

Nostalgia for the Moment

(Pettigrew Brook near Cooper Kiln Pond in Essex County, NY)

Crossing at the shallows
I stop mid-rill in the sudden
sense that I am missing this

now this ground this ever
boreal air as the brook runs
on task washing white the bones

of a fallen pine and longing
meets me in the flow, pins
me where I stand, I want to be

back where I am,
the brook trills on
while I wish for here,

the way burning fractal
faces of autumn fern cast

their stores of summer sun so
that citron peels of light strewn
eddies pool in my tracks

dug in like bear like bear
scat nothing remains,
mourning without ending

blessing, these ripples
set my shadow

to dancing.