Winter 2006

Fontaine de Vaucluse

Greta Wrolstad

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Cliffs above, and at the base of the rising bluff,
a cave releases

a river into the parched

valley, the water
clear—I thought it frozen with time—and could
hold that illusion if not for the river weeds

swirling under its surface. Let us stay
on the stone walls of this river and look
deep into

the currents, alive with pebble-fish

moving dreamlike through uncountable
gradations of green—the light

is lifting

out of the valley. We are not so far away

from the source, even here, where we barely speak
the language, where we cannot navigate
from town to town without several maps, my mouth

dry as shale, your shoulders raw from the sun.
The piece of glass in your palm has become
a patch for a rift in the river

and I am leaving soon,

for Strasbourg’s sandstone cathedral, to see
figures carved

on the façade, stand under
the looming arches and look up at the clerestory.

The season of rain is coming. Hold out your hand.
Greta Wrolstad
1981-2005