

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.