



Landless, Iberá

Stuart Cooke

not a lake, a particular facet of it
the path went down to the barges or back
all morning or most of it I
thinking of those who've no presence
the flood, the boardwalk
for whom is what written?
the built environment was a moveable feast
do I find what I was looking for?
the lake built things too
the book is a boat, or an anchor of what
the wren's melody reminds me of more than a cliché
the morning was elsewhere
I found nothing but signs
the howls came from across the lake
I was woken on a boat before noon
enormous guinea pigs licked the lawn clean
all morning I had—
the lake was a gentle reminder
they wanted to clean that particular facet
I turned over, but there was a thin green snake
the howler monkeys have shat all over the howler monkey signs
wandering around, there's a lot of uncertainty
in the notes are more notes, or paths that fade into muddy tracks, which disappear into wetlands
this whole side of the lake was 'clean' until small islands floated down from the north

everything else was hidden in a small forest on the opposite shore

did I find what was looking?

the lake writes with islands around the margins

‘clean’ refers to nothing, or landless

in the floods the little islands gathered, and destroyed all access to the boats