

# Anathallo, The River

High water carried her down stream  
She watched the water's living things  
She thought, it's not a mound with six planks of wood  
The cardinal points to hold you up  
Or a mountain where a shed self could

Feed the roots and honor the tongues of the animals  
Drift into the moss and bloat where the peat bog pulls

Rolled like a felled tree  
With arms as useless as such  
Death's panic came, a calmness stayed, you couldn't do much  
Just watch the water chip away at the bank eroding  
Cut and crumbling through the spate

It took a father, it covered a daughter  
Took her down, down, down  
With the glass bottles, books, a tire  
Collected hair tufts in the weeds  
Snagged and wrapped in the peats  
Dammed and trapped

You said, is this the ceremony?  
I don't know, well I don't mind  
The way we all fall in and roll down  
Pushed through the veins and trafficked byes  
And when your ears sit under  
Head is half submerged down below  
Pooling all accounts of peace while passed beneath the canopy glow