

*Winter-run Chinook Salmon, Snake River, Canyon Creek*

Quiet on the banks 'cept the fishing songs and the laughing. We're here every summer, we're here every weekend; once, too, when it was a thin layer of ice held the rod and the dew was frozen, too, if you can picture it and hardly was it morning. When the earth feels a little too much like a place we walk around in and everything has been set down, placed by someone you don't always know. Someone else's initials carved on the tree we climb. Never liked to believe they're real and I could pass them by. Or dig around at the mud they're under.

We're sitting in prayer and in criss-cross-applesauce. Sweet tilt of the water lying prostrate before us 'cus it's ours, or has been, some mornings when the haze falls overtop like it does in the corners of our eyes and the scrapes on our elbows. We've no intent to listen to the world turn, never thought much she was listening was to us, but it's love like a brother and we're quiet by circumstance. We're told: *remember this feeling*, but the wind's got my hair in my eyes and it's hours 'till lunch. We're told: *this is the moment the ice breaks* but it's a decade later by then and we can't be sure the clovers still grow where they ought to, did before. Dad's back is turned and the rabbits are chewing on the dawn. How'd this all get here, as if I weren't watching from the first break? There's a new light come up out the water almost makes us feel we're a piece of something serious. It's not true, of course. We're scratching rocks against the ice 'till it shatters as glass. So this is the work of the world, then, and there's no catching up. It's moving, we're in it. Sit with me longer.