

JOE ENNS

## CIRCULATION

Sleek white grebes  
disappear without a ripple,  
silent pied divers  
in the Fraser River.  
Pale changeover cue blips  
on a movie screen,  
a flutter on the pale  
waterline, like the river's  
lit from below.

The doctor pulls back the curtain.  
*Why are you still here?*  
Sensors taped to my bare chest  
on the examination table.  
*Get dressed.* The EKG  
on the computer shows  
my enlarged valve,  
which is normal for men  
my size and explains my heart  
murmur. Also, I drink  
too much coffee.  
*Two cups per day. Max.*  
The doctor peers  
over the rims  
of his glasses.

Broken ice shards  
drift under the pier  
like a mosaic of bergs,

a moving puzzle.  
Two muskrats frolic  
and slide across the slabs.  
They dive back down  
under the nodding water.  
I shiver in my North Face  
Gore-Tex shell.

Our family line  
of lawnmowers beside Lundbom Lake  
at sundown. The white crust  
saline shore. We eat jubilee  
corn on the cob  
on orange and yellow floral  
pattern plastic plates.  
Dad says, *If evolution is true,*  
*why don't cows have wings?*  
*Wouldn't that be a perfect*  
*advantage?* And I can't think  
of a reasonable argument  
that would not pit  
me versus him.

Once I snorkelled a slow,  
deep reach of the Okanagan River  
above Vaseux Lake  
for fish count surveys  
and beside my mask  
the bank trembled and a cloud  
of silt opened up like a pore,  
an aperture with the face  
of a muskrat that burst  
forth and torpedoed  
past my fogged mask  
like the bank birthed  
the muskrat as strands  
of milfoil coiled

the snug rubber cuffs  
of my drysuit,  
my hands swollen  
and numb.