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Again, Kapowsin

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A G A I N, K A P O W S I N

That goose died in opaque dream.
I was trolling in fog when the blurred
hunter stood to aim. The chill gray
that blurred him amplified the shot
and the bird scream. The bird was vague form
and he fell as a plane would fall on a town,
unreal. The frantic thrashing was real.
The hunter clubbed him dead with an oar—
crude *coup de grace*. Today, bright sky
and the shimmering glint of cloud on black water.
I'm 20 years older and no longer row
for that elusive wisdom I was certain
would come from constant replay of harm.
Countless shades of green erupted up the hill.
I didn't see them. They erupt today, loud
banner and horn. Kingdoms come through for man
for the first time.

This is the end of wrong hunger. I no longer
troll for big trout or grab for that infantile pride
I knew was firm when my hand ran over
the violet slash on their flanks. My dreams include
wives and stoves. A perch that fries white in the pan
is more important than his green vermiculations,
his stark orange pelvic fin. And whatever
I wave goodbye to, a crane waves back
slow as 20 years of lifting fog. For the first time
the lake is clear of hemlock. From now on
bars will not be homes.

Again, Kapowsin. Now the magic is how
distances change as clouds constantly alter
the light. Lives that never altered here are done.
Whatever I said I did, I lied. I did not claw
each cloud that poured above me nude.
I didn't cast a plug so perfectly in pads
bass could not resist and mean faces of women
shattered in the splash. Again Kapowsin.
The man who claimed he owned it is a stranger.
He died loud in fog and his name won't come.