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This Time Other Waves

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This Time Other Waves

THIS TIME OTHER WAVES

Wind comes up and does not blow away the leaves.
Leaves not ready to say goodbye

In their golden season
hang tight
to a green thread.

Green thread of the Cambrian.

Streams scour slopes
revealing shape of pediment
carved into hearts of this old mountain's core
thrown to fresh upslopes.

While far away wind and waves may swell and smash
here the waves this wind stirs up
support no accident

Impart a spindle greeting to those the ages
have affixed to an aspen's grip.

BEFORE US THE RIVER IS

Before us the River is

When Hopi Boatman sets off to explore
where it is the water goes when his people need it
to grow families, flocks and fruit trees

When Navajo honor male San Juan
and female Colorado and their offspring Rainbow Children arc
deep within the sandstone slick rock

When Mountain Ute warn Mountain Men
of impassable passages between disparate worlds
and John Wesley Powell goes there

All return their stories full of how Storm Gods play upon
the rocks and fade away in soft and low murmurs
beneath heaven's infinite blue

We find in joining them here
there is only one law of the River:
within the limits of living together

Is the common ground of all possibility.