



RIVER OF MIRRORS

The long sleek bass
bearded by the current
lays in the running
home the river is

and the river washes over
the fish and the force
helps to steady it
as it wavers slightly

still floating in place
in the rush of current
near a large stone jutting
up into the air where

a white sycamore branch
leans down gently
and among all the infinite
simultaneous details

of the world this one is
one too many to hold
suddenly and the idea
of god always suffers

and things fall apart and
moving very slightly
oblivious in its way
soon the fish is going

to be dragged out of
this habitat of speed
and rushing water that is
its wild green home

and be dashed against
the stone where leaves
of the sycamore curl
and someone with a line

in the water feels the pull
of something hidden
leap suddenly flashing
like a mirror in the sun.

—*Steve Scafidi*