

## Below the Firmament

Not quite drunk where long grass meets the lake with bluegill finning in the shallows and the curtain lifting on June afternoon as we kindly call it, tree shade here to kiss your neck and the can sweating on the arm of the chair warm but still welcome in this heat and the voices tumble down the hill behind you. For a moment at least you're alone and perfect, like that fish drifting into skinny water, lost in some momentary dream of ease where it can all be seen coming over the light sand. Yes the lake floor slopes gradually to some murk where the sightless grope under cold thermoclines, down where feelers reach from aborted machines rusting in heaps, and yes the hill is one you must sweat to climb again and answer to your own name, but this is not pretending. It is not some satori of sandals and green algae and it is not pretending, even if you rise a bit unsteady and spook the fish with your shadow, even as damselflies skip across the film and you almost have the answer to a question you never thought to ask aloud. Far above pelicans soar pure wings without bodies and this is the firmament created to separate waters, ever changing yet arched right here above tree and dock, this is the light that comes to define each easy wave, each turning leaf in the blessed breezes of June.