

GEORGE EKLUND

Assemblage on Ed, His Boat, and His Wife

Ice cracks in the shoulders of the river.
There is a music to guide you.
Ed's boat is floating through purple clouds.
That was such a good day on the river,
anchored in the sun above the wing dams.
Then his wife died,
such a sturdy, quiet woman.
Feathers of suffering she could blow gently
from her thin lips.
I seem to have become
a likeable man who drives
his youngest child to piano lessons
given in a large house on a hill.
A likeable man who waits in his car
for the end of the world.
Cold colored leaves thrash
against his dark windshield.
He is thinking of Ed and a good day on the river.
A knotted rag has been pulled from my mouth.
A methodology of small wings escapes the face.
And feathers fall from purple clouds
and ice makes a music in the shoulders of the river.