

ripples

Poetry/Fiction
Magazine

VOL. 13 #1

A Publication of the Shining Waters Press



"The Chair"

by Karen Moon Schaefer

Back to the River

Back to the river,
though the time is cold,
the night old, but clear,
the wind making waves
that speak darkly
shore to shore.

Back to the river,
sit beside a smoky fire,
eat roast corn,
blackened potatoes.
Watch my insubstantial
shadow flicker ephemerally
in the tall trees.

Black waves of the river
break across the rocks,
make music with the shore.
The winds that brought
the waves are done.

Sit in cool grass
with river waves behind,
with the orange heat
of the snapping fire
in my face, on my arms.

Wait out each wave
for the one that turns
a morning free, and me
back to the river.

David Anthony Sam
Published in Ripples Winter, 1985