

River Ran

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The clear river went bulleting.

You were
above

it you were gasping
you struggled to breath,

no, you did not
breath, you flexed

from his hand, he
held you, like

a loved thing,
like a thing

he could club
dead or let go.

You tossed
in your body

the river ran
rich with

oxygen
and river-
rounded rocks,

slick, under
that and your mouth

almost cried,
your body almost

beat itself
tired and he

held you
above it, away

from it, your whole
life, as he regarded

you and you

poured away,
farther and farther

away and if you
could catch

one breath, you
could fetch

yourself back.