Ellie in a Canoe

By Cecily Nicholson

We set in near the Spit, the square grids slipping Down the banks into a rise of busy currents Sweeping the runoff fragrant heat late morning It took time, the zips and buckles, water shoes, a cushion Steer and rudder, we glorified the middle seats. Free ride! At one's leisure. And you, smiled more than usual The sparkle of the day in our eyes, family selfie sent to sis Who loves it instantly from thousands of miles northeast A day flowing under that boulevard dodging rock cycles We eased around bows in the narrowing memory of water Pushed through cultivated fields as furrows of grasses Nests and perches, a rustle of curtains, enter a coyote Their interests on the other side, trots to the water's edge Eases inside the flow and crosses, in a moment, more sparkle The shake of water leaving fur in good stead, us, in the wake