

## **Movement 8**

### **Fog**

Winded, drifting to rest.

I'm rowing  
between islands, between pewter water  
and a gauze I'm unwinding that winds back  
behind me in my flat wake.

At the tip  
of each oar small vortices whorl  
at each stroke's end...

...I'm rowing  
where measure is lost, I'm barely moving,  
in a circle of translucence that moves with me  
without compass.

I can't see out or up into;  
I sit facing backwards,  
pulling myself slowly  
toward the life I'm still trying to get at.

*Philip Booth*

In C. Merrill (ed.) (1991) *The Forgotten Language. Contemporary Poets and Nature*.  
Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Books.