

Resurrection

by Marguerite Guzman Bouvard

for Phil Hasurus

There was a valley,
Le Cirque du Fer à Cheval,
surrounded by high mountains
where waterfalls gushed
from the peaks.
There was only a narrow path
by a glacial river
with its blue-green lights.
Suddenly the earth collapsed.
Hills rose at the mouth
of the entrance. Boulders
large as houses cascaded.
There were no more trees.
But years later the river
still flowed although it changed
its course and expanded,
crashing over rocks
far below jagged layers of shale.
Bulldozers moved gravel
and carved sinuous paths. The valley
opened but was altered. Hikers
returned. My friend
who lost his beloved wife
without warning, endured
the transformation of his years.
His life still flowed though
it changed its course
and he healed
the wounded on his path.