

This River

Runs west and  
Counter to every story I drank  
Deep in those small doll days  
Strange, heavy with collective  
Unconscious with all of those  
West running, improbable relations spending  
Lavish hands worth of emotion on this imagined  
West in this city which also  
Runs west into an ocean that I  
Own no stories for, borrowed ocean full of  
Marvels fed by these long men who collect different  
Water who polish stones that won't tell me the  
Future in any language I know

—Kim Shuck