

GORDON GRIGSBY

Another Path

The small creek that drifts down to the river
in slow numberless curves
is choked with leaves. The woods
have fallen to reveal
the structure of the woods,
branches like creeks feeding into the ground.
The banks are gone
under a drift of leaves
that covers everything, slopes, stones,
fallen limbs, like a second ground
over the ground, sleep
over waking. Here and there
in the blurred bed, small pieces
of open water glisten,
and there, if you bend down,
you see a current runs—the surface trembles
with an unknown face that lies deep under the
surface
mixed with leaves. No amount of staring
can make it clear. At the edge of vision
released from sleep, the creek moves
under leaves mile after mile,
as a river moves through the dreamless mind
all night. What is asleep to us
but to itself awake all the time.