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.