

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 7 | Issue 2

Article 44

December 2008

Land of Lakes and Sky

James Doyle

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Recommended Citation

Doyle, James (2008) "Land of Lakes and Sky," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 7: Iss. 2, Article 44.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol7/iss2/44>

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Doyle: Land of Lakes and Sky

LAND OF LAKES AND SKY

James Doyle

Swimming from lake to lake, I notice
a ghost on the ice floes up ahead.

The trout swimming with me have fish lines
trailing from their mouths. The parasites

on their gills are squinting back at me,
as if I were the microscopic one. Maybe

I am. A tiny fixture on time's mechanical
gills, breathing in and out of season. Maybe

the ghost is another parasite, the lake's
low fog bank persuading ice back

to the state of water. My skin moves
on its own, the invisible ones only science

sees, darting by the billions in and out
of my pores. Maybe I move in a blur

across God's skin, the underside of currents,
translucent as jellyfish. When I lift

myself onto shore, God's eyes ascend
the sky, ascend the universe. They roam

the landscape of static time, crawl
like parasites a hall of mirrors.