

## ANOTHER RESCUE

Anytime now the waters  
will open. Somewhere a bullfrog  
has all but swallowed  
the river. Preholiday fireworks  
are croaking in the distance.  
I carry a dime and an ID.

I descend the cascaded steps  
and walk under the old  
stone bridge. A patrol car's  
high beams flood the walkway.  
Should anyone ask, I will say  
I am thinking beautiful thoughts:

the calves of women or the hooves  
of mountain goats. I have come here  
to discover what troubles me,  
or to forget, I am unsure which.  
It is a night for all seasons.  
Something is dying here.