

WILLIAM STRATTON

Commute, Lake Champlain

Here is the concrete floor of the ferry and beneath it
the thirst of the lake, its open mouth and the way

its breath lifts toward the stones lined up on shore
and then further into the mountains, and the dirge

of its tongue as it rasps against the gunwales,
the call of an osprey as it sees that the fish it has dived for

is too big; that the mistake has been one of judgment
and of scale and that floating is a measure of buoyancy,

and that there is nothing to do now but wait and see
who it is that does the swallowing, and of what.

WILLIAM STRATTON currently lives in Vermont and teaches writing at SUNY Plattsburgh, thus spending a good deal of time on a ferry. He serves as coeditor of *The Saranac Review*, and is a father of two. He has two full-length collections of poetry, *Under the Water Was Stone* and *These Things Too Have Shape*, and has poems in *FIELD*, *Sugar House Review*, *Spillway*, *The North American Review*, *DMQ*, and elsewhere.

