

head above water

By Scott Summers

The mind flows as if it were a stream dislodging a rock holding it stagnant. Thought-like water reviving dead tributaries & branching out as roots under our boots do. They wonder about a multitude so vast that I cannot bottle enough of it to present like this. I do apologize; these waters threaten to flood me if I don't claw at a foreign shore. I know I speak like the mad; perhaps I am. The trouble with me is that I have no great Mississippi, Rhine, nor Nile thirsting & constructing a Panama, Suez, Venetian matrix seems Herculean — Sisyphean. Instead, the damhead bursts, the marshes are muddied, & Noah refuses to share his divine forewarning.