

## Vessel

Now that dusk has dropped  
across the belly of the lake  
its white bar, shimmering

my wife lies naked in her loft  
intent upon the waves that pulse  
her whiskey skin from ribs to groin

extends her legs to pointed toes  
to touch, if not the ceiling, fingertips  
and then to coil around my neck

a triangle of bone and flesh  
content, after the event  
remembering her future.

RON MILES