

(for Ray Andrews)

Fitting the weight of bone-ash
and its petulance refusal to scatter
forcing us and our rattled hearts
to make maudlin similes about
a last embrace carbon with a will

about static cling as our pant legs
and shoes go patchy grey
At Great Pond my father pours
his father into a lake puts him out
the smoke from the cabin chimney
becomes what it is

The difference between dragonflies
and devil's darning needles or whatever
they're called is that one has a body
the size of your thumb
and the other is so small
and jewel-toned that we tolerate it

Over the course of many years
I continue to be terrified
of things landing on me as I float
in the lake This is normal I think
it is normal to not want your body
to be docked upon unexpectedly

Non-human animals however
do not have the same hangups so
I wonder what it was like for the bass
to gape suddenly over duller flies
to come up through a surface dusted
with a strange pollen a summer snow

I do not have the mind of a fish
my nutrients come from mastication
To my grandfather in the lake
who feeds the soil that cradles it
I am sorry I flinch from the scales
flashing greenly in the rich water