

This One That

Hidden waterfalls, walls of fog
I drive through wiping my breath
from the window, rubbing it in,

waiting for the day to clear
the blur from its eyes. Nets
like huge handkerchiefs wait

for the tide to turn. I can't
orient myself or you here,
the absence of shadow, or is it

that it's all shadow now.
Lighthouse swerving its single
headlight, turning us to deer.

I walk to the point five times
to make sure I've arrived,
my rubber boots two small boats

docking. Tongues of thought.
Evening giving as much as it
receives. My timing's off,

my heart's counting, trying
to slow the process down,
this one that. Wanting it

to be linear even as it leaps
and you are here, not here.
Once one knows what one wants

the rest is simple. Considering
all options, I prepare to make
the same mistake thrice.

SUSAN JOHNSON