March Poem

every river carries
more than water

snowmelt from streets
oil loosened from engines
salt from all our saving
dog prints
boot prints
the gray dust of winter

then one morning
men in boats
pour green into the current

and everyone gathers
on bridges

to watch the river
pretend

but the river knows
how to take color in

without becoming it

keeps moving
under every name
we throw across it

Chicago
St. Patrick
reversal
miracle

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March Poem

drainage ditch
holy water

down below all that

old mud lifts
and settles

a bottle turns once
in an eddy

and the river carries
our green story

the way it carries
everything

not clean

not ruined

going

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