

SUSQUEHANNA ●

Sharon Kennedy-Nolle

*And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance.
Seeing all his own mischance—
"The Lady of Shalott," Tennyson*

Plying your muddy waters, I peer down
but the green-gray eddies,
milken moot across kayak cuts,

yield nothing,
not even our miso-clouded reflections.

Pouring from the Glimmerglass
headwaters to the Chesapeake,

you yet seem to stay
in unanswered standstill.

One false step
and I'm suddenly staggering,

ooze up to knees, deep, silted murk
groping again;

my son's MRI
showing shadows, indigo depths undelved

we're over our heads
in glow and buzz that outlast the power lines.

Anytime pop
could go the weasel
—aneurism's sudden sigh—

bubbles break up the lotus surface,
the blue heron dips beak, takes wing,
easily ending the twelve years he's had.

Swim long to drown cool
in your silken surrender...

Susquehanna, Susquehanna,
is there a song for such Shalot sorrows?