

BEAVER KILL, ROSCOE NY

Lee Slonimsky

(“Kill” is “river” in Dutch)

These rapids slash and splash, their music foam
and swish, flow's incandescence, how water
so readily can love tan jagged rocks
(rigidity of atoms, cracked-stone pierce);
caress serrate to gleam. Late autumn seems
the slow simmer of summer with such looks
of sparkling eddy, spray, glow-dress of glint.
The Beaver Kill evokes old innocence.

But floating trail of deep red wrests the eye
away from sunsoaked swirls, the curlicues
of stream's chaotic, quick geometry.
A shadow dense with fur's a bit upstream,
deep-bottomed, once-shot, scarlet-gone to peace.
Sole solace is its halo of shimmer.

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