

Olin Lake

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [May 18, 2010](#) issue

Behind us, the channel half-clogged
by bullhead lilies slips back
into the smoke of yellow tamaracks
clouding the shore and we glide
on the silk of a dream so deep, herring
break the surface from eighty feet below.

I am this hand skimming the water.
I am these eyes dazzled by light.

I am you whom I loved
before the seas were parted.

I am in the creak of wood,
old harmony of oars.