

'Upstream'
Matt Mooney

Only a salutation
an echoing of names
yours and mine
at the same time
in the canyon
separating us
meeting in a vestibule
of after-talk and tea
at the overflow
of a social celebration
and you passed me by
so bewitchingly
like a silver salmon
uncaught
glistens in the sun
skimming free
around the rock I'm on
chatting with another
slipping away
into a world of its own
upstream.