

# Olin Lake

by [Shari Wagner](#) in the [May 18, 2010](#) issue

Behind us, the channel half-clogged  
by bullhead lilies slips back  
into the smoke of yellow tamaracks  
clouding the shore and we glide  
on the silk of a dream so deep, herring  
break the surface from eighty feet below.

I am this hand skimming the water.  
I am these eyes dazzled by light.

I am you whom I loved  
before the seas were parted.

I am in the creak of wood,  
old harmony of oars.