1986

Poplar

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POPLAR

Holding the riverbank at bay
with crumpled roots crossed, like legs,
my ancient wooden Indian sits,
proudly watching as the water tumbles by.
His leafy headdress shades his silent scion.
I crawl up in his lap to listen.
Against his ragged trunk I rest
as the river chants and wails for me.

_Ruth O. Lill_
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