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## Rounds of His Isle

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**ROUNDS OF HIS ISLE**

Already the bank snow refroze on top of itself.  
A shallow river harvesting a shallow light,  
headlong from the house I look  
for a circuitry to make sense. He returns  
to a forest plastered by winter weakness.  
Truth is, there was damage before

an idea of fire lodged into the field's cavity.

Watermills kicked up a seedy shore image.

Shepherds running out of the thicket with their tucked hair.

He could not touch what he wanted to save.

A black bark floated in a softer midstream.

He wanted to touch the pieces  
evenly before they burned. Drifting men  
on horseback, field tents thrown  
into the water to be rescued later. I found  
him replacing his bent body for the ungoverned  
river. His lighter weight sunk under broken ice,  
before the top surface could become dense  
enough to walk away on.

I recalled two objects that collided in their drowning  
and made a window closing sound.