To a Swimmer (1969–1971)

The day you won your school the race
just such must have been the stirless
eyes within your speculative face
out of the water, just as when
looking up from a violent grappling
on my shivering breast you stare
under your wet forehead straggling defiant hair.

Surety, desire, doubt, hurt, in your
curved eye who would think:
I’ve imagined you the huddled poolside
shivering schoolboy, but the act
proves triumph, triumph. And so silent
are we, broad faces, that the truth
will stir between us, treading the shining water, fact.