

Tree bark floats through the valley
on its way to better things
That's just how it's meant to be

I should know
I've rafted that valley before.
Splashing greetings
Hooting like the loons
Sparkling in assent

Sometimes I wish
That stream could stay
Refined and calm
More active conveyance

oftentimes its
Not the sandy roots
That pull me back to the sunlight
But the inevitable waterfall
Pulling my feet back to shore

And I leave the sand on my feet
I venture forth through the pines

That which defined the valley now
Water shouting greetings
Year after year

Swirling eddies know me by name
To far side of the river and back
With their ruby red eyes
of great joys untold

Genial and tame forever
In spite of lazy beavers wishing for
The chewed shore whizzing by

Not the Juniper or Duckweed
on the verdant bank
That lies on the great river
For the river lies me an ocean

an empty dream...

let her have it...

none left

what you wanted?...

toss
turn
B
taciturn

time

**sudden silence subdued
crystalline crypt Ring Ring...**
calls

has been

your call...

answered

A
B
S
C
O
N
D

A
B
S
O
R

A
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G
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I
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H
E
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not
never

A
B
S
O
L
V
E
D