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Storying Ecocenes



Dream Routes Intersecting; Shape of Water Shaping Rocky Banks

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Dream Routes Intersecting; Shape of Water Shaping Rocky Banks

by Mary Newell



About the Author

Mary Newell (<https://manitoulive.wixsite.com/maryn>) authored the chapbooks *Re-SURGE* and *TILT/HOVER/VEER*, poems in journals and anthologies, and essays including “When Poetry Rivers” (*Interim* journal 38.3). She is co-editor of *Poetics for the More-than-Human-World: An Anthology of Poetry and Commentary*. She teaches creative writing at the University of Connecticut, Stamford. Newell (MA Columbia, BA Berkeley) received a doctorate from Fordham University with a focus on environment and embodiment in contemporary women’s writing.

“Dream Routes Intersecting” and “Shape of Water Shaping Rocky Banks”

Mary Newell

Dream Routes Intersecting

Overnight,
Moon caravans Chestnut oak tendrils
across moss-padded boulders
toward our open window
while roots gnaw granite rock-base.

Limbs entwined,
our slumber drifts toward root rambles
in lunar-limbic rock time,
rhizomic dream-blended depth riots,
cleansing errantry.

At daybreak,
our scents blend; soothed by route-tossed
moon-flickers, we stretch and separate.
The branches tip sunward again,
sustained by root-tendered stone.

Shape of Water Shaping Rocky Banks

Copper Mine Brook

begins

in

an ooze

a frac-tur-ed aqui-fer

just off the Appalachian Trail

descends near

a traverse trodden

by many boots' stomp

aquifer, saturated, pulses out

through cracks in bedrock,

a fractured Biotite-Quartz-Feldspar Gneiss

long-weathered gray to rusty greenish-gray

up close, the layers:

clear quartz sliced with deep-toned mica,

heat-foliated in the Middle Proterozoic

rippled rock wrinkling under brookflow undulations

brook slips into crevices

or carves them, with pressure

overflows unheralded

rolls stones from orange-clay

fern-clutched ruddy banks once bedecked

with Ostrich Ferns, now only smaller ones-

Lady, Hay-scented and Christmas Ferns.

water

rock wrapper

sludge shifter

a drop burgeons

in

tumult

of descent

now in a catchment,
brook-skin splotched like a piebald,
its mane wind-waving

a two-foot waterfall
lit columns ribboning slowly right,
a deception of reflection

water shapes to an indent
elides edges with smooth
chiseling, curls around toes
to glisten-cool

rollover eddies scramble on

how rock resists the mutable
but mellows with slick touch

in time
in flow

how water knows to over-slide boulders,
toss small pebbles, permeate moss

how rock stays rock and water, water
though each yields to the other.