

*The Bride*

*Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt. Vidi Aquam*

She walks into the river wearing white,  
Steps through rocks and clay and finds  
Her place, the water now above her thighs,  
The current quiet behind the rocks piled

High to make a pool where the man, waist-deep,  
waits; she hears above the water's deep chord  
the songs of her companions on the shore.  
The river takes her and she sinks beneath

The flow. Small trout arise, songbirds awake,  
A breeze enlivens the attendant trees;  
Gold leaves release and leap into the stream.  
She rises into the sun's bright array.

The dancing of the water still abides;  
The river moves in concert with the bride.

Tony Owens