

KATHERINE FACTOR

## **SEMELE**

All year without.  
Even movement seems lackluster  
until the shore, the small divot  
of no one. There are loons  
chasing each other. They  
know nothing of me, my problems  
with the moon. The bushes rustle  
but are empty. The sound  
is the loon, which is with me.  
I am waiting to bleed, wanting  
the lake to sweep lonely, quizzing,  
wondering what lightning might look like closer and unclear.