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What Rivers Say

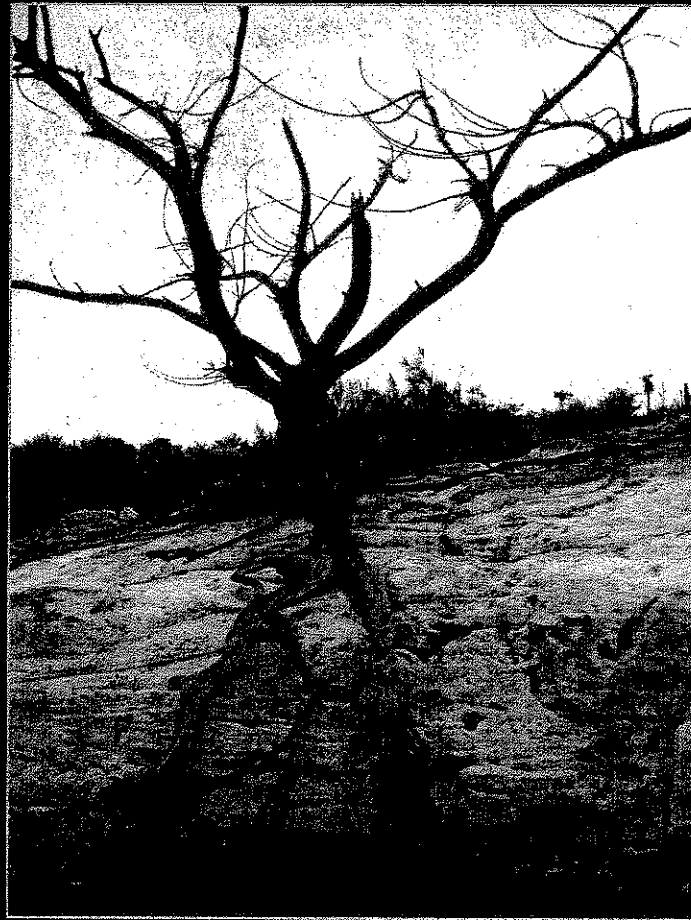
Come down this shale bank,
Past loose-skinned sycamores
That teeter over the river.

Here, trout break circles
And steal our dragonflies.

With your feet in the waters,
You once whispered
Goodnight (or was it goodbye?).

BORDERLANDS

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