

# At Burt Lake

by Tom Andrews

To disappear into the right words  
and to be their meanings...

October dusk.

Pink scraps of clouds, a plum-colored sky.  
The sycamore tree spills a few leaves.  
The cold focuses like a lens...

Now night falls, its hair  
caught in the lake's eye.

Such clarity of things. Already  
I've said too much...

Lord,  
language must happen to you  
the way this black pane of water,  
chipped and blistered with stars,  
happens to me.