

new fog

on a foggy morning
wake up clear
walk to the river
but the river's not there
walk to the bridge
but the bridge goes nowhere
there is no other side

elm trees ghost themselves
shyhook holds legislature dome up
pulls eyes open
but they don't see too well
in this fog

where to go?
downstream to the sea
upstream like salmon
leaping over rock hurdles
and beyond
where fog condenses on leaves
drips
runs down trunks
to the ground
joins with itself
giggling and laughing
rolling downhill
to land in a heap
and flow away

last night's moon gibbous
early harvest orange
the weather changed
from before full moon

first mushrooms
push their white heads
out of riverside earth

Joe Blades