

WILLOW RIVER FALLS

I guess
it takes
a summer day
climbing caves
wearing down
one's skin
raw from
sharp limestone
gripped tightly
through heat
and sweat
beside the
waterfall under
which we
shower our
chalky hair
and dip our
worn palms
into the river
that now
after abusing
ourselves with
the roughness of stone
feels softer
than feathers
or bunny's fur
to realize that
those whom you see
again and again
and who
stick around
who haven't found
a reason yet
to walk away
are friends
as good as any