

May 17th

That day is the smallest footnote
in the chapter of these woods,
we caught only a few words

from the minds of the trees
blowing their gift along the river
in meditation

as you waited by the depth
of water and salmon hung
their stillness and flow and clarity.

You taught me to study more closely
what comes alive beneath the surface,
I taught you the calls

of wood-warbler and redstart
pied flycatcher and dipper
flitting like librarians

over the water and down
the green aisles and colonnades.
Cloud-forest

billowing down these slopes
let us into your library
as long as we live

speak to us in tongues
so we might remember a line or two
from your volumes of knowledge

translating phloem and zylem
and sap and cambium
into life and more life

down the sun's spiral staircase,
spinning the blink of coins

we threw for luck
into the Dane's Brook

twirling their small fortune
head to tail

to touch the Barle
with light.

Graeme Ryan