

Seeking the Power

You love the *sound* of the river, its broad pulse
drifting in sunbathed rock. For hours your head lies
watching the bright waves thrust out of sight
or ankle-deep you stride your doubled self
to the middle but won't swim out. You are seeking
the water's name, I know, to tame it and stroke
the long silver neck in flight, and mount
and change its course forever.

Light as a feather, the unknown water's name,
yet into the longdrawn noon you harness
thunder-bolts.

From *Eve's Diary*
by Kathleen Moore