

LAKE SUPERIOR LAMENT (2)

I knelt and held her narrow hips;
night shift: durum wheat, newsprint,
red ore spilled into ships.

I kissed her narrow foot, her swollen
lips; pulp logs tumbled in barking drums
in the mill beside the lake.

She shivered in the motel light,
as if she knew a heart - not hers but mine –
would break.
from "All I Have Learned Is Where I Have Been,

Signal Editions