

11-9-2023

## End of Easement Area

Lisa M. Hibl

*University of Southern Maine*

Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres:

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

---

### Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Hibl, Lisa M.. "End of Easement Area." *The Goose*, vol. 20 , no. 1 , article 1, 2023,

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol20/iss1/1>.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

## End of Easement Area

### *I. PRIVATE*

Not exactly trespassing  
I tread a ribbon of quartz  
suspicious ochre lichen  
tufts of dry grass.

Two ducks trespass the air  
ten feet from each other in rotary formation  
necks lunged out  
from pinwheel wings.

The oil truck trespasses on a full  
foot of the other car's lane  
shouldering too close, too big.

A swarm of tiny insects  
trespass me.

Celebrated by hatching flies, I am a shrine.

On my hand, a tiny fly with organdy  
skirt wrings its hands over and over

in an attitude of nothing  
but directionless waiting.

I blink out his nest mates  
egg brothers, sibling larvae —

their haze spreads over the rocks.

And still one finds my hand to return to,  
dark spot of diligence, itchy lover.

*II. THIS PORTION OPEN*

I came here to cross the line

to walk inside the frame  
of the offender's house

offender who ropes off this beach now and calls it  
not mine

an off-season emptiness in large patches of snow  
unmelted,

I was yes inside  
your walls  
before they were walls.

The fluorescent tapeline tells me where not  
to walk but the snowpack tells me  
to zigzag  
come to rest on your side,  
the forbidden beach.

The sweet beach with high rock edges  
protected from the wind.

Ebb tide gentles back with a neighing rush  
collapsing backward,  
folding under,

the surface pattern / sand pattern  
a cyclical slide and retreat.

I'm not in the frame but feeling its edges.

**LISA HIBL** lives and works in Maine. Her poems have appeared in *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Hawaii Pacific Review*, and *California Quarterly*, *Spoon River Anthology*, and other places. Recently, she was a semi-finalist for the Terry Tempest Williams prize at *North American Review*.