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Fishing on Lake Huron

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FISHING ON LAKE HURON

It is Tuesday night and
I make it down Juniper
to the beach where my brother
is fishing off the dock, dragging
in huge salmon and perch. Some
are bigger than he is. He straps
them to the side of the pier with
rope. Looking up the cliff, I see
that girl who moved in on Emerson
last week. Her hair is strung up
in trees; her eyes billow like
half moons toward Lexington.

Three campfires sprinkle
the shore down by the creek.
A north wind was sailing over
from Canada, slapping me silly,
when my brother pulls in a body
from the lake. I grab his knife
and stand in the water, slitting
below the stomach while he ties
the man to the pier with the
rest of them.