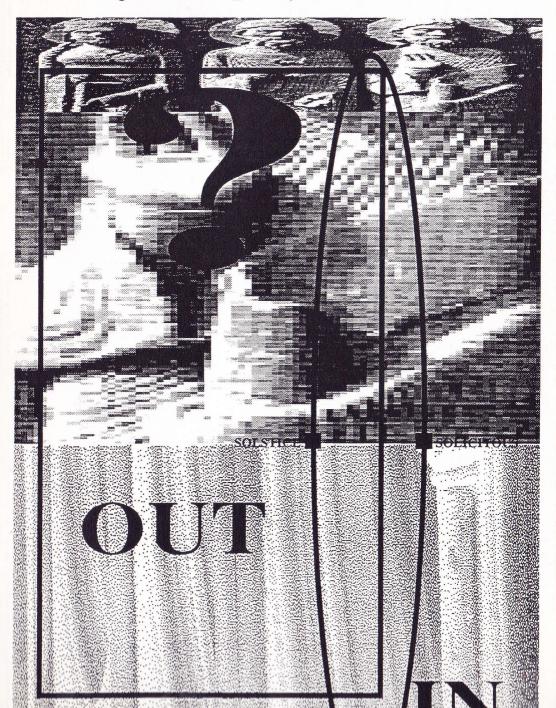
Poetry New York a journal of poetry & translation



Dionisio Cañas translated by the author & David M. Caskey

Massapoag Lake

to the Gould Family

The cat and his answer to the inhabitants of the house cloistered between glass the night rushing on the artificial order of a garden among the daisies

the white cat looks at the eyes seeing him he looks at us and goes toward the lake place where he observes enclosed fish under the sparkling water

The boats are quietly reflected without their sails

in a day of calm skies trapped by the darkness

There were no regattas this afternoon and we didn't see the naked arm between the rope and canvas flattered by the wind we didn't see the scream and the dive in the water of the less adroit of the two weekend sailors