

Temagami
by Paul Hoy

Naked, we are used to pointing out each other's bruises.
As if anything can be done. We walk slowly, teetering,
our arms suspended, like falling birds, while our feet land,
stinging with pinecone, pinched by whetstone jaws.
We hear wind possessing forests, lakes constantly
shuffling on shores, or that lay content in bowls
they've shaped with Precambrian ash.
We dive, front-crawling as far as we can go.
Underwater, we open our mouths to speak.
Clouds of pop and riffle, each of us sound
the same to the other. We never understand.
You feel my heartbeat when I enter you, deep as I can,
sonar finding boulders weighted down by shadows,
or warmth cloaked in cold. Finding something unbreathable
in you. We've seen fish far out beyond the island boats.
Together, we could swim there. Their green sails seem bright
with hope that shimmering distance washes away bruises.
We do not belong there, but we could go.