

Her Name I Do Not Know

Standing among the millet and willow
I watch her on the island in the pond
Germinating in the sun

Sweat pearls up on her stomach
As she accepts my admiring gaze

Bending over to gather up her hair
With long, thin arms she dives in like a heron stabbing fish

Swimming on her side toward then away from me
She looks over her shoulder alluring me in

As I plow through deep mud
Saw grass tears at my arms and chest
And the heavy odor of old marsh inhales me

Frantically I reach deep water
And swim hard until I glide onto her warm, slick trunk
My hands enclose her head
A thirsty cup from which my mouth drinks freely

So I was plowed and planted so long ago
Forever I have loved her

But I do not know her name

Her name I do not know