

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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