

G. F. BOYER

Some Nights

I dream of you at the lake, rowing
toward shore. Horses under a tree

in the new moon's dark.
A hundred love songs on the radio,

the car door standing open.
It begins to rain, silver rain.

Your coat pockets heavy with coins. You
disappear where the horses breathe.

Your eyes shadowed in the cricket-filled night.
No one else at the lake.

Rain begins, ghost notes on the cabin roof,
the silver ping on a canoe. Wind

pushes waves toward shore. Some nights
you appear. Some nights I dream.

On the car radio, a hundred love songs play.
Two horses under a tree. A new moon

hangs, invisible. Silver coins droop
heavy in the hem of your coat.



ABOUT G. F. BOYER

G. F. Boyer received an MFA from the University of Washington and works as a freelance editor and creative writing instructor. She is also the editor of *Clementine Poetry Journal*. Her poems have appeared in *The Southern Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Poetry Northwest*, *RHINO*, and *The Midwest Quarterly*. She lives in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and can be visited online at *GF Boyer: Critique and Editing* (gfboyer.com).

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