

Minneopa Falls

from Dakota to mean "water falling twice"

What lured me
was a hope to cure me.
A wander to the wilds
to remember, to reboot.
Time to see how red oak
holds the shadow
by swallowing the light.
Time to find myself in the
white face of Wood Anemone.
To unpack a cooler
next to the rushing waters.

Now thunderstorm heavy
torrents tumble.
Brown currents rumble
over rocky banks.
Is it the sound of savage
roaring that I seek?
As in carnival days riding
the roller coaster.
Panic ascending - screaming at
each peak and over the next
one - rolling into laughter.

This cascade carves smooth
layers of limestone.
In grand descent it plummets
exploding into a nimbus
twenty times it's size.
Maybe it is the surrounding
mist of surrender I seek?
gentle touch upon the cheek.
Or possibly the way it quiets
returning to stillness
Pooling into itself again.