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I Become Water

Early, beside the stream,
willows grow densely.
Beavers pond water into habitat.
Sun rises through forest.

I lie down on the earth,
soak sunshine
beside the beaver pond,
lazy in winter's
scant morning warmth,
half-dreaming,
quiet as morning grasses,
morning trees.

I become water.

Life inhabits me,
fish, water snakes, amphibians,
plants and crustaceans.

Shards of winter's ice
dissolve in sunshine.
I journey homeward, seaward,
slowly,
in willow-surrounded ponds,
resting for whitely-wild rush
down mountain,
where gentle mountain meadow
drops to rugged canyon.

The biggest beaver floats,
eyes above water,
knows my dreaming presence is foreign,
curves and slaps flat tail against water.

Yiiiiiii! Thundering heart.
I return to humanness.

Thank you, beaver.

I remember
becoming water.