Evening evolves a salad of shadows—
the river darkens and spools an atmosphere,
a dim seep into rocky shallows,
a lacquered sky the river mirrors.
Upriver, “out,” a full week of nights
hiding under a leaf, unable to hit
a deer not even if she stroll right up & beg
Here Shoot Me, George, but it’s no use no good
So: he picks grapes, wonders wherefore
(&c)—eats and picks & eats & shits grapes.
You see there’s very little romance in it
when you know—as you know one or two things, ever
like a truth-hollow in the gut. Then, it’s best to wait
by a riverbank & aim to set things straight.