

Crossing at Harper's Ferry

I shield my face from the wind
and take a knee, peering over the
edge at the lifeless river below.

It flows – filling every crack in the
earth's thick hide, bird-dogging any
breach beneath its netherish depths

The waves fall over rocks and spew
out. My eyes follow their ebbing movements
into the horizon until the sway of beech leaves
clouds the rivers course.

And suddenly, I, too, am flowing – but violently,
my blood like the running of white water.
Surging beneath, dashed against the
bedrock, drowned in a swell and floating.
Always floating.

And that is the embodiment of terror, the
unswallowable truth of being uncaged and free –
moving into nothing, into shadow, beneath
a brazen sky, swept away to God knows where.