

From a River Road

Where the river bends the road
bends. When terrain steepens the river cuts
through stone and the road

winds inland, up
for the view, the narrow turnouts:
cliffs stand downward

in their own shadows.
I think of farm roads
built around fields,

right-angle turns and long
miles to town, irrigated nights
with unfading constellations.

The river turns color
by the hour, the fainter the breeze
the clearer its voice.

Even in the cold, the current
far below is a silver memory
that curves and ripens as light lifts

and the sky goes the geode dark
of waterstone, its inside
silica of stars.

—Dixie Partridge