

Pierre Coupey / THE WATER MUSIC

who hears it from stone to stone the clear skin
of water forms & roughens sound as it turns over
& burns between those separate stones that have
their own skins to sing about with light with gold
reflections in the river bottom

war reflects in the river surface the shadow of a man
burning his hands turn into trees his eyes two polished stones
opening closing with the water flames about them
ferns & leaves float over his face they begin to burn
between them blue spaces take his face downstream

forget him he is only an old man listening to the water
do you think he cares for the fish he sees between the stones
their rainbow bodies swim about their mouths feeding from his veins
they are hungry for him they care nothing for his war
they were fire long ago