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Again, Kapowsin

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AGA IN, K APOWSIN

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.