

The Wolastoq River's Counsel

Jordan Trethewey, Poet Laureate 2021- 2023

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A river doesn't care
about boundaries. Persistence
gets it where it wants to go
no matter what's in its way.

A river acknowledges us
in passing,
could care less
if we disappear tomorrow.

A river is eternal optimist—
gravity holds it down,
pulls it forward, yet
it still shoots for the Moon.

A river is unattainable beauty.
We fall in love, get too close
try to tame it, name it, call it ours.

A river provides
to creatures great and small.
It cannot be owned,
lets us know when we get too close.

A river pushes back.
It is not a metaphor
for the mindless masculine march
toward vague destiny fixed to the horizon.

A river watches plagues
force us indoors—apart,
waits to welcome us back
from cages of our own construction
once we cure what we created.

A river whispers wisdom
in every tongue if we choose to listen.

It follows a logical arc,
Hard lines are man-made.

A river is feminine,
a natural occurrence of curves.
She leads by example.

A river is current,
never stagnant.
She defines
progress
balance
comfort.
Her counsel is considerate
with concern for all.