

A SUMMER PRAYER

With the evening mist, I settle on a blackened
and blasted boulder
at the confluence. The river's psalm incants
the flesh of the spirit, the dance
of the extinct. Dust of acorns
survives in bedrock holes
with the dying thunder,
with the last breath.

I plunge into a bitter pool
of the north fork,
pulse quickens—a single thought
escapes like trout.
Blood departs the arms and the legs
for the heart. Inner tides release
uncertainty to the extremities,
longing that flares out of reach.

The river choreographs how I change,
how I abide
when the current takes me.
In the dusk, I stroke hard toward the bank
and rise like an icy moon
along the forgotten path.