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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