

Mountainbottom Removal

Micah McCrotty

What we've seen from our old canoe,
in the near waters of a drowning world,
are spirit shapes and gasps of land,
sounding cities now lost to song,
prophecies bellowed below the surface,
whose kneeling buildings bow towards south,
blown down as victims of a quiet fury.

Soon I followed receding waters
to pick and scavenge for any ornament,
to search for chert or bits of teeth
and sift the shore for flint or fire,
yet found ruling winds and drying rot,
the tired bricks of another time,
and a single severed rusting anchor.

It's now a landscape we fear to cross,
where trees collapsed and sank from sight,
eaten whole into the darkness
like the thinnest twig into a river.
Wait for your eyes to adjust and see
families hidden in bubbling tombs
now buried in the surge of silt.