

## lake winnipesaukee

It's windy on the dock behind the house, it's loud. The sound is not the wind itself but the wind in things. Hand held flat above eyes I look for Judith, sitting on that wooden square, the way it floats is violent. Everything is sharp, everything motion. Water splashes through the cracks beneath my feet everything all of the sudden. I have to spread the fingers of my hand palm down on the page to keep paper in place. In the car Judith told us about déjà rêvé, when you recognize the dream. The sun is level with my eyes, it shines straight, hard to see, where is she. Oh okay, head bobbing in the waves, approaching. Resting elbows on the dock she says: I love the water, I am so happy.