Weekend Friends

When they leave, the lake sharpens, clears as if we'd turned the lens on your father's binoculars, hills step closer. water flashes in our faces as we lie back, stare sleepily at loons, the other shore. "Alone at last," you say, tipping your hat over your eyes, but together at last is how it feels, gathered into the bay with the rocks and pines and crows crak-crakking louder than they did just minutes before as we called "Goodbye, goodbye" to weekend friends.

Now we doze on the beach, absorbed under a comforter of hazy clouds, lulled by the whoosh and buzz of fly and wind.

Through half-closed lids you swing closer, recede into the burn of sun from sand — forward and back, forward and back with the loolooloo of waves —

I surge, retreat, fall into dream matching your dance with my own sleepy drift –

together, alone at last and

all one.