

The Narrows
September 26, 2021
for Jeff Blanc (and his crew)

The river's strong current pulls me,
engulfs me, corrals me towards the Narrows.
I hear the thunder in the gorge, I feel the surge.
I know what anger and beauty and power
is around the corner of the granite sentinels.
Luring. Teasing. Intriguing.

Bring it on.
I accept your rules.
Cruel, one-sided, pompous.
Today, you abdicate and I dictate my reign.

I'm slammed against the canyon walls.
I challenge all.
The rapids mock me.
The rocks block me but I roll headlong into them.
The laughing granite whips me,
lashes me and spits in my face.

I confront destiny.
I spear myself into that gut,
spill it all and, finally,
reach the calm water.

Look back,
look back and breathe in
the sweet breath of conquest.