Spring 1985

Desire

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Desire

Hunger. Nothing satisfies the eye enough. Heron, spruce, a blue isolated cove lures like a net. The world is bait, the eye a snare. Act as an animal would, step timidly into this circle of rough tide and ripe grass. Do you believe I am malicious, that the delicate creature sees itself as prey? A couple glides by in a swelled-up boat. They note rapture in the trees; they witness the shore as they do the fog—all depth and possibility—as if the world were a net through which they slid. We slide into the world's eye, which storms only when we want it.