We Could See

If we mapped this mountain creek's channel over many seasons of spill and flood gravel

and jam we could play
those maps back
like the flip pictures we drew
in rooms of another age
to let one more hour
slip by

and we could see without a doubt

that jabbed snake

writhe before our eyes

and would hear of course

not a sound

in such a scream

while in our cities

bright glasses of iced water

like nothing

kept appearing across tabletops

This poem first appeared in *The Georgia Review*.