

All places change

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The broad flat riffle where the sandspit was,
Oxalis to the sand's edge
Water hissing over pebbles just a hand's span from the glittering skin,
Is all white water.

Nursling alders thrusting through the green
Up to the oldest bank, all moss and stone,
Beyond the sandspit's loose remembered edge,
Have made a new shape,
Hard to reconcile
With smells as permanent as time,
With footpath's firm, remembered feel,
With one flat rock I knew each season
Wearing still its crest of moss

And underneath the sun
Before my eyes, and in my mind
Two Horse Creeks toss and foam and shift---
The sunlight falls on sandspit, glide and riffle;
Falls on foam and rainbows; deeps and alder shoots,
And I stand dazzled in the shifting suns and shade
Of twenty years.