

Carrying Capacity of Bedload
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The river wants to flow
through me unchecked,
floodstage, bankfull
or droughty
trickle
bedded down
at home.
Trout tickle
my gravelly reaches
glint in green pools
shot through
with sunlight
flickering on granite
leap standing waves,
breast rock weirs.
I pray to be delivered from being a dam
backing up sediment behind rigid walls,
Downcutting verdant banks downstream,
levelling pool and riffle, dampening birdcall,
leaving behind an attic of stuffed sofas,
unopened mail, unanswered phone calls,
indecipherable notes and lists, half-finished
projects, people meant to meet never called,
laughter falling on a dying fall, no more dawns.
If I should die away,
remember a free meander wave
carrying my capacity
of bedload along,
at play where
wild trout scull
beneath laurel at noontide.
When gleaming armor banks
moonlight, breaching this great
divide, streams flow through me.