

THE RIVER

the flesh of the river is its brown water, making
its even, purposeful
way downhill down in its bed its
flat self accepted, its
placid covering of the stones
smoothing them, I'm thinking of you, river

making my own way
downhill, my flesh turbulent, clinging
perilously to the bone, my self
about to dislodge it

in the evening light, birds too
beat at that sky like flails

about to dislodge it