

## Blue Glass

*Lizzie Skurnick*

Of course that's seen  
behind a screen. The lake  
by day is patternless gray,

the O of breath-stoked  
mirror or a chain-smoked  
sky, slim fingers

rising, as smoke lingers.  
Anyway, it's burning.

I'm still learning  
to snap and send  
and recommend

these shot-staggered  
panes when how suddenly  
strange it seems not to know

how at all to reach you  
with even one of these  
wide fish bellies

bumping up against  
the screen.  
Fenced-in,

penned, poor trout  
keening, thrashing to get out.