

Re-creation at Red River Gorge, Kentucky

by Karen L. George

I stand before the chasm, camera aimed, battery exhausted flashing. On my last vacation day, I'd found the path, but only a hand-wide swath of water sluiced down the rock faces that fit together like puzzle pieces: grays and tans, some moss furred, veined black, pocked or mottled, edges rounded by the flow. The scents of soil, vegetation, water scoured by stone lull me back to the time I stood before the same waterfall, then a five foot wide surge. You climbed and straddled slabs half-submerged to stand near where the cascade landed. And wanted me to follow, but short legs and fear of falling held me back. So I framed you with the tumbling plunge, the aura of mist, the boulders, loosed over time, kneeling at the base like worshippers.