

Waterfall

Poems

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Those days ran by like rushing water
Roaring over the dam,
I was tangled in your hair
And tangled still I am,
In those twisting strands
Pouring over the brink
Along your neck
Beyond your shoulders,
Foaming on your back in a mist.
So helpless I, but so willing
Swept by the currents away.
Now I see your face again
And hear the rushing water roar
And feel what I've always felt
But feel it even more.

Below the falls
So far downstream--
Near the whirlpool that calls--
You're all I ever wanted,
All I ever wanted at all.
But all I'll ever have to hold
Is this photograph so old:
Time standing still
And us standing together,
Young forever,
Songbirds in a distant summer
Way back on that endless river.