

ANGIE MACRI

Watershed

White violets, the food
of mourning doves
and mason bees, spread
over limestone boxes,
slabs fixed into forms.

There's comfort in putting a body down
under the trail of the sun.

Disturbed for what
someone might find,
the bones in the stone
box cemetery were
scattered. A child

was found resting on a woman, but it's hard
to know the original place.

Darters and sunfish,
flathead minnows
lived in Galum Creek
while farm and mine
erosion filled it with silt.

Then came the burning star
where the pit ran north-south.

The walking dragline
and its bucket from
the boom, the ropes
and metal dug
in massive motion.

What is left of a burning star?
Manganese, sulfates, silver.

They exceed
the total maximum
daily load, and the state
prepares executive
summaries and fact sheets.

Galum and Bonnie have been restored
in their approximate original locations

with meanders
and riffles. Hardwoods
and grains have been
planted to attract waterfowl
for hunters to harvest

in time. The coal company wins a prize.
Green ash and river birch

grow tall
near the state park
where snakes are so thick
they must close the road
for their crossing.