

Passage

by Logan Butler

Water licks the shore's stones
Tranquil liquid glides through
The river,
carves cuts dips dives into the land
Soft sunlight warms the water

The path splits
One travels so far east
and the other so distant west
You wouldn't suspect they could meet again

Green grasses blow on the steep banks
unaware of the consistent change

Although the water breaks
it does not fret
The land will support the divides
they may make their own way