

Detroit Lake

Frances Quinlan

Quick the hawk took the poor thing
Just to the left of me
You were mid-sentence when I had to interrupt you
In order to relate

Two grey stripes flew up out of sight
I mean one, the other no longer struggling
I cannot hear you laughing up the mountainside
Unobserved, my voice grew
Increasingly gruesome in the quiet

Turns out
It turns out
One can lose nonetheless
Looking for witnesses

Miles from all that's between us at stake
Algae blooms up in Detroit Lake
Listening for my turn to come next
Leave the same as I came in
More or less

Across the table words fly
Underdone they rarely collide
Former wells are exhausted
So you pose the question
"Are pigeons ever cannibalistic?"

Turns out
It turns out
Sometimes yes
Looking for witnesses

Miles from all that's between us at stake
Algae blooms up in Detroit Lake
Listening for my turn to come next
Leave the same as I came in
Miles from all I believe is at stake
Algae blooms up in Detroit Lake
Listening for my turn to come next
Leave the same as I came in
More or less