

## *The Last Page*

### **A Migrant Song**

When I come here, I come home. I do not come from here and, as I leave, it is not from here that I go. Here, I am at large. I wed the lineage of its etymologies. I translate.

The natatory fringe. My native tongue. My tactile noun. My ligament: jęzor like jezioro, the lake I speak.

I smack my lips and lick off the pronoun. Now, not own. Rather, unlatched. Entirely here.

Swallowed. Fluent lung. Listen. Slow down. Exhale the land. I belong to the unbound. Always less. Liquidated. As Algonquin or Illinois. Quicksand sails. I come second.

Paint me a name. Unlock the articulations of the tribe. Mishigami migrant. Large gift. Long for the flood. Big water spells.

Here come the hands. Utterly speechless. New blood obliterates blood spilled. Polished graves.

Clad in stripes, star-eyed slaves. Crave the soil where to plant muscles and cod. Look, child, the water is raked with larch twigs.

Proclaim this surface a clean slate. Each crumb sinks to the mudflat. Calm water breaks the bank.

I deposit my notes in the sand. The wind pots dry leaves. Do we differ in our desires?

I come home each time I come here. I conform my path to your thirst and my thighs shape your current. Glacial ancestors.

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