

Today: the river bookended
in fallible moments.

Glide, skim
the surface. Oblique angles
obscure waiting whirlpools.

One hoof too many, in the stampede,
at a moment when no one was looking.

Look back, see, and sink
into believing we can build
mountains of matchsticks.

And the sea rises, and the river runs,
and we hang bridges from clothespins.

Tomorrow: shear them down
in tidy scissored pieces,
and whistle as we pluck them up again.



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