


At the Pass Dam

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At the Pass Dam

Three terrible slim-hipped brothers
dance along the banks in the dim
evening of August, looking for the spot
to swim away from, their postures so alike

they skim the surface of faces, of possibilities,
they hold the backs of their necks that straight.
Three brothers with faces quiet enough

to hold hostage a hundred other boys.
It's never enough for them to have wives, or women
even, but other men and in this swimming

they find the ends of their pitch, what each
brother strives for in the end of binding himself
to another, without heartbeats. Without shutting out
that quiet resemblance, they push off.