

the river and me, today

Kieran Lundy

i flayed the river
again today
its mouth diverged
strangely,
frowning.
 i followed;
turned both ways
 at the fork,
it moved me there.

the body upstream
 pervades,
it is always beneath me.
 the underbelly
of this brocade —
i try to tear the stream
set it free,
 but the light and
 water shift.
it is not the same as it once was,
 but not so different either.
the river doesn't give
again,
so I hug the body tight.