

M. W. JAEGGLE

## **SING AGAINST THE LAKE**

*After Denise Levertov*

There it was, confronting him—a lake and the retreating light.  
Before night came down, before the darkness could take him,  
it struck his side. The blow rang out within his frame,  
rather than softened—or perhaps, when it hit him  
what he heard was his voice projecting across the water,  
the oar cutting through the thought, his mind  
treading possibility: watery pitch,  
cries swallowed, cold joints, a muted heart.  
In the morning, he heard the chorus of the loons, saw  
their notes split fog and uncover the cascara near the shore.  
Those sensitive to circumstance hold against the blow,  
he said as he brought the tea cup to his lips,  
then they find an inner pew and sing.