

Pacolet Broadly

Light brown water shines with mica and a tumult
of wet leaf litter
unexpectedly cold as we slip into the flow.
As I dip my hands and retrieve them –
wholly sweet river smell.

Here, the river plays with guests
Great blue heron, otter, eagle.
Soft-shell turtle pokes his nose
Up.
Who are we to tarry there?

A maple betrays our relation to autumn as still
we gratefully submerge
Into welcome waters smiling.

Even the water is a guest
cradled in the landscape.
More comes in behind what is here
as this flows downstream
chasing heron
unless we suck it dry first
or dam it
for the lights to read a bedtime story.

We sleep at Goat Island.
We sleep as a nation.
What will wake us?

margo farnsworth