

Mist

By Barbara Spring

(from *The Wilderness Within*)

White mist rises from the harbor—
farther upstream it slides
all around the reeds
around the islands.

The river sings today
as it runs through our town
on its way to the sweetwater seas
on its way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence
on its way to the wild dark Atlantic.

From the bridge I can see
October's first frost dissipate
in Sunday morning sun light.

Prickly seed pods of moon flowers burst
upon sandy loam.
Cloudy milt and coral eggs
cling to stream bed stones.

Glory surrounds us like water—
we sense it and see it.
We feel its hot and cold
its colors its sounds
as the river sings its songs of salmon
as it runs to the sea and rises sunward.

With locators sure as salmon
we will return.