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Grayling

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Grayling

outside the blinking lights
the treasure she holds

gentle Rusty Gates
the sow of the South Branch
sunset on the flats

"It's strange how some people won't
support the healing of a River like this,"
he said

her caramel sides flashed in the moonlight
and I cradled the obese fish in my arms
trembling, I slipped her back where she belonged

dumbfounded by the orangeness
drawn to the damp grass
like a nightlight against the chocolate blue of the water

at the window
staring out at the blackness that I now know
to be the River

she's purring timeless wisdom
And I can smell the morning coming
to bump me from my short river nap
because late into the starry night
the moon talked to me
and my line traveled miles from her strength
and I was tasting the taste of food that tastes only this good
after a day on the

River

Now I rise
morning sun basting everything in sight
toss my rod
my life
into the trunk

and my leaving...

it's the only sin in Grayling

Chris Dombrowski