2nd March Poem

the river does not trespass

it only remembers
where it has been

low grass
ball field
parking lot
the basement stairs

all these places
borrowed from water

for a while

then rain comes
and the river
walks back in

not angry

not even surprised

carrying sticks
oil rainbow
one plastic chair
turned upside down

I have called many things
mine

because they stayed
dry long enough

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2nd March Poem

but the river
has a longer memory

and gives back
nothing

except the shape
of the ground

beneath our claim

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