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.