

CULTURE BROOK

by

Janet S. Hunter

I speak from the foothills
where the waters have grown

goblets of blood
mouthed in nascent tongues

fraternal
baring the mark for recognition

fat rivers nosed
from enmountained muses

ponderous words float
cats of the Nile

blind spots in the bedrock
miles of foment

see-god
naked in the sun

winding alphabet
holy flow

5/12/84