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# Passage

Marianne Boruch

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Passage · Marianne Boruch

I took the old man in me  
& went to the river.  
Get out, I said  
opening my coat  
to tree & air & ice.  
Get out, I said. This is it.

He would not look at me.  
Blunt feather  
as he moved, light  
winnowed him, dark trace  
spine & rib.  
I thought: you sullen bird  
you fish. I imagined his blue eyes, hook  
simple, hard as dice. I swore  
above the glare: teach me now, bastard.  
Thin pajamas, stepping  
into wind.

I buttoned my coat  
as he walked toward the water.  
For a moment, his hair  
flashed  
impossibly white. I thought of river filth  
his numb, pale weight  
dropping into the cold jaw.  
I opened my mouth: *nothing nothing*