



AT GRELLE

M A R I E U N G A R

FORELLE

Bright like blinding? Not quite.
Bright like sharply through fog?
Bright like the sun coming up, fast,
when you are still awake?
Yes, like that, kind of. Almost better
not knowing. You having the word
for something I knew
we both had seen. The light on the river
was almost as bright as the deep
beneath. The river's skin was almost thinner
than the skin peeling from your lip.