FISHKILL

The river is a bed of gruel
beneath the leaf-green
bellies turning in mist.

The banks record
shadow and wave,
the noise of light
between ear and frost.

The river is the ear of a fly.
The trees remain blind.
The river passes by a window
of a house in a country
where there is no river.

This waiting for you
has been a stretch
of bark and year, stem
and yellowed bone.

This waiting for you
has been the fireflies’
slow curtain of sparks,
the force with which
the bellies are turned silver,
the eyes stopped.