Wolfpen Hollow

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Wolfpen Hollow

Where wild turkeys
sometimes file
to drink

from the river,
I leash my boat
to a sycamore

so I can drift
over the gravels
of the shore

and sift the chert for all
you left me—
the cast-iron handle

of your skillet’s lid,
right by the rim
of your blue mug—

both chapped with mud,
still curved
to fit your hand.

You came
to these hills thinking
you’d grow berries,

but the earth
gave you stones.
So you drew

your whole life
down hollow
to the river,

and you fished
with the herons,
built your fire
in the gloaming,
and while the panfish
curled in grease

you sang
to the river—
come back

my own true love,
for you I adore,
and I will go with you

from the green briar shore—
I know your song nearly
as well as you.

I sing it, too.

Amy Wright Vollmar