

MICHAEL JOYCE

*The man who has come to love rivers*

He has come to love rivers, precisely so:  
come, as if—no, in fact—on a journey  
through years, to be sure, but hills as well  
mountains and valleys and riverine plains  
and years, to be sure, years of foolishness  
years of pain and remorse and ignorance,  
and pleasure, did he say this? how the grebe  
comes bobbing along in the current awkward  
nodding, nodding to no one but the wind  
that rocks the water, slant sun glinting  
on his clownish, yellow bill, the grebe  
and he each solitary in this morning  
he has come to love flowing into dark