

KIM GARCIA

Beneath the Ice, Huron River, 1988

I could hear the river. I lay on the ice
with the stroller beside me and allowed
myself to hear it rushing and be afraid.

I'm listening now. A service of loss,
the early morning parishioners, bleary
with loves torn away. Don't take me,

I say to that river. I am used to the lack
of love, used to grieving it. Everything
on that day was laughing at me—the child

who would grow up and canoe that river,
break his heart, break mine, love again.
Ice already yielding to what it could not still.