

Autumn, 2010

going down) The Flight of Five

There was a great fall here

before the Erie Canal was built.

So sure and purposeful,

it has left its' petrified trace

carved into the stone

on either side of us.

Mechanized now, we can slowly drop

down its' course with the aid of five locks.

Each one lowering our little house boat

thirty feet or more. (was that the last Mohegan

passing in my imagination?)

Weightless we trace the downward course,

scrawled, Kilroy like,(into the wet alga of the lock

walls), with names of boats and declarations

of love.

"Trivial Pursuit" "Escapade" "My Way"

"Perseverance" "CU"

"me n sue"

Finally, at level, the doors very slowly swing open,

making a death metal sound.

Then we hear the wind in the leaves and see

seagulls picking tiny mercury colored fish
from the swells.

Through the slow opening,
there shines the so bright
captured sky,

(held like a wish,
between the palms of a child,
ready to be blown into the air)

And also the colors of another kind
of Fall.

Susan Caumont