

Afternoon on the Pemi

We are like this rock-
wrested from the earth
without consultation, icily surrendered
amidst rushing
rippling swirls.

All rough and jagged edges,
steely core-
solidly sit
from time to time kissed
by sunlight's fickle gaze.

Come relentless rapids
of no singular source
to weave their way
through chinks
in mountainous resistance.

Self-propelled and unannounced,
divergent forces
collide-
cast off power,
froth and foam.

Sweet convergence,
soothing sheets
slick and cool caress-
we emerge silky smooth and
kinder to the touch.

By Anna Torrey