Mountain Lake With Stumps

Harry Humes
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.