

HAROLD HOEFLE

CAMPING AT LAC LA PÊCHE

(FOR J.D.)

Told by lit figures in the dark,
the stories were pretty good:
N's friend, who knows the Bordeaux guards
by their first names and, last month,
got his face slapped in a bar;
R's sister, who shot an air gun at a party
and hit his leg; R the same night,
watching a buddy bend down
and French-kiss his German shepherd.
M just laughed; M a pathologist
who grades tumours, reviews autopsies.

Dawn. A dragonfly cuts triangles out of air,
and mn are casting lures in arcs
that catch the light, flash like fireworks.
High, child voices bounce across the lake.
Rushes flutter, green against blue,
and a loon offers a long, tremolo call.
A Cesna drones the bass line for this sudden song.

I set down my mug
and step to the water,
sandals slapping the granite.
Wind arches the pines,
but the triangle of air
is still there, in my head,
a bell that clangs one thought.
Intensify.