

Kawishiwi

The river beckons me to the north woods

Boundary Waters between here and there,  
depending on your flow.

The iron black surface reveals nothing

of the mysterious depths below.  
A canoe cuts thru with barely a notice

Save for the droplets from a paddle.

A beaver, alert to my passing and the hum beat of  
mosquitoes, retreats

As the Moose and bear have done moving northward to cooler climes.

The lofty birch and pine ... their top hats shadowing below

Where needles have cushioned long before the Ojibwa tread here.

"He leads me beside still waters" resonates here in quiet reverence.

Only when the wind murmurs in the leaves and  
thrashes about does the river roll to caps of white.  
An eagle takes flight and we soar as Isaiah foretold

Above all distractions

No noise , no clamor here.

Only the melancholy loon to break the stillness

And remind me of my childhood ... drifting on this same river,

through the very same rapids, walking on the same  
boulders over laid with moss.

Supremely confident that it remains

Unchanged, immutable,

For those who follow and the otters to frolic.

*-Submitted by Jan Hamilton, an annual visitor from Gladstone, Missouri*