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Alluvium

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ALLUVIUM

STACIA HILL

I brumate with thin sheets draped
over, yet never seize movement below –

always winding, wandering bleary across
the earth. I grab handfuls of loose soil

and stones to take with me. I carry heavy logs
across my back. Stirring under sun, I tickle the feet

of just hatched ducklings, feel the slip
of *Salvelinus confluentus* move through me.

Warm emerald current, I drift below small boats
and the people on them. A grandfather sits

in the back of an aluminum canoe,
his granddaughter in the bow seat rowing

fist sized vortexes into my streaming surface.
He acts as the rudder with his paddle hanging

alongside the stern deck, slicing
one long slipstream wake into my skin. Smiling –

watching her swing from right to left again and again
downstream. I grow shallow, evaporation

is drowsy and vacant in heat. I collect ochre
leaves falling all around me, take them with

to the alluvium of sticks and foliage. Watch
as the world slowly dies, goes to sleep, and wait

to be covered once again by thin sheets
of bubbled ice.