

The River at Queille

once under the bridge is not straight with you not as innocent as it looks
it babbles incessantly schools of swarming wavelets baited with rain-lit hooks clamour
you follow naively round the broad sponge bank of it (*but listen!*) round its loop (*it*

*gives you a name! it
gives you a name...)*

you trample
round its loop to
the shock of it
that where it
should stoop
for pebbles
instead
it lies calm
the life gone
you sink
deep into
its brown but see
how it picks up
ripples lights
and runs
at the rounding
bend look
look it
needs nothing
owes you

nothing what the river gives
it takes

didn't you know no thanks to you the river will run this will become something like under a bridge
but tender soaked with rain the river interrogates itself incessantly remembers everything
the river swaddles its secrets takes with it all it knows brings it back again