

THE VIEW FROM COYOTEVILLE

The South Fork sluices down
just out of hearing, a long history

having nothing to do with
No-Fishing-No-Swimming-No-
Gold-Panning a sign
the County put across
both abutments to the bridge.

You fish these waters by trespass,
beyond the discernment
of land-holders with their deeded
plats.

Nor do you heed the warnings
of a Surgeon General,
your lungs smoked out

while you ink-press hundreds
of printed pages,
backwoods anti-cosmopolitan
straight-talk.

But you're losing height
and breath in a slow
exhaling. Your ribs and eyes
tell a story

of the ways trout find,
a thin passage past your lines
downriver.

-- Taylor Graham