JULY BREEZE AND CURRENT

A cliff’s turned collar sheds sunset gold.

Bare rock darkens to accept
what the night sky lowers
through dense steam onto stone,

into river breath and this truck driver’s gaze.
Pulling freight between white lines and starlight,

wanting to hitchhike upriver, scrape the dust
of many roads into a slow, cool swirl near
rapids, then lay out naked beneath shimmer,

breathing in and out, waiting for a crescent
to silver a clear path to needed change.

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I see all women in the sway of river birch.

I lay out on warm stone while bats
wing-brush ciphers, dusk rolling
dark blue thighs onto the burlaps of sky,

my transit across thin crust is a mural
hinged on trust and faith. I imagine

the moon lowering a lace sari onto two lovers
sleeping back-to-back. Raising my arms,
I spread the ten roads of my fingers

inside cool river breath and this light.