

A current runs,  
flanks full of treasure  
crowded with memories  
never returned.

The ebb  
the seed  
erect on a mud-flat,  
a veiled, lurid glare

very slow  
very old.

The flood  
drifting up  
red clusters, varnished gloom  
luminous, unstained light.

Marshes draping, the colour of fog  
a swamp stirs,  
cold,

Blind squeeze,

separating slowly, pursuing, overtaking joining, crossing,

deepening, sleepless river.

Light maps blank spaces,  
places, I remember.

Scattered,

rivers and lakes and names,  
uncoiled  
lost in the depths.

Silence,  
between the stones

arid

a little green, into the yellow.

Sanctuary.

# Riverrun.

— WORDS BY GUY DICKINSON  
AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF BOUDREAU

An eerie warm pall,

old eyes,  
dead still,  
cool pulse.

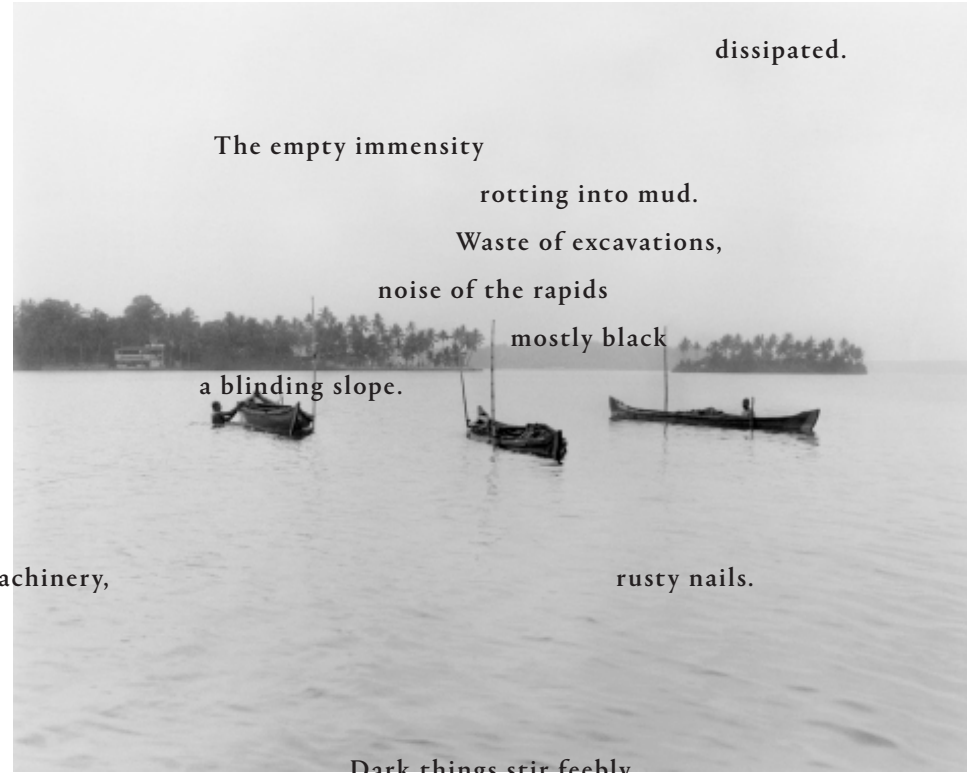
Monotonous green, fringed with white,

earth slip.

A creeping mist,

mournful,

dissipated.



