

Migizi Looks back upon Wazhashk

This view become reversed, Migizi watching
Wazhashk, full, but curious, even February grey
makes the appetite for what lies opposite us dull.
A river stretched between us, steam forced up
between fractures in a turtle shell of ice, rises
as if stoked by inner fire. Body mirrored by surface
ice rushing eastward to shallow wide-open waters
between nations. Know that geography changes people.
Borders make a mile a lifetime away, rivers are
that ethereal mass separating us, changing tragedy
to entertainment. We linger, our view empty
as late-morning is pounced upon by a howl of sirens
crying out in gun-to-temple love. Our footing is,
to be certain, exactly as wide as our maps make it.