

Stung by Words

I am stung by your words,
caught unawares
by their sideways declaration
that presses the pencil too firmly into the paper
making an impression more than a message,
so unlike a question
that softens observation with respect.
I balk and turn aside to let your comment pass,
the whisper of wonder drowned out
by falling waters, your river beside me.

Beavers make meadows, one branch at a time,
their home slowing the flow of the distant snows.
What is the word for water bent by beavers,
as light is bent by translucent things,
bowing as it passes through?

I envy the water ouzel
who lights up the dark wet rock,
tips down through the torrent
to walk and eat unseen,
then rockets silently
back up through the same hole in the water,
adding brilliance to the light
like some champion of the martial arts
whose hand passes through a stack of bricks
coming to rest in the air.