

Another River · *Lawrence Kramer*

Somehow I carry this river, not Hudson or Susquehanna
or Rhine or Loire, but the river that runs
where it pleases, slopes, mists, is raining
sheets, is pools, drops, gets moonstruck, lulls,
wags with catkins, blooms, is banks of *Trifolium*
(clover to you), is open on Sunday, is August
eighth, is open vowels, is really the craziest
thing; and when you stand near or, better,
dip in and breast this flow with the flow
of another river, the glisten of its days and ways
(not mine) will come about your breast and face
and cast your body in light and air. And there you
can know yourself, sometimes, as you see yourself off.