The single loon might be stuck in a lake of black gelatin, but he quits his moans and spoons himself out when we three crash from the underbrush at the end of summer. We slip out of shorts, underpants, t-shirts, bras, toss them under the bushes because it’s so 8:28 on the rocks by Echo Lake that we don’t need such things. When we dive, we can watch the waves cross to the far shore, almost.

We’re only a mile from Southwest Harbor but the ocean can’t compare to this fresh water: sweet, and so warm our nipples don’t even harden. If we can’t float so well for the lack of salt, we can still turn on our backs and drift through the sunset road marking the route to the end of day.

Eyes up, ears under water,
I see cadmium and cobalt overhead,
hear the whisperings of fish, the swish of pond weeds.
Maybe, because sounds travel so far through water, I begin hearing other mutterings; the underwater hum becomes a line of verse. Shakespeare asks, shall summer’s honey breath hold out, and three centuries later Gertrude Stein answers Imagine imagine it imagine it. I imagine it, imagine that this water will never deaden into ice, that we can lie here forever, we three, naked and beautiful, no fears, no icicles between us. We can loll and float as one,
we don't know who is who. Maybe I am the straight one, or maybe it's me with Lesbia tattooed on my shoulder. It doesn't matter, those names mean nothing to our pleasure, can't describe how the currents pull us along, lift us up, how the ears pop clear of water, how we are laughing, laughing, swimming sleek as fish, as trout, as salmon, and we might have been at work all day but who can remember that far? The loon returns, now mistaking our giggles for his own. A canoe slips by, but the paddlers play argonauts, which makes us the sirens. We let them pass, then sprawl on the rocks at the edge of the lake to drip dry, drip dry, drip dry.