

River Fog

Grandfather's breath
 slips silently
over the water,
 a visible prayer
renewing
 this old water
 since time
 was infant.

I hear little
 but watch
all receive with
 open arms,
 branches reaching,
 reeds lifting,
 river letting go
 of fog in a slow exhale.

My skin
 too,
 crawled from the mud
 breaths
with open pores
 after
 the subtle dew,
glistening, refreshed.

Then we behold
 the moving one,
quietly, and
thankfully
observe
 as he lifts,
 dissolves,
 departs.