

Balch Creek Canyon

You can't step, said Heraclites,
into the same river twice.
That goes for creeks in canyons, too;
the water moves on and moves away.

Nor can you step
into the same canyon twice,
though no Greek philosopher said so.
The canyon goes on living, moves on and moves away.

Molecules dissolve and disappear,
trees, plants and rocks departing into time;
flowing like water, but too slowly
for our mayfly lives to time their going.

Stripped of their green, bare branched,
the maples on the canyon bank wear moss;
Gray fur coats to warm them
till summer comes and brings their leaves again.

Laughing liquidly, slipping over stones
the creek chatters, grumbles over
the basalt bones of the canyon.
It's come this way, been here before;

knows the path to the ocean,
to the sky, and back again.
The canyon and its creek keep time
to many different drummers.

Things look the same each day,
But never are.