
the shelled shallows, out,
snapping the turkish air,

learning the barriers
and sweetness of form
(more thoroughly than I
that air was touching her)

then at the hulking rock
and damp threat of night,
providing for, like fire
fluttering on flat sand,

and later, looking down
the shore at smoking men
dangling poles in skies
the color of fish-heads.

David Lyttle