

River in Winter  
*Carmen Lowe*

In summer you are Pinnebog  
 (or so the map and road signs say)

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mudfrogturtlelog  
 wingflashtrout silversplash  
 heronreedwhistleweedswish  
     muffledhum of a smooth green body  
     snaking through a swamp  
     slipping through the sand  
 and into the roar  
                     of Lake Huron .

Now over your ice fine-cracked  
                     like old china ,  
 we scatter sand grains  
                     to force a ringing  
 like summer's clinkling windchimes .  
     What are you now , Pinnebog ,  
 when even the hush and rush of Huron  
                     is under ice , crushed?  
     Are you singing under icy armor  
 the winter song of Pinnebog , singing  
 down in the green mud and brown weeds  
                     a lullaby for frogs?