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### Fontaine de Vaucluse

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Fontaine de Vaucluse

Cliffs above, and at the base of the rising bluff,  
a cave releases  
a river into the parched

valley, the water  
clear—I thought it frozen with time—and could  
hold that illusion if not for the river weeds

swirling under its surface. Let us stay  
on the stone walls of this river and look  
deep into  
the currents, alive with pebble-fish

moving dreamlike through uncountable  
gradations of green—the light  
is lifting  
out of the valley. We are not so far away

from the source, even here, where we barely speak  
the language, where we cannot navigate  
from town to town without several maps, my mouth

dry as shale, your shoulders raw from the sun.  
The piece of glass in your palm has become  
a patch for a rift in the river  
and I am leaving soon,

for Strasbourg's sandstone cathedral, to see  
figures carved  
on the façade, stand under  
the looming arches and look up at the clerestory.

The season of rain is coming. Hold out your hand.



Greta Wrolstad  
1981-2005