

Rivering

The river blinks its messaged swerve
as if caught in a squall of rain,
without rain,
a pixelated strobe of sunset
replete with muscle, extended
and contracting all its breadth;
un-“like” anything but itself
in each movement
each moment
of which – billions.

And we sit, and we listen
as we look,
ourselves a million strobing pulses
each in silent stillness
breathing and perceiving
in the swerve
that feels like wind
moving us together
moving us apart.

N Filbert 2012