

Our Boat

mist lifts off the lake

bringing veteran ghosts
their ambition ascending past
smudged crowns of trees,
a winking patrol boat, the casualty
of selfhood. They multiply
swirl into beings,
wreath into rumors,
run

from themselves,

divide

rise into fog.

Our small boat
powers over grey muscle,
lights green and obdurate, willing us
through. They travel
alongside as memories.

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