

Like Water
by Paul Hoy

I am tired of these directions, the lights on Hanlon,
the salt trucks on the 401, the fields of snow calm as lakes,
the tops of birch trees trapped in the swamp ice,
and deer crossings made impassable by rows of crows,
the rudeness of pavement churning into gravel,
the handfuls of stars that shine for the cold.

I am tired of seeing you cry and somehow not
going to you because the way feels too great — and
it is not until I drive back past lawns of snow,
the long silences of trees, and the traffic of words
to this small room that I see it all from here:
the spaces that great distances make and the feeling
of sleep that fills them, like water.