

# River Run

by David Ackley

Twice you slip out the door, old friend;  
when they bring you back,  
you say you were going up north fishing.

It's a yearning amid the waning,  
to fish for rainbows this time of year,  
when the sun is highest in the sky,  
and the alderflies hatch and mate, and die.

Still there must have been a moment  
when time snapped open  
to the river you'd have ridden  
all the way to the blue lake

before they reeled you in, and fitted  
with an ankle bracelet you're remitted  
to this place with a name like home.

Nearly wordless now, my old  
friend, it takes us few to give the  
meaning to your " river,"  
with cream-flecked rapids, an old breached wooden dam,  
the subtle splash of feeding trout, and the broad  
blue-black spill between the ranked spruce.

