

This river

this river

is the soul of an otter
sinuous
continuous
navigating the valley
as dry stone walls
navigate the hills

or it's a bride's train
of satin and silk
trailing after her
on the smooth stone
of the long aisle
of the rest of her life

or it's beaten copper
on summer evenings
when sunbeams
hammer and burnish
and hold it up
to the light

or it's an iron girder
forged in darkness
by the cold fire
of the moon
in the silent foundry
of the night

or it's liquid gold
at sunrise
when the forge door
behind the hill
slowly opens
and floods the valley

with this river

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