Bog Song

Francesca Abbate
Bog Song

Praise me, I told the water lilies, for I am half invincible, half destructible, half mad: am, in fact, a divine half

and a half not, and it is lonely out here and hot, and half a lifetime has elapsed on this floating path

with its canopy of poison sumac, its pale, half-dead orchids, the dreams of bog people hidden

under the planks—so finely pored, so stubble-bladed, so adept at heat and loneliness, so not half—for who

else will praise me now, I who was too clever by half, who had an idea but no map: narrowing road, clearing, the sun like the secret shining in the dark halves of all things, like the improbable spirit—house in a wood, wet seed under the weight of thought?