



Kristen Lindquist It Always Comes Back



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It Always Comes Back

sap moon
stepping in moose tracks
to stay on the trail

March wind
the blue tarp flaps loose
on the woodpile

such insistence
in the cardinal's song
spring thaw

glacial erratic
of all the places
we could be

flat light
the river reflecting
all my moods

beaver pond
the patterns of water
that lead to the lodge

one week left
of seventh grade
alewives running

river glare
the changeable voice
of a catbird

longest day
I watch the tide
come all the way in

island life
the comings and goings
of the goats

morning heat
yellow daylilies
spill down the hillside

low water
the upriver rattle
of a kingfisher

morning fog
turning up the volume
of Joni's "Blue"

ripe plums
picked under a half moon
I saved you some

moose crossing sign
the first red leaves
of the swamp maples

channel marker
cormorants gathering
above the mackerel

all day long
back and forth in the fog
the same crows

departing ferry
tossed flowers
drift back to shore

early frost
the flash of white
in a junco's tail

one crow calling
what am I doing
with my life

my long sweater
the color of forsythia
winter rain

storm warning
a flock of mallards
flies upriver

keeping everything
to themselves
cedars in snow

North Star
it always comes back
to this

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