

Still Reflecting

Once more I find myself in the Alouette.
Once more heading west, toward the great Pitt
past the dormant dreams, and drab debris of modern dockside living.
A great blue heron struts and frets his moment upon the south bank
a golden eagle puts a brief appearance in a fly over,
searching I presume for finer fishing grounds than the murk of these rivers.
With accustomed ease, I paddle against an inflow tide current as I head down river.
I am enjoying very rare warm November sunlight, and the stillness of a Sunday.
My mind once more, mirrors the water surface.
I think that is why I come back so often.
Calm waters, reflecting every last leaf left lingering on mostly bare branches,
reflecting bent and browning grass stalks on rivers edge
projecting stillness upon my runaway thought-train-brain.

In that mental stillness, I am content, and so an hour passes
just measured paddle strokes, enjoyment and
Stillness

It is on my act of reflection
days later, in the busy moments of a day's work
that I realize how metaphorical the whole experience is.

The river, despite its surface stillness,
despite the shifting tides
moves always on, from headwaters to mouth,
and despite the calmness of my mind
my life moves ever onward as well,
just as my kayak does.
I paddle on