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Mountain Lake With Stumps

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H arry H umes

MOUNTAIN LAKE WITH STUMPS

There’s more to it than driving a road
and seeing the stumps like dark pins in a map,
and then the way I stop and walk out
to the wooden boat rotting on its chain.
More to it than the horseshoe sunk in clay
and the way suddenly I want to hear something
over the water, to have its great fish
swim close to shore, the way I want to be out there
by the stumps with the light on me like bark,
and turning one over and finding a message
about hard weather or love,
or what happened one soft evening in a back cove,
a man and a boy fishing,
and then a woman on shore waving them in.
And later by a dark window the smell of wild chives,
a single splash out on the water.