

Crossed, Crucified on Water

by John Canteley Knight

For Parkman Howe

A mountain's ballast fills the creek.
Stones smooth to soles of feet
as I test the pathway that inclines
and wade the wetness.

If it wasn't Easter, I'd die,
the chill shin-deep, slipping deeper.
The mind shudders as ass busts
water. Soaked, I resurrect.

The beauty of reflected light,
the baptismal pools that swell
into rock, the overhang
of limbs witness my salvation.

A change of perspective is good
for all of us. Ripples pull
me somewhere nearer the inner
divinity, toward laughter.

I am eighty percent water,
the rest creek rock and broken
timber. Darting trout race
my veins to the transfigured heart.