

Islands in the Stream

The River Platte appears
as a bright band of blue
about to twist through the
woodlands creating islands
of sandy beaches studded
with gnarled cottonwoods
whose branches stretch like
octopus arms sucking at blue
sky and telling of a time when
Arapaho encampments fill
the air with pungent smoke
from campfires where stories
are told of many strangers
coming from the East, only it
is *now* when, as always, a Platte
flows past thin islands of memory
and dreams of strange things to
come, when stars will fill the
sky as spiraling orbs far above
a very parched and lone prairie.

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