

7. California, Second Place

Easter Morning under Bridalveil Fall

A massive wall of current drops
1000 feet with hurricane force
hammers on rip-rap huge as houses

We stand below our path flooded
with spray next to a raging channel
of freezing and frothing snowmelt

Our clothes thoroughly soaked
making forty-degree air
all around us feel warm

We may be swimming but that
our arms and legs stiffen in repose
as our planet greets vernal sunrise

This ancient saber of liquid ice
our hearts pumping warmth our world
engulfed in cold mists

This primal life flood
brought around to us once again
this re-birth morning –

Newly arisen
a ginger-colored bear takes his appetite
trundles it across a sodden meadow

Just a waterfall and a bear returned to
the diurnal round but enough rough magic
to power a green universe of awakening trees

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