

**waterfall**

recall the morning filtering  
through the scrub and brush  
tall, thick-leaved trees  
hovering  
encapsulating  
the squared world  
of rock and waterfall

water drops tingling in the air  
every breath reconstituting  
dry lungs and heart  
eyelashes cobbed and laced  
in the steamy sun shadows

in polaroid greens and blues  
the rocks are membrane soft  
with moss and along the  
tumbling shoreline the gravel  
is disintegrating to fine silt  
cool cushions under dry and dusty feet

and the singing, rhythmic throb  
of water on water, amplifying  
laughter, the song of entry into  
the frothing, jangling pool  
mountain water icy as  
a winter oasis in some  
imaginary desert, shriveling  
brown fingers and toes and  
cooling the heat  
of heady desire

holding hands we tread a  
ballet path through slippery stone  
and drifting water weeds, tripping  
and untangling a water maze  
till we reach the waterfall  
numb and giggly, we turn our heads  
up, open-mouthed, and drink in  
the sun on stone  
the gloss of water on rock  
quench our memory thirst  
mindful to focus the picture  
frame the sounds into the  
thought-niches, plan already  
to remember