

RIVER MUSIC

**San Juan River, UTAH

Tamarisks line the banks,
undulate with the breeze,
lick the water.

We paddle from Mexican Hat,
wind through the goosenecks,
red brown silt coats us with a thin film.
Light creeps across towers of limestone,
unclothes pothole faces:
russet, amber,
indigo in collage.

We breathe each ripple,
each blade of grass,
we become a kaleidoscope,
petals and shadows floating,
in rhythm with,
not separate from,
the water, the walls,
the sun,
this song.

My daughter slides along the sandwaves,
red kayak singing the river,
her smile like sunshine
on ripe strawberries.

I want to whisper.