

## JOEL LIPMAN

### *Along the Summer River*

in my ears  
tires sink into

iron mesh of the old  
drawbridge

an aerial span  
of high

white  
and blue lights

along the summer river

the mourner's horn from  
the low tug

runs  
water

followed by  
another

its twin line of  
three amber lanterns

along the summer river

lovers  
blend

into the public  
promenade

and no one ever  
catches fish

though I hold a  
slippery stringer

along the summer river

and the mexican  
woman in purple

cotton leans against  
her line

in  
brown water

asking  
what's in it

along the summer river

a fat carp rolls over  
and I watch

cranes raise pallets off  
a freighter

that flies  
no flag

when, rock & roll!  
marijuana

along the summer river

howl four mad  
warriors

from a silver  
careening

outboard  
canoe

and I  
see

along the summer river

a thalidomide baby  
grown up

fishing with  
another

off the trunk of  
a faded metallic turquoise

nova

I

look off

too