

**What the river gifts**  
**Glen Wilson**

We see the current by what is displaced,  
imprecise images lead us closer to the edge  
where things we'd miss otherwise rise.

Rapt in the drapery of reeds and throws  
of moss, stones lean their flint bodies  
against the river's carving vows.

Can they be the wonders the river has braced  
them to be? How many centuries did it take  
to smooth this stone? I find an angle and skim it

to the far side and it may be centuries more, if ever  
before it can be found again in another's palm,  
a pensive artefact or load for a sling.