

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.

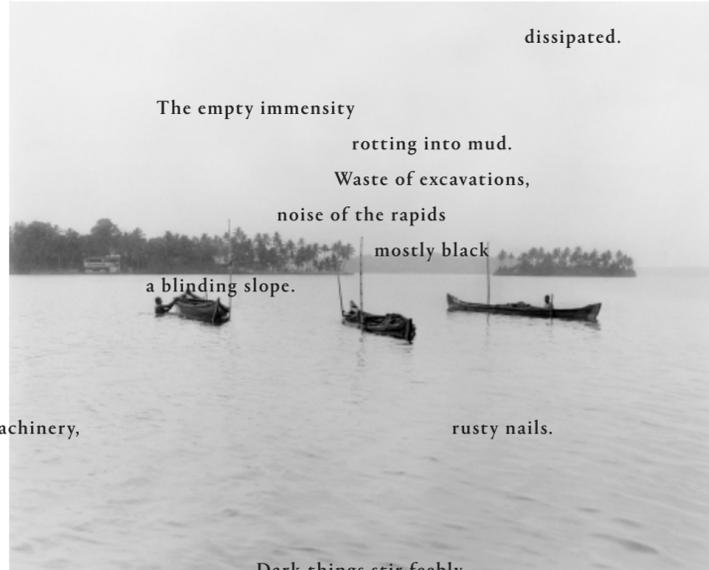
Monotonous green, fringed with white,

earth slip.

A creeping mist,

mournful,

dissipated.



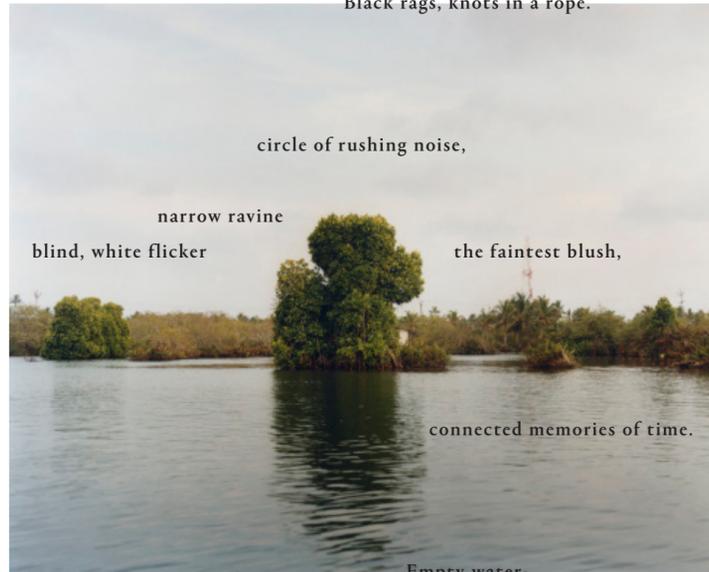
The empty immensity
rotting into mud.
Waste of excavations,
noise of the rapids
mostly black
a blinding slope.

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.

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flanks full of treasure
crowded with memories
never returned.

The ebb
the seed.

March 2020

