

# Calling

S. Carey

You call me  
Charming river darkness  
I call you  
Light between the trees and me

Mother lake, I saw a starling quake  
Up on the ridge-line, a time to lose

You move so darkly, the contrast starkly  
Your bronze back holding  
The strands unfolding

Wide awake  
The truth is verdant green  
I'm in my calling