

STEPHEN NAGY

Coqueeh's Hesitation

He talks longer than
repairing an old sled,
but I listen to everything he says.
With beard and pipe and much much paper
he tosses a word into the air
and I fly back and forth in circles
with it—
that small strange word—p o l e :
straight for the pole without a rest.
I follow in the word tracks
of this tunik, white man Peary
as I did with my father
because some say his big ship
breaks the frozen sea
with a grace that is not woman
(this may be untrue; stories are like snow).
The dream I had
of driving my team
into heavy intestines of slush ice
is true.
Doubt, my wife, are small on the horizon.