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lake,

lake,

&then&then
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lake,

and into mirror, enter layer. An oar,
aviate in profile, we draw across the surface
all the mechanics. How the boat reaches the
tops of the trees, and so on

Cole Swensen, *Ours*

lake, nowhere

hard to let it be
i love the lure of language
along your lips

Stephen Cain, *Torontology*

skyline pure of sky; the water, lakes
a nervous lap

my shining errant knight in glitter,
lip-gloss

between envy & the moon, financial districts
, cn tower blooms

in light-show nocturnes; you woke,
discovered stomach cramps & this,

basaltic rock you mention, standing
the circle stain

quick glances down one side

three hundred passing passing ships,
sails like silver, flags

a threadbare ease, a base of trees
at merlot's end

no one is an island; you are,



relief of schooners, slips, come out
of freshwater narrows

to come, a taste of things
a tempest in a teapot, seasons pool

at shallow
late August, trees tint autumn ,
leaves along

your mouth carves circles out patio
glass, caress
of bitemarks, hollow

beneath the railing, west swoon of
shadows lower limbs

, sunbathers stretch certain only of
themselves

lake, elsewhere

The history of rivers begins and ends in rock.
— Monty Reid, “Mother Rock: The
Literary Badlands”

the swell & wash between
the stone

a barrier of sea
 the turn
 , sometimes

the breach is nothing; breached
 sometimes if you could

the north line of the lake
erodes its fluid self; perpetual
 a back and often forth
 where water blossoms, blooms; a rain
 that sticks a case on

windows, door, a leaky roof

the harbour, speechless, waves ribbon
sidewalks, sweeps cars

down lakeshore, front

a point in smog
 what is the subject?
 I don't know; my skin

rotations runs per minute

lake, incision

sear a shaking leaf, ensign
the Humber, bay

come out again; a heavy flap,
where are you, ocean, misdeed?

crack open j-stroke, oars or heaven,
barnyard fluff of north to south,

north to south, unending

river waves & leaps;
to pick a penny

soapscar, all nerve-ending scow
would scrape on

underwater, invisible

lake, unknown

harken trees. hurries
a waterfront. red brick

crumbles, sand
 one of those days; a trick
 with a knife,

rains teeth-marks,
jumping barricades, expressway;

seen from swampy air
the dusty green; the date unknown



imagine a lake. thinking in the
dark, a ferry's gossamer wing

like flies. we pulled

what benefit. geography; came for
the twelve o'clock,

these birds;

she happens; memory,
again

I would climb your broken limb
& kiss,



learn a lake. imagine. three sheets
to the solar wind

what will retract; community,
a dirge;

as background to a shape,
love, stone Cyclops

blinks, a lighthouse

what else would you call it?

a journal

of strongest medicine



imagine, a lake. my secret
pleasure

in distress, no further trace
there is a word that means
island or peninsula
repeat a retrospective, blush

not to suggest; these glory lines,
sleepy in Holt Renfrew shoes
among these tasty ruins

rocks that fallow waves; deliberate,
carved out a day

itself, a merry isthmus



retract a lake. preposterous,
regard a secret pleasure; for instance,

lake this; only something not right,
the smell of surface

underneath I pull your bones,
& sweep

is it divine, to live with glass?
to step right into lake's cool habit?

a tolerance of elbows, knees
, St Lawrence Market

below a scarf of stars;
an engineering feat



imagine a lake. her lonely feet
my shallow;