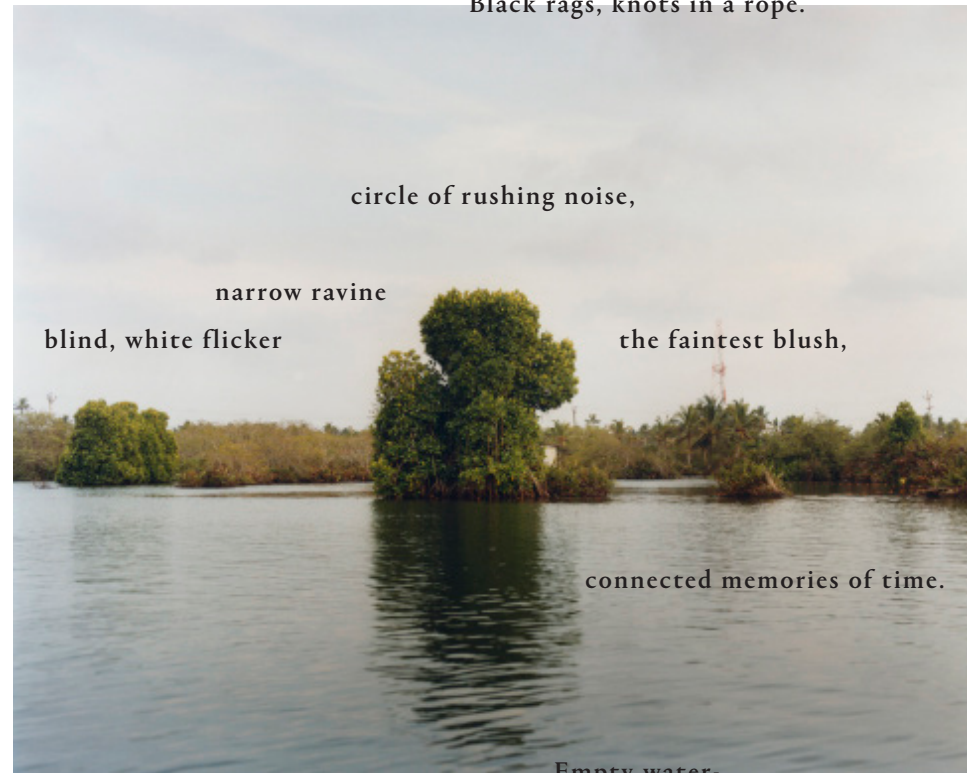
The empty immensity  
rotting into mud.  
Waste of excavations,  
noise of the rapids  
mostly black  
a blinding slope.

Decaying machinery,

rusty nails.

Dark things stir feebly.

Black rags, knots in a rope.



circle of rushing noise,  
narrow ravine  
blind, white flicker  
the faintest blush,

Path, paths, everywhere,

connected memories of time.

Empty water-  
a sound weird,  
and wild -

her stones,

sank,  
lost.  
Indefinable.

Uneasiness.





- nothing more.

A door  
opening into a quarrel of white

river rumours, waiting patiently, muttering.

A sound approached, screeching

hissing ruins,

clay walls;

- its mystery?

Concealed life,

the smell of stillness.

Mangled, a thin layer of silver -

flowed broadly

expectant,

mute,

pitch dark, wretched, old  
battered, twisted, ruined.

Mud bottom,

mysterious jig.

An entangled mass,

trunks, branches, leaves, boughs,

motionless

soundless life

absurd sentences,

deepen the spoils of secrecy.

Dead wood

- fades

hidden banks;

stillness watching. A bend,

a whirl of black glided past

no memories, unearthly.

A thrall, transparent

sulky reeds

a torn curtain of red,

tatters.

Dismantled;

dirty softness;

chains and tackle.

The last flickers of the river-side fretted and fumed, listening;

polished bone, lay deep

beyond my reach.

Rotten secrets, perceived in light

dark blue, oily eyes  
its black thoughts, a mystery of the bottom  
a whisper.

Stillness; hollow voices linger disinterred.

A wisp of grass,  
rustled and flew,  
with sights, with sounds, with smells.  
A long decaying drift,  
sunshine and shadow rubbing sides

in deep sighs.

River beating, breathing black.

Earth flowed.

A current runs,

flanks full of treasure  
crowded with memories  
never returned.

The ebb  
the seed.

March 2020

