

JEAN ESTEVE

I By the Riverside

I walked and walked
disturbing the river
that lurched alongside
the walkers' road.

"No one has walked
so fast so far
so far as I remember,"
the river roared.

Rivers do not
remember well.
Last year I walked
this far this fast myself.

A mind that's maimed
as much as mine, as you must know, has been,
needs months and months
of brisk walking.

I did not deign
to bicker, instead
I merely muttered,
"Hush, river. Go to bed."

And, indeed,
it quieted.