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Rivers, Horses and Firewood

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It comes down, feels the house like a hand.
Your hands would run down my cheeks,
fall from my face like rain.
This is memory. This pure silence.
You learn the most from those
you hardly know: back in the brief
days of that other life, my father
taught me that silence is the longest word.

RIVERS, HORSES AND FIREWOOD

Three cold streams come down
from the mountains. They meet
at the bottom and the river begins,
running west after the sun, running
straight. When the road was built
the old bridges were abandoned and
began to fall and ride the current
like firewood on a gentle horse.

My father sold firewood
across the river when he was ten.
He walked by his horse, running
his hands up and down the reins
and thinking of his mother,
how she stayed home, running
her hands up and down her rosary
as if taking her faith by the reins,
selling her soul to God like firewood.

FABLE

It wasn't that long ago. Hurricanes
with the names of women would cross
the island like packs of wildebeest.
Hurricanes with the names of our dead: