

The edge of reclaimed

This seawall
revived to drive dollars—tasked 96 more
years with keeping
river from rising up to (or city
from crumbling
into) swallow whole; the city's fate
always tied up with this river,
star-crossed and cradled—carrying
iron and people
and horseshoes and beef and stoves and, before that, people
up and down to rest on cement
and brick (before that, shore).
The river changes colors
as the sun dips into the highway,
brown turns green turns gray turns
blue turns bright turns black.
Chunks of wood floating and tires
and plastic word - less, even a dead
crow (looking like a tire until it comes closer, until I
make out a beak, head down,
bobbing). My shadow stretches
across the seawall,
dinosaur skin water vibrating
with the return of long days.

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