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## Symbiosis Above the Arctic Circle

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## Symbiosis above the Arctic Circle

Hum at my shoulder blade  
at the back of my neck

I stand between picnic table and car,  
my son flips and wiggles inside our hot tent  
bright lit where the sun does not set.

hum at my left knee near my lower back  
hum by my right ear

I have stood under these low trees, washed  
my hands in water pumped  
from a river that runs to the Arctic, washed my dishes,  
swatted at flies, told them to shoo.

hum near the top of my head my left hand my right foot

I have dipped my feet in water to cool,  
chatted with the squirrel who ran past me lecturing,  
and to the raven in the tallest of these small trees who cracked nuts with its tongue,  
gargled, clucked, watched with its black eye and its bent beak.

hum by my elbow by my left ear hum

A dragonfly circles me, slowly  
removes each fly that has entered into busy orbit round  
the gravity of my heat and sweat.  
Hum then silence here and here and here  
then a whoosh of air near my ear,  
then nothing.

My son turns in the tent, the sun moves brightly in the midnight sky.

**YVONNE BLOMER** is Victoria's poet laureate. Her most recent collection is *As if a Raven* (Palimpsest Press, 2014). Forthcoming in 2017 are her travel memoir *Sugar Ride: Cycling from Hanoi to Kuala Lumpur* (Palimpsest Press) and the anthology *The Pacific Ocean: Protecting our Endangered Coast* (Caitlin Press), for which she is the poetry editor. Yvonne holds an MA with distinction from the University of East Anglia, UK.