



At the Great Door of Morning

Robert Hedin

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Oh, you make it look so easy—everyday language, simple truths, no head-scratching allusions or hidden meaning—can you do this in your sleep, Mr. Hedin? Standing on your head?

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The Kelp-Cutters

*Ten years since I buried
All the air I could,
And followed you
Down into the dark,
Your breath shimmering
Like stars on the kelp.
Joe, when we broke through
That last time and found
The boat gone, the air
So cold we lay there
Not saying a word,
Hand in hand, treading
Until your warm grip went slack—
Joe, I could do nothing
But ride with the kelp
Into dawn, rocking
In the cold slate,
Listening to myself pump
The damp night full of breath.*

MATT SUTHERLAND (November/December 2017)

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