

**DAWN POTTER**

**John Doe's Love Letter**

He was a man as clear as water.  
Catfish twitched in his shallows  
and nibbled the strands of his hair.  
His bald head shone.

Rust-drunk, his ripple  
shimmered among hubcaps and broken bottles.  
Now and again he splashed, now and again  
slipped to a weaving amble.

Frog spawn glistened on his scarred thighs,  
willow-weed roughened his whiskers.  
Behind his silted lungs,  
his heart dipped and quivered.

Arteries sighed, silver-edged in leaf dapple.  
From his callused palms, from his chipped bones,  
his days floated, up, up,  
papery and frail, remote as telegrams.

Cows fed Hay raked  
Stop. O I think of you.