RIPARIAN

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If we wash our legs with frozen water
Watch it rill down hairy flesh -- oh the power
Of the body to refresh – lie down at night
Wake again among harebells and bees, lichen
Speckled boulders, mists of sweet white
Goatsbeard-- if we cock our pollen hats
Like Leonardo da Vinci and sketch
Riffles come to nurse the thirsty
Rubble, we can lean back, sieve
Our tea among secretive
Rocks -- soak away the meanness
Of a year’s duplicity -- no one can reach
Us here——no human voice--
A river will gentle the cruelest noise

--Sandra Alcosser

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