deluding shoreline, harbour; lovely feet, my
deep end, quickens

mirrors out; a fare,

or asteroids hurtling; insignificant,
sins & seventh wave

& lay, before we count; a tailspin, wrapped
around her, smiling

poem for moonlight,

describes herself as shy,

they call the summer bleeding,
out, on ether

sun & ocean, all
the white ladies

the radio calls a slab,
a bird I first saw, nesting

the years you started school; what nights
so full, we saw from space

the leaves; light falls, untested

don't even ask; the one self
cropped out of the picture

signature; against the frame

lake, uncoiled

what finger lakes; a hunger
, lung of shoreline

not wilderness, pair
or premier moving

behind, you pictures

stretch out, knowledge
encodes, itself on cells

a long shape on the ocean floor,
a seabed made

& slept in, loading up
what written wisdom

learns; forgets & falls,
unbending in the yard

a deer, or an occurrence

what's most important; lake,
the water lies

sharp, measured heart

he listens to her
growl, scream; black wet

her fingers lick; of meaning

we move in dimness, courtyard & its
hours, sun

can't see the waves
for enormous lake, the shore

a relative line

retaining walls; a stream against the grey

where she lies now

the beating
of that telltale heart,

a sleep, of certain,
tarnished goes

a lip turns light to salt,
to sugar

a while there were clouds, a
tremour in azure

pastoral, tenth floor
beckons

low-fat options; portrait
of a door

she turns, & turns
repeating, gym-sized

perfect outfits

lake, repetition

a feather stinks
of abstract, sentiment; the seagull leaves
white trace

in ways of sunrise,
spoken, out

the boat's one arm

or groundless slide, a sullen
drink, continues

smoke rises, from the sun
& every night,



an endless lake; a sequence,
counting five

what might be great; we only have
the lake to tell,

book of either way

across from oak, the shed,
a sympathetic hollow

confess, I try
to speak to backwoods,

what otherwise they left



the slipper, service
a scarred horizon

what current scrawled
through alternate, means

if my mood is wrong,
it matters

words that tether
across a cooler, reason

the great distraction, seen,
your company,

slips, & slips, dark water
we float, in dim light

a seaplane, birds, a light touch
hands,

a journal front,
if we ever looked

impassioned by the difference,



lake, serious

a ship to shore; constructed
out a tin man, last seen reading

an elementary curve

as you would have it; sleep
a starry tide,

four limbs & breath,

who lives, or lives
an island, candle wash

of moving & non-moving parts



of paradise; shape is just
a window, passing

oath of watching form

of husbands, wives
an anchor tourniquet, suckled

in a wakeful state,
the glassy sand

I'm walking down
your hall, arm of

this borrowed shirt
the sky invented; hours red & orange-
pink
& smoky-black; this husky voice,

lake, impression

curled, an underside; these swans,
both real & plastic

overlapping trees for miles

fountain, would you; island,
island, don't look up

sometimes you're the sandbar & some,
the water's edge

green image, river, ahead
a span of richness

overgrown, at once
; each possible sound

skinny legs & spread,
he planned for eons



lake, sandbar

island, island, I wish I were
no man; a strain of silt less rupture
than soluble, dissolute to slowly fade
into the open, empty,
thus a crowbar added
can't refuse;

 between lake & the moon lies
 gravity; attracts,
 as would a person
compared to the old world,
a few more hectares,
multiplied, in space



a habit of sand dunes; never caught,
along the esplanade

when taken to the later view,
old soldiers weep, & new ones
never see; distill a window,
catch

precise in key, a new sound
long ways off,
distends; a cartilage

the swell in the sky they mark as ocean,
birds, a long-necked v
of Canada



called carrying place, the stretch of
years not miles

rides along; as for a number,
nights might vary

a glance of what, the surface
waves deceptive; breath

or sullen mouth

our neighbourhood watched them go

beneath uncertain feet,
earth water, air; she gasps,

remember then the moon,
it moved;



Seneca, summer

an indication, or

sweet copper autumn, lake
forgets, or should we call this,

lake, forget

a segment where the circle, lines

the image of
a slanted palm, a land
of moving parts

a trial where others weave,
an attribute

of leaves & trees, a mouth;
mutable shoreline

a comedy of errors, some
unknown language, spent

lake, framing

slips of air, confront; pond,
a foreign county

is, is past; retracting now,
what once was offered

burnt clothes beneath
her love; the way a storm sets in,

a mountain

as the platform grows smaller,
rain knocks off her potted plants

a background of blue,

I want to give you
a ticket;

you see the trees; they don't move

little essays on love & virtue

where joy, in turn, connects

flipped to its side,

a brutal path

the entire length of cluster,

tears

unstated, but

by no means

what Homer tells *The Iliad*

once more the ripened-thorn

a sliver

down her spine,

a health-related service



where in this wicked world,
you are

, it can be spoken

few things are free: metro workers,
a feast that funeral since

the names of these departed

or drinks an instant, coffee

the cars spate by a north
of autumn route, so children say

, is tested
mirror held to fact;



