

River Run

by David Ackley

Twice you slip out the door, old friend;
when they bring you back,
you say you were going up north fishing.

It's a yearning amid the waning,
to fish for rainbows this time of year,
when the sun is highest in the sky,
and the alderflies hatch and mate, and die.

Still there must have been a moment
when time snapped open
to the river you'd have ridden
all the way to the blue lake

before they reeled you in, and fitted
with an ankle bracelet you're remitted
to this place with a name like home.

Nearly wordless now, my old
friend, it takes us few to give the
meaning to your " river,"
with cream-flecked rapids, an old breached wooden dam,
the subtle splash of feeding trout, and the broad
blue-black spill between the ranked spruce.

