

In a Son Born

Stay put and see what is it
in the green cove.

I catch the slap
of its splash not the fish

in the light flashing
bubbles near the barely

submerged boulders—
a little swell smoothing

the creek mouth. Salmon
maybe. Probably salmon

feeding. Too early to move
up Sakinaw to spawn.

Best thing I've learned:
for just obliquely sitting

what's mine. More for more sitting
looking over and into the water

thinking into the water.
We missed it. You were off

on a trek to see the old donkey-engine.
First you forgot the way up the cliffs.

Then your mother said no
you can't go down on the slick dry grass
right up to it on the headland leaning
out to sea.

You went to the winch in the woods
disappointed, restless.

What can I tell you?
For seeking, for sitting

we miss it exactly.
Perfectly. We feel

it ease away.

John Pass