

# Poets

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## Elegy without Water

not even a year and already there are too many  
dead fathers reaching up from their couches

and easy chairs to be missed in photos and at  
tables and who knows how long this will keep

happening like the death of the hired man like  
the man who was willing my dead father

keeps saying he would have loved it if he

caught the steam train with us to the mill  
that one day we took off that sawdust

August (five mountain ranges one behind  
the other the buzzsaw snarled and rattled)

my father would have talked a blue  
streak to the conductor with one green eye and

grinned his denture grin at the double saws

shook his head at the film we shot  
the singing blacksmith with his clean

apron and swept forge and the weasel who darted  
into the bush at the whirl of the camera I keep

finding things my father would have loved if