**[Early draft of “Medicine Lake”]**

**Medicine Lake**

What I invent is for you to talk to me when all I hear

is the petite cat’s ghost. I pretend your leggy mass is here,

twitching to the perfect jazz hour, only to catch your time

redshifting with the rigs pumping their brakes a little closer

than we’d think they’d be, out in the country where we are still

inventing ourselves and the empty room I never got around to

so I call it *your room* and I say *you* *can have it* because

you’re in Hugo’s neverneverland, strong-arming Russian

Olives from the ridge to the chipper and what’s a promise

to a crow in hungry season.

I practice my fist to mimic physical

phenomena: the *heart thing* your father grappled last week…

they say *fist* is about the size of *heart* but only if you’re a kid.

By the time his heart hears about Saturn’s new ring its blood

will have dilated & receded through space dusting the neck

of a spent guitar propped in a junk shop. Imagine being overshadowed by debris so large you miss the debris entirely.

That’s a blackout. Or a galaxy…or, moose tracks flowering

in the snowy mud along Medicine Lake with its face in its

hands. Turning from its tree-toothed shore. Or your father,

calling out oldest to youngest the names of his seven children.