

MAXINE SCATES

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*Flow*

So much water in the gully,  
islands submerged in the river, water  
springing from the rock, dear little waterfall  
in June, town still green in August,  
snow unmelted in the mountains, nights  
beginning to turn cold again. In September  
we will not follow the creek  
up into the meadows, this summer  
of the dog's leg healing, summer of your heart  
sometimes slowing, sometimes going too fast  
though I swear with its new wires,  
its perfect beat, I can see the blood, how it flows  
now as it should, how it washes through you  
cleansing worry from your face.