

Intruders

Again she dreams

a row of cabins on a lake
so small the trees line up
to see themselves reflected,

dreams cedar cabins, A-
frames, Quonset huts, doors

shut against a memory
of bear, the hollow rocking
of wooden boat against a pier.

Somewhere a chainsaw
outshouts squirrel.

And the intruder comes

to move trees into their proper
places, to say which
shall stand, fall, suffer

the tussock moth or nameless
ill. The lake is nine miles

longer than she thought, boat
shorter than its oars. She rows,
tires, lies down in the middle

of dusky water,

dreams

rainbows

rising

to water

bugs, nymphs,

possible

death at the end

of nylon line; startles

upright, stutters

words whose context

I am out of.

Gives to my questions
drugged answers, images
out of sequence, curling
arms and legs
around my body after
all these years expecting,
still, that we will float.

— *Ron Miles*