

Oklahoma r e v i e w

Anne Whitehouse

from BLESSINGS

IX.

The magical rocks of Hamilton Falls
shine silvery even when dry
because of the mica.
Also mineral-laden schists,
they are not like New York City rocks
cropping up in big slabs,
but small pebbles tumbled
smooth and flat as coins
in the cold rushing waters
of Cobb Brook.

In the heart of summer
in the cleft of the forest
I submerge in the pools
at the top of the falls
and the bottom.

The pebbles lie still and gleaming
through the mantle of clear water
on the rocky, sandy bottom
where I touch down,
am released, rejuvenated.
Later, dried and dressed,
my feet in socks and sneakers
hiking back on the trail,
I can still feel the cold
tingling in my soles,
enlivening my being.