

November Not-Sonnet on a Boat by the Dock Bar

You are someone with a penchant for dark  
beers and pasts, walk-in closets and porch-step  
smokes; who likes to ride it out to the depths  
of the middle of Lake Hopatcong, spark  
flint of cigarette lighter and long drags  
of conversation about coffee, sex,  
identity construction and your next  
lover, dive from the stern, put out the fag  
in the water, peel off sopping cotton  
on the deck and move to ceaseless, carnal  
moon waves rocking, unanchored in the fall  
when it's too cold to be this naked in  
the cold it's too cold to be this in love.