

The Gravel Bar

Rocks worn
and wood worn by water
into smooth stroked bits
scatter and gather together
in tumble-down banks
covered over with moss

The creek touches
splintered tree and fractured
stone with the same hands
so I can know one from the other
only by its weight in my palm

This is what it is:
a thing makes itself—
grows towards the light
forms underneath the earth—
falls, breaks, crumbles
unmade new

The tree that falls over water
leaves a hole, makes a bridge