

JOSEPH BRUCHAC

Dunham Brook

All of the streams
in Greenfield Center
were running slow
from the drought of late summer
when I went with dusk
to Dunham Brook.

Wood Ducks,
their crests
bright rainbows of color,
spoke to each other
from both sides of the swamp.
A Bittern boomed
the moist dark.
Bullfrogs held
the breath of the night
to let it go
again and again
in deep drumbeats.

Rain dappled the surface,
flowing, flowing
alive and dark
into the mouth
of the metal culvert.
I thought for one moment
how I might look,
silhouette like a moving tree,
seen against the sky
by a trout.

Then the worm vanished
and the line pulled steady,
touching the pulse
of another life.