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.