

Daphne Marlatt / THE APPROACH
RE-APPROACHED BY FERRY

rounding the point engines slow i go

out in wood smell up close home in house-lit twilight's intimate
"would reach, could touch"

this celebrated air, imagine

nearness in your hand on the glass that separates, inside looking
out

green awake that slows arrival there

or outside reading in: you in the lounge illumined, strange, i want.
not to frame, your hair whose scent its very nearness then

Nearness so pronounced it makes all discrimination of identity

into the kiss that blurs outside-in quick tongues intent

and thus

green dream recedes at the shore

all forms of property, impossible

"you" no different, no other than co-terminous with air, the light
shrill, cicada-like

home dream in our hands let go, let go

WATER MARK

small lights in the dark, coming up across water, arc

out of wind rush, transient, intransigent beating forward to reach
(you) bridge (you) the gap, gulf, eyes' bafflement in nowhere-space

still, deck underfoot's some footing, rail cupped in a palm's solid
let's say, contained

How curious, complex the touch, this subtle art, Renée notes

flayed in wind rush and nowhere, no one — 'you' mislaid in the
impeccable shape that intent takes

her fingers clever lingerers at love's shudder, how desire writes
Renée raking the roots of hair, anguish netted there in the mind's
traffic, under skin, thin tattoo i strain to read you in

Your form . . . a gleam that leaves me clutching emptiness

so arc, so intent that will not cease its beating forward, thrown
the shudder of the poem's engine in reverse

traitress tide, she carves, stealing away

her mark, licit and legible there in fading skin