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[I Have Skimmed Over The World In This Green Canoe]

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*[I HAVE SKIMMED OVER THE WORLD IN THIS
GREEN CANOE]*

I have skimmed over the world on this green canoe
like a water bug, Hank Williams. There is nothing
more solitary than the green canoe at midnight,
squirrely & drunk with one of you weird believers.
We wear a thing called a forehead—it is a lamp, a
third eye, illuminating the silent arc of the toothy
unconverted. Were you a fishing man, Hank Williams,
or a walleye? Were you lured from some crater, or
were you clustered in canoes against an ordinary
night, leaning in close, imagining the bats that
swooped out over the water & between our heads
were ordinary bats.