Stehekin Light

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As if skimming bare-skinned on this fifty mile glacial trough filled with liquid ice, the girls in wet suits fly by, waving—

tied to their speedboats, they dig their heels in and ride in circles around our tourist barge. Just lean back, lock your knees! their bodies grin. The lake feeds on delft-blue springs which seep from rockbed cracks.

Trout sleep in the silt. The common loon moves through easy currents. Along the shore, flame-colored moths falter, fall open-winged, plaster themselves on shallow pools. The yellow jackets move in. Swing down, pick up the moths and carry them, dangling, all the way to mud nests clenched like hidden fists in the scrub, high on the talus slopes
that hold this lake in place. The girls
turn graceful flips on the waves, spinning
spiral somersaults, falling, rising,
walking on the lake. The water
is as black as crankcase oil. The sun
pours ropes of molten brass around
the girls as it sinks low, tangles
their feet in silver cords, copper wires,
and braided strands of spun glass light,
tightening the knot as it goes down.