

WATER CROSSES ROCK

Where a little water crosses rock,
It makes a sound like a tireless flute far off.

I heard and followed gullies down to a stream,
Only to find a larger dimmer hush,

Like someone slowly breathing in the clouds—
The water hissing in a flat expanse,

Attempting to reflect the whole of life
With summer passed and winter yet to come.

The wind only slightly blurred this lens,
As though to soften what was so austere

For those hopeful of finding something there
Other than clouds and skeletons of trees.

It kept breathing in receding skies
As long as I crouched looking quietly,

As if it were a contest and we stared
To see who would change or who saw fit to sing

The preordained passage of the moon,
Coyote choruses and rattling limbs,

The kinds of things the dead might trade as vows—
Not miracles, and not the morning sun,

But waters moving that are acted on
And cannot touch themselves without someone

Comes seeking music or musician.