

# Resurrection

by Marguerite Guzman Bouvard

*for Phil Hasurus*

There was a valley,  
*Le Cirque du Fer à Cheval*,  
surrounded by high mountains  
where waterfalls gushed  
from the peaks.  
There was only a narrow path  
by a glacial river  
with its blue-green lights.  
Suddenly the earth collapsed.  
Hills rose at the mouth  
of the entrance. Boulders  
large as houses cascaded.  
There were no more trees.  
But years later the river  
still flowed although it changed  
its course and expanded,  
crashing over rocks  
far below jagged layers of shale.  
Bulldozers moved gravel  
and carved sinuous paths. The valley  
opened but was altered. Hikers  
returned. My friend  
who lost his beloved wife  
without warning, endured  
the transformation of his years.  
His life still flowed though  
it changed its course  
and he healed  
the wounded on his path.