—all manner of shouting in the wilderness—
some calling out, some signal shots fired,
someone sent off—Colter or Droulliard,
some reliable one, who will return,
empty-handed, muttering into his shirt,
*punk kid, or some lost version thereof.*
The boats advance, and Shannon, too, advances,
closing a gap, following a line of thought,
skirting overland, his eye to the water,
or down to and across the water,
chest deep, the line with horse in tow
slicing through tansy and willow
like straight talk through fancy speech—
always ahead, always a little farther on.