

There is a River Years from Here

All day, thoughts about a river, years from here,
a creek, really, that flows without a name through the green-dusk of
an ageless woods,
and how I sailed there a galleon,
a halved walnut shell with its wedge of paper sail, beneath the spread
of a great old maple tree, where the creek pooled below the
chicken coops;
and how the leaning woods peered over my shoulder in those days
when salamanders were dragons;
and how I searched for neither gold nor fame,
but for treasures among the water polished pebbles, despite
humidity, mosquitoes, waterstriders, "dragons,"
and the great granddaddy of a crawfish, who hung out among the
stones, that were really boulders, below the pool;
and how the chickens just loved a crawfish tossed over
the chicken mesh—but not the great granddaddy,
for it would have been a sin and a shame for such an aged monster
to end up chicken feed.
All day, thoughts about a river, years from here, that flows without
a name.

torrent in Spring
a trickle now—in youth
my Conrad river

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