



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /49

Description

Cayoosh Creek

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

September 1, 2022

I once communed with Cayoosh Creek
And do so now here as I speak,
With how it rumbled as it tumbled
And sang anthems as it ran
Between the placid lake it feeds
And the peaks where it began.

I let my thoughts flow with it,
They also ran and ran
And obliged me to admit
That I'm a melancholy man
For my lake I fear is shallow
And the peaks I merely scan.

The lake provides respite
From its rush towards the sea,
But the heights from me are hidden
By a cloak of mystery
As profound as why this mountain stream
Has claimed a part of me.

Though not long by any means
It runs a lively span
To a pool among the evergreens
Along a course carved by its force



Without the aid of man.

I surveyed its burly shoulders
Bruising both its flanks
Leaping logs and boulders
Crying out in thanks
For the freedom of its motion
In the confines of its banks.

I ran my course along this river,
It took a hold of me,
I glimpsed the peaks whereof it speaks
And I told it of the sea.

It seemed to glisten as it ran
I saw a glimmer of response,
A glitter of delight in this time of running free.

Its driving force may wax and wane
Depending on the snow and rain;
Who knows if it will flow next year
Or sing the same refrain?

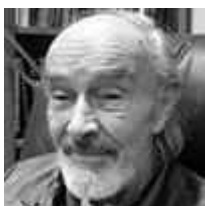
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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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