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This Burnt River

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THIS BURNT RIVER

It's not like the building is on fire
just his small corner
that river with the bed of slick smooth stones
beneath us color breaker
There's a photo of a woman standing next to a doorway
with vines intertwined around the arches
She's outside and only a number of steps away

We are with the woman in some hallway
cut off at the end what she was saying
It's a question of time

It's a suggestion of time
It's a river fed with flowers the woman drops
in as she passes over the bridge
never really being there with her
but observing: *less (man woman faith) full*
in between the walls we are in the hallway
narrow at the beginning
far at the expanse and colorless
two hands touching at the base with fingers askew.