

Poem—

LONELY RIVER

River flowing, washing. Drift-wood slanted; ripples bubble, splashing. Round moon rising. Sky — blue, and greying. Yellow beam swaying on water. Far shore darkened: trees and shadows. Bird calls. River flowing. Bird calls. Spruce boughs sagging. Beyond shaded hollow, a clearing. Cabin: brown logs, bare glass window. Rim of sky: sunset purple, brighter. Tree tops, low hills, night air. Breeze: river smell and spruce. Husky howls. River flowing. Husky howls. Winter, soon. When summer comes: my boat rocking, rope stretched, shore rising, tent, shadows, and blankets hanging, bright fire crackling . . . sitting . . . damp grass, warm flames, wood smoke. Now, river flowing. Sky fading. Great moon shining. Soon, darkness. River flowing. On water, yellow beam swaying.

by Robert N. Zimmerman