white laughter, blue, what can
be spared

; remember, remember
that stretch of seasons, breeze

needles this, a conversation
made out, commercials

a boy talks to another boy,
a girl

what British sense

, concludes a citizen, essential

remind me of grammar, says,
meaning English



the floor not broke; scarred,
for sure

; when heart her stops,
a poetry

the long-necked reeds; her lips
a flavour made of sweet

a trance
, or, sleepy-song

we made out of the differences,
our ends-that-meet

passing for breath & simple water



I smoothed the path of water,
weeds; a fully-ruined form

we bridge, we talk,
the substance holds

a swimming pool of customs, sharp ,
expressly made

passport & keep company
, a phantom-tongue of blue

made for what it wants,
not what withstands

it holds; a passage bent of chain



historians catch the eye, in love
with love & love,

the incarnations, all

a science
not of ables,

piece of the action; fractals
thick in circles, fold

body, love
a bridge

& broken in a letter,
a chamber of forgive

, in marble
part

beyond a circle smoothed, exposed

lake, tantric

the consequence of de-
lay,

comforter, horizon, water

falling; hinged
a compelling thought;

parks itself

a shoreline, brush, a lip
or edge, barreled

through margins; a
verbal factory of arms

breathing thick in cycles, two
days less, an anecdotal jet

foreshadowed night, & this
; lake, a small thread pooling

mouth, a river
opening; delay, a door

on new streets rising, rivulets,
waystation moon, comporting

heads of the town, up
to the ether, lakeshore, re-

responding, whispering

there, there, this
is what we meant

fissure;

a thin pain erected
out of permission, pleasure

crafted ease; a quickie
amid beats

this pulse of blood,
remembered

the brain folds up in error,
erases need, & takes
 but want; an echo

are we standing
in water? tensing

with signifiers?

regret, a never-trace

inherent in the natural,
a forest for the creek

& fields

lake, opus

made up the headlines, heart
a simple image

made complex; so much
it makes a breath

a double-bed; those wooden hands,
these concrete shoes pretend

an inner balance held,
the water & the water,

a difficult stream

what said when they,
a cherry

in distilled liquid

a storm sans heels
or teeth



the wind blew up a course,
what once was latent

bleeding from
her careful refinement

pleasure pose a question,
resist

of simple portraiture;

is it possible to fancy,
fallen
on hard times?

begats a lake; begat,
a mountain stream

when jack & jill, a fault
of engineering, wells

the bottom of that hill



a stirring slow; unclaimed, the
newsprint strain

a quarter
out of object, shell

would never lose its way,
a lake, a line, an

artificial turn;

a soon
& ordinary rock

of broken love affairs & god,
& what

a shovel placing sand,
the first of harmony,

a steed

nightclothes on the floor,
the knowing difference;

lake, distance

a sift of possibilities, between the world
& us,

between you
& finally

transition of soft black, where blue
intersects blue, an aqua

, marina

consider the condition
of snow, the cold fact of bone

threading waves, a wave

not drowning, but
a curtain, photographed

a stellar pond of bridges,
sleep,



where would we go if lake
caught fire, or

the hearth;

impossible questions, deserve
strict possibilities

the downstairs was quiet, above the
moon's ease, her new

year's day ; an eyepatch,
questioning always, & rescued

the injured

river flowed from bluffs curled under
the earth, not above

a garrison, ghost;
was held in her hands

lake, tourist

look homeward, tourist,
sleep where the fishes

you were in space,
held up by heaven,
surrounded by lake

not exactly an end,
or the world,
where we left it

it would rain
like a puncture, wound

rain

after rain

a sound you would venture

& keeping time
, perfect

lake, effect

probable, for meaning
sand and shells and shovels
would better, wetness
 a red
 ruby ring

would drained, mine
or pass over

for your conscience
 prevailing, winter
 picks moisture, up
 and drop

an English lawn, a manicure,
a two-pronged key

of ambiguity; a lake,
of more or less

a skating, belt

of dreaming in its gills

lake, verse

rarely freezes;
same material signature

as readily as the city

you have to chose
all immediate, space

solid, arms
a school day kids

clean air of Lainna
made me wise, ingested

one hundred forms of prose

as possible, by degrees;
the still-hot ashes,
the Virgin Mary's toes

shouting out as thick; the air,
across the water

further,

lake, glacier

lake, what the
lake ice

left;

a gentle stirring,
to use a tactic, name

strata, lake and torn; the form
goes acrobatic

stripped bare, back
the sides of country

to storm out, broken door to
storm, abstain; a pillow

darkened fifths;

carved out of weak,
soft, Silurian rock

Canadian Shield a graze,
a simple treaty

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