

## THE TUNNEL AT RED CREEK

Home from the year-long tour  
he walked the edge of Red Creek

into the tunnel of graffiti and tried to read  
the names of lovers.

Once, he'd skipped rocks here,  
searched for frogs, made paths of stone

in the shallow waters  
just to stand on the other side.

He remembered building dams for nothing;  
tossing leaves downstream to watch them float;

hiding in the brush when cars drove by—  
all those things

that put a boy through the day  
when he, and it, have no end.