

In Dawn

Go to a river in dawn and close your eyes.
Tell me what you smell.

Nightfog stirred from the deep, musky otter,
mountain silt carried from melting peaks, ancient soil
stolen from between the rootlets
of dense fir forests miles away. The petrichor
of wet stone and grass, the stagnant pools
where flies dip into oil-stained shimmers. The
imperceptible hum of a new day tuning itself
in unison to the divine A. The perfect angle
of light over water.
We step with intent, laying footsteps softly on
the boggy bank.

Don't talk – you'll scare the fish

I watch the swirling grey and imagine them
peering up at me, making myself impossibly still.

All at once, I am gazing up from the depths – flowing
and thinking and wanting in
amphibian fashion. I find myself infused with old
wordless wisdom, consumed with the desire to
part the tall brambles and melt into forest. Maybe
this is proof of reincarnation.
Or, perhaps, I am no different
than the fish, the shy deer, and the curious jay.