

Glenn Sheldon

TIFFIN RIVER, OHIO

Until low Morenci, Michigan,
It is mute. There, then, it
Begins without sunlight.
Not until fall does it see sunsets
Again upon the sides of both
Of its cohesive beginnings,
False sky in liquid mirror.

The devoted night is sweet
Hard, drowsy moon overhead
Every dark noisy cry hails life
Beyond the sleeping river bed
Like laughter but physical: couples
Crawling into beds and keeping
Their bodies graceful and alert

BAD RIVER, OHIO

It lifts and tosses lost keys and coins
There underneath the luminous current

Halting behind every refined stone
Is a swallow that scatters and collects

Little nothings to be returned to the nest

Keeping its eyes and feet always above
The grassy reeds, sky-filled, there it

Wavers watching the sunshine slither
Entire across the muddy shoal