The Walking Gods

The weight of the descending flow—heavy, cold, dedicated to places downstream—confronts you while you stare alone for giant cutthroat, mythic, in the deepest pools.

There are gods in these woods, pounding slopes and meadows, the immense weight of seasoned legs plunging spongy hole to hole.

A river never forgives or compromises its vision. The biggest boulders thunder as they trundle on the bottom.

Deep in the old growth, you feel a presence, a recent breath, catch the deepest scent on rocks left traced by the navigation of mosses.

A walking stick and a steady step prevent accidental drowning. The river’s intimate tug presses its indifferent love like a rope. Elsewhere, the tall gods busy themselves. The stubborn bole leans over like the oldest, strictest teacher.