

In the Morning, After a Flood
for Michael

Something happened here last night,
Though now our narrow valley
Is as quiet as a prayer
And hollow places in our drive
Are no more than puddle deep with wet.
Brush along the fence line
Gives evidence of the river's late excesses:
Sticks and reeds driven into thickets
By the river now five hundred feet removed.
Grass pressed flat onto the ground
Unbends slowly and
Stretches into the long sunlight of morning.
Pieces of the receded water are caught in spider webs,
Linger on tissue-white morning glories,
Refract small diamond points of color about the meadow
While the river, ah that river, renewed
Rushes along our boundaries
Belies the modest stillness of this quiet dawn
Cries out aloud across the valley,
"My love, my love –my love!"

Inkwell, 2007