

2009

By a Creek

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Recommended Citation

Wagoner, David. "By a Creek." *The Iowa Review* 39.2 (2009): 145-145. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6715>

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DAVID WAGONER

By a Creek

But I'm not there. Right now
I'm sitting in a room
alone, remembering
being there. I can feel
absolutely sure that creek
is rushing forward, pausing
in hollows, turning over
and under itself and pouring
whatever it has to give
in whatever order water
manages to perform whatever
whitens into a constant
cascade of what it was
all along and is and is
going to be again
and again. It comforted
and bewildered me, both
of me, at the same time,
year after year. It kept saying
*I'm here. I wasn't here
an instant ago, but now
I'm here and gone. I'm going
to be here again this moment,
and already I'm falling
out of the same place
I'm going to be always.*