

JOELLEN CRAFT

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YOU AS TWO MEN IN ONE CANOE

Two men in one canoe
paddle, each to his own pulse,
elbowing the slushy dawn.

They cut through fog.
Each holds half the night
in his mouth. One tastes

the hare still, one dwells
on the fur's soft give.
They scrape ashore,

hoist their craft overhead,
bear it high, water
rilling from the hull,

run through the brush
arms up, run
bow-boned as wolves,

run like light carves
trees thin, carves day
to a weapon's spring,

run full
of low knocks, peering
from the keel, run

sure as a man
who steadies the horizon

that bears his path—

I have gold,

I have guns with inlaid pearl.

I would learn your names.

I hear your drums all night.