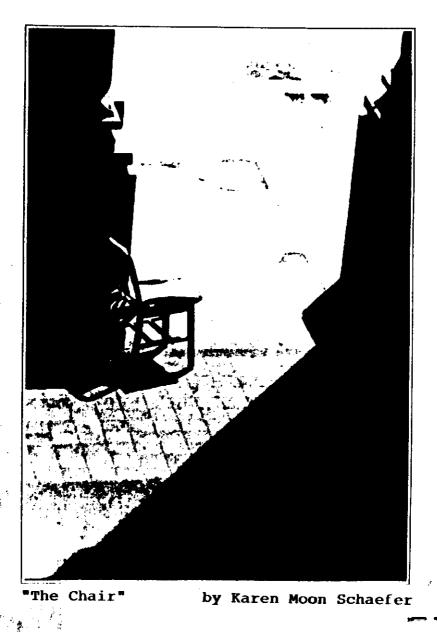
ripples Poetry/Fiction Magazine

A Publication of the Shining Waters Press



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 <u>Ripples</u> Winter, 1985