

The Waterfall, Wind River Range, Wyoming

Mary Henson Saunders

sixteen years after our honeymoon

We walk on rocks
slicked smooth
by some forgotten torrent
of granite snowmelt.
Jump a shallow crevice
filled with fire red algae,
slip past a still pool —
spilled whispers.

We
climb
teeter
quiver
slide
rock.

Overhead, firs mumble
breathe cooling sighs.
Beneath, the glacier lake
unfurls fishy tongues,
spurts around us
in hurried eddies
flows through
our vena cava.