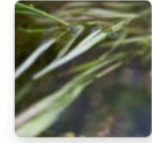


LAKE GEORGE, 1922

Georgia O'Keeffe, with Alfred Stieglitz [Stieglitz family summer home, upstate New York]



As it's the only place to be alone, Alfred rows us
to the middle. I close my eyes not to miss
the pause in motion
when the paddles catch, the surge forward
as he draws the oars in, tranquil
drift of their re-expansion—great wings
suspended from the oarlocks. It begins
to rain. His mother lurks a doorway. Alfred turns
toward shore. But I stop his hand, stand, and am
over. A palm on the gunwale, eyes
lake-level. In response to each drop,
the surface sprouts pipettes
of water, a thicket of sudden small shoots.
Blued banks and mountains
join their reflections like a zipper,
trees to trees, dimple and nib. Alfred pulls me back in.