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On Fawn River

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ON FAWN RIVER

He thinks to himself—
she's in the shower, beads are falling
from her breasts into ankle-deep water,
the drain is slow, it is filled
with pieces of us.
He wades in shallows, small bits of crayfish
settle between his toes.

He knows what will happen, always
there is such silence.
The sassafras listens, its sweet roots
knuckle in the dirt. Calling to him
like a sister, her voice confuses the wind.
There is such silence, porchlight on the river,
the day reeling in from the east
as if on a line.