

an etude on the rising current
GRIFFIN PLAAG

bloodied and eclipsed, i am
the eddied river cuts its path across the antique sand. sky,
do not be ornery:

i know you swallow bile
and sink the sepulchre
at dusk. i know you watch the
river and laugh. i am not your

friend, please know –
the crimson wing ensconced in hoary feather
means more than watching; the weird glass corticate
and seasnake pith
might not
contain
you

the shell sounds of chalk.
the limestone marker has weathered, and needs
a good washing. i like to listen
to the river as we flow and whorl and trumpet
her ovate din. i am not your

master, but the grainy millstone begs
a clean nose. the lichened walls have cloaked the river
for centuries. i think we built them.