

Beth McDonald

river words, worddrivers

river words
cataract over
boulders
in white water abandon
carrying ideas
into the world
like tree trunks
careening
on the crest of
snow melt floods.

river words
murmur among
pebbles
in low provocative
cadences, hushed
syllables,
their rhythms
like lovers whispering
or children laughing
in untroubled dreams.

river words
flow into
quiet backwaters
currents turning, curving
against cutbank hollows,
discovering
in the act of stillness
the art
by which river words
become worddrivers.