

THE FLOODED VALLEY.

Under the lake's press:
rock, bone, grasses;
the soft slime
of moss and fern;

a road plunges
into the water,
winds, traces the contours
of the depths.

Swim down its cleft,
walk the length
of the sunken river
past trees wintered by water.

What can you find?
What signs are recognised?

A fish netted by
the twisted branches
of a high pine.
Its spine flaps.

A dog-fox clamped
by its leg in a gin,
Time wearing away the snout,
baring teeth into a tight grin.

A low, stone church:
fish curl around the cross,
water moves the bell
tolling the silent hours.

Enter the church,
the fish turn
expectantly
for your Word.

— *Tony Curtis*