

Portage Lake

Car stops
I click the touch pad to turn the music off
Or I keep it on

Sheared beaver earmuffs on
I hold my two jacket layers around myself against the wind
With zippers

A younger version of myself then
I just keep growing up
Changing
Stronger
Weaker
Back and forth and at the same time

I don't think I quite understood the feeling I had
On the shale, the rock tumble, the sidewalk
Right up next to the water that became deep
Peace?
Connection?
That one time I felt I could just go on staying there exploring...
If it were easier to, quicker to come back here more often.

You could feel the wind off the lake from the car
And then walk up to the Begich Boggs Visitor Center
Or turn into the various stairways down
Or just go to the beach

You hear the wind, you hear the water lap
Or see it come up onto the sidewalk and run back
And you hope to see a good one:
Hope the splash will hit Dad when the video is going.

But not the ice.
The icebergs are silent,
Floating in the silty glacier water on their way to pass the Visitor Center.
You can't tell that they're moving until you look back and see that they've moved.

Most of the iceberg is below the water.
I don't think that looking at them,
That's where the depth would have to come in;
It doesn't always seem deep not That deep

The glacier where the icebergs calved from is around and out of sight.
I've seen it, but you can't see it from here.
It's like a bowl around the lake and my mind branches off into the places we went off from
Portage Lake,
And where we went when we didn't go there.

And then we came away.
I think it was the last time we went there that
The wind wasn't blowing.