

## Susan Musgrave

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### Sangan River Meditations

(i)

Sun falling on yellow cedar  
and my daughter in broken sandals  
climbing the steps to her father's house,  
hurt foot first, then the other.

(ii)

The moon-coloured stones  
she piled high above the tide line -  
in the morning they are still there!  
Even the river stealing past  
in the darkest night becomes another way  
for grace to slip through.

(iii)

My daughter calls for me  
to climb with her, the last leaves  
yellow in the skeletal tree.  
She'll find a way, she knows,  
to make those golden apples rain.

(iv)

Snowflakes melt on her face,  
a lifetime passes away.  
The deep muttering of rocks

in the black river. Why am I  
ill at ease?

(v)

From the bridge I watch  
the pure moving of the bird  
over the bank where my daughter  
stoops to pick the blue lupins  
that have now grown wild. I see  
the raptor swoop, then change  
his mind and disappear, think  
how boundless is the pure  
wind circling our lives.