

Richard Robbins

## In the Middle of Flathead Lake

Even five miles from shore, he crouched below  
the line of gunwales to take off his shorts,

she to slip out of her top, her bikini bottom  
sliding over one knee, then the next, then

the two of them gazed at their nakedness,  
her untanned reaches pinking in the sun

and simple sway over waves, his  
own bare place a desert with its one

thirsty tree, and she moved toward him  
like a squall, her wind tasting his bark, taking it

inside her, and he let all the gust and grit of her  
knock across his hills, he kissed the salt

of her, the ragged strands of far-off kelp  
come to him on her wind, fish-silver,

the rust of sea wrecks, and they turned over  
and over, each into the other

in that tiny open hull, vinyl  
slippery from sweat and their own weather, the boat

making its own tight waves, slapping  
*one-two-one-two* to either shore, until the troll

of other engines could not be ignored,  
and they moved back into their clothes, bodies

upright now, arms over the edge and fingers  
trailing over blue so deep those mountains

could drown in it, over blue so jammed  
with trout it glittered like a cloud full of glass,

blue so deep it took mountain, took cloud and boat,  
took two people trying to become

a lake, took all things under high sun  
into itself, even as the cruisers

and the yachts advanced, as voices  
poured their way across the surface—

other lovers who would look but not  
find a thing, each piece having

already been arranged,  
and only these two able to know.