

The river is just a chain
of voices
 breaking

over rock One fold
of earth in

the wrong direction,
 and a piece

 of something new
is taken

Maybe the sound is
 the salmon
 scratching fins
to make it
 to the bank

Maybe
 the sound is
the water's
 reflection

pushing the sun
 off her back

Maybe
 the sound is

weakness leaving
 the body

so the empty spaces
can fill

 with song or
with silence,

whichever
 is coming.