

One Evening at the River

(for Michael Meyer)

Green-gold glowed
the marsh,
just before the ambering
sun set it alight,
and died on the pyre
of the sky. Then rose
the haunting cooing of a dove,
I looked for but could not find.

An arrow of sparrows shot across the sky,
late for vespers. A recitation
from the pines began
when the breeze, caused by the sun setting,
blew through them.

I pulled my jacket closed,
to ward off the sense of death
I feel at the dying of each day I live.

Came a heron, the color of dusk,
to land at the west edge
of the marsh, a soul in flight,
to rest and wait, watchfully,
for pulses of life to surface
the shallows, at the depth of the day.

At the far side of the marsh from me,
a lone rower, quietly,
passed through dusk.
Was he the one to whom
cooed the dove? Or was
the dove's cooing meant for me?,
its orison over the river
fading into the pines,
until all became a choir of silence.

I waited for the whooping
of the owl that never came.

Philip Kuepper, 6/27/2020 |

Mystic resident



WORLD RIVERS DAY Poetry Submission

