

S.O.S. Midwest

Lilly Roehrig



I am downstream
By Steingraber, it seems
At the bottom of the basket where you reach your hungry hands
Through the tributaries
My aching breast carries
The silent burden of a loop that constantly demands
Floating in the lake
Yellow planes in my wake
To live is to dream; to dream is to escape
Along the warm river
The air begins to quiver
Again they will descend; the silencing veil shall drape

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