

## From a River Road

Where the river bends the road  
bends. When terrain steepens the river cuts  
through stone and the road

winds inland, up  
for the view, the narrow turnouts:  
cliffs stand downward

in their own shadows.  
I think of farm roads  
built around fields,

right-angle turns and long  
miles to town, irrigated nights  
with unfading constellations.

The river turns color  
by the hour, the fainter the breeze  
the clearer its voice.

Even in the cold, the current  
far below is a silver memory  
that curves and ripens as light lifts

and the sky goes the geode dark  
of waterstone, its inside  
silica of stars.

—Dixie Partridge