

1971

Another Rescue

Harold Bond

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ANOTHER RESCUE

Anytime now the waters
will open. Somewhere a bullfrog
has all but swallowed
the river. Preholiday fireworks
are croaking in the distance.
I carry a dime and an ID.

I descend the cascaded steps
and walk under the old
stone bridge. A patrol car's
high beams flood the walkway.
Should anyone ask, I will say
I am thinking beautiful thoughts:

the calves of women or the hooves
of mountain goats. I have come here
to discover what troubles me,
or to forget, I am unsure which.
It is a night for all seasons.
Something is dying here.