

Remembering Parrotts Ferry

We climbed, jumped the
Familiar shore upstream over
Giant Speckled Boulders as
Big as the energy that
Rolled them then
Waded hot burning feet into
Icy water churning white under
Parrotts Ferry Bridge

We glided bodies over
Slick rounded stones and
Dove into currents pulling
Deep under to see
Crystal water revealed riverbeds
Where a rainbow trout
Might glance an arm,
A red willow fern
May wave its color

We broke surface for
Breath above frothy caps,
Aimed toward rock
Islands shining sun to
Warm bellies and backs,
Allowed minds to wonder/wander
On the River's Song, its
Cyclic metaphors of life,
Till again too hot

And hands knifed cold rapids
Between submerged giants,
With legs kicking strong
Through rock channels to reach
Golden White Mica
Sands

--Ron Pickup

