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# She Searches for a River

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## She Searches for a River

Madeleine Guekguezian

I.

Step out of the car, into life but  
Costumed like Death in a dead world:  
On too-marked trails leading  
More-than-likely to the wrong somewhere,  
She walks to find the right one.  
Through the heat-blast, wind-whip of Fresno air.

She starts west-colored-by-north  
(colored by curiosity and distinct unknown)  
Marching into the 100-degree sky  
Looking for a river.

II.

Taking thought-step out of the sky  
And back to her feet on the tympanic-surface  
Shoe-packed sand of what looks at a glance and a thought  
Like the wrong trail to the right somewhere.

Among the rust-tinted ants and some transplanted stones  
She finds her destination:  
The right trail to the wrong somewhere

Bearing the hallmarks  
— A bench

A vista  
A hilltop and a long, coiling, eye-drawer  
Of a pavement creek looking, too,  
Like the right end—  
Of the right somewhere.

III.  
She should have brought her water:  
When searching for a river—  
That may itself have forgotten its existence  
And gone to sleep in its soil-bed foundation—  
Always bring water;

If not for your thirst,  
Then for the river's.

IV.  
As the water insects dusting above the lazy-afternoon river's  
catnap,  
So, too, hum the manifold automobiles over the asphalt river of the  
Yosemite Freeway.  
It calls out in a chorus of booming voices as the trail-end,  
Most often sought, a trail itself taken to escape the smog-air,  
Leading to places where rivers are easy to find  
And every nowhere a self-asserted somewhere.

**L' Ocean Tint**  
Crystal Naive Baltazar