

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