

Colorado River **Tequila Beach** Grand Canyon

You have to start some
where to measure from. A crossing.
A place. A passage. A poem.
So it's Lee's Ferry which is not
a ferry but one hundred and seventy
point seven miles from Lava Falls.

You are always, he said, always
above Lava Falls.

And one by one and two by two
we make the run through Lava
and after, after all that was said
and then done and us
undone we celebrate our salvation.
Fire Water. Old Granddad in plastic
bottles. Rum, Tecate, and PBR.

It's the wild dance
upon the water. With the rafts
strapped together as if
without the arm in