

# Green Lake, Michigan

We carry a cracked desk chair  
through the woods, settle it  
unevenly in the loose earth  
by the lake. He sits  
and I stand behind him. *Look down.*

Beneath his thick hair the mouth of a river  
opens out into his shoulders.  
I pull a dark lock straight  
between index and middle finger,  
just grazing his neck

light enough to be unintended.  
Then a clean-edged black half-moon  
on the wet ground when I step back,  
sinking into a low crouch,  
to rinse my scissors in the water.

In the reeds where the ice is thawing,  
silverfish stir between the short drifting strands.  
They scatter. Two months left for us together,  
two, unwritten on maps, then  
this half-ring of hair  
rotting beneath the heavy soil.

Preston Craig