

The River Lee near dark

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [October 18, 2005](#) issue

What people seeking solace do—they wait
until the light goes low. It's then they've seen
a shadow here and there. They've often looked
to touch once more a face beside the gate.

Engaged in talk, or walking toward the pier,
they learn one word might lead them well
beyond the ways—it's nearing late—familiar:
out past the oaks, the trails, the salmon weir

where waters thrum—now flash a silverwhite.
I'd follow you, he says, and next, *Which way?*
He stills to narrows kept for years in check.
What people, lost, endure to see things right.