

JILL OSIER

Lake Saganaga

And the whole time we fished, wishes
lined up the way shadows
refuse to. It ended up being the perfect time
for them to do this; we were all still
remembering ourselves as a family, and the light was
as it is when you trust it will hold something,
good enough to know you may have had something
but lost it. Certainty always stands closest
to no thing we have.