WALKING ON LIDINGÖ

 for Eva

He can't carry a tune or draw a tree,

but there the man goes, whistling

up a medley of the shy red of blue-

berry flowers that you first showed

him; also a swan, fixed forever, or so

it seemed, in the white arc hold

of his neck, surprising by the pointing

straight stretch to takeoff. He imagines:

that scoured round granite bulging free

of its cap of dirt, heath, and pine,

an ice age troll of a puffball. The man

whose soul is music that is you,

that is this island, wipes the wet

side of a wooden boat, but sees only

your thigh, up close, beaded with water.