

Susan Musgrave

Sangan River Meditations

(i)

Sun falling on yellow cedar
and my daughter in broken sandals
climbing the steps to her father's house,
hurt foot first, then the other.

(ii)

The moon-coloured stones
she piled high above the tide line -
in the morning they are still there!
Even the river stealing past
in the darkest night becomes another way
for grace to slip through.

(iii)

My daughter calls for me
to climb with her, the last leaves
yellow in the skeletal tree.
She'll find a way, she knows,
to make those golden apples rain.

(iv)

Snowflakes melt on her face,
a lifetime passes away.
The deep muttering of rocks

in the black river. Why am I
ill at ease?

(v)

From the bridge I watch
the pure moving of the bird
over the bank where my daughter
stoops to pick the blue lupins
that have now grown wild. I see
the raptor swoop, then change
his mind and disappear, think
how boundless is the pure
wind circling our lives.