

**Opeongo**  
**by Paul Hoy**

If I could take back  
every word,  
now  
to settle  
back between  
us,  
our  
silence,  
our highest  
branches,  
thinly touching.  
No word for 'us' —  
only the wild guesswork  
of wind, the  
tips of our tongues  
grasping for the  
taste of it, already  
tasting the end.  
Remember that afternoon  
we left together,  
coming off  
Lake Opeongo  
the wind busy  
scattering  
its big islands of white clouds  
crossing the dash  
like Thomson's 'Summer Day',  
you turning  
to peer away,  
drawing me in, then,  
to the reflection of  
you — green and  
blue hills  
of birch, nearly  
transparent,  
tamarack,  
slender and  
teetering.