

Where Fish Once Swam

By Lindsay Boyer - Honorable Mention

The cold spring wind yielded suddenly
the sun, brilliant, cut through
dark grey clouds, rain drops catching the light

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Sun showers.

Beads sliding down the lengths of the pine needles

To sprinkle gently on the undergrowth

Moss and mushroom, worm and slug

All safe here

A pause.

There is no time

in this golden moment,

I sit on a flat stone to the left side of the road

watching a thick grey earthworm,

glistening segments of its body slide across the stones.

my curious fingers reach-

Its smooth movement contorts with a violent twist,

the survival dance,

Yet it has always been our way to touch

So many of us have come here, busy

To the Willamette Valley,

Where long ago Lake Allison stretched

Standing in the same place
Fish once swam
And never knowing
Marking no time but our own

A long eternity to wait between ages
Now we come quickly,
The pulsing speed of our creations
Rushing to overtake all else

I would hold this pause inside me a little longer.
Sun showers, a spring afternoon

Silent under the Douglas fir,
Tracing the velvet buds of filbert leaves through my fingers,
As the water drips softly from the pine needles
Each drop saying, "Where are you going?"
And replies, "From where did you come?"