



THE
FREE LANCE

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Tall pines, bed needles beneath,
ash below the rock precipice:
He has come to an end of
denials, and flows with the cold
stream of melting ice.
He cuts deep with the rivulets.
He molds crvices in mud.
He tears with the falling water
and leaps rapids of rock and time
and dives for the valley.
Surrounded there by sorties
of mosquitoes, water wrigglings
of snakes, he drifts thru the swamps
to waterfall, and midair dances.
He becomes mist
He powers the small generators.
He runs to the city
and becomes a lake,
holds up the children swimming,
and the sailboats highing to the wind,
and he reflects fireworks bu night.
He sleeps there one night
awaiting the change
to peacefulness and deep moving.

-- David A. Sam