

GORDON GRIGSBY

Dead Man's Float

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It's *now* the tension in your head
Always points its slight pain toward—
You want the wooded hills
To hold at least a few more weeks
The way they are, the fallow fields
Of dark sea-purple ironweed
And scattered foaming milkweed pods
To stay. O what would it be like
To at last give up this grasping?
What ease might touch
The muscles of the heart?
For a moment only, you think you feel it
As, driving past,
You suddenly relinquish a perfect field—
The fading light at a certain angle, one
Smooth hill, a single gathering of trees, the level
Meadow laced with gold as when the dawn
Lays sun across the ocean—some swift grace
Like the glide you felt
The first time you learned as a scared kid
The water would hold you.