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

Jacob Sunderlin
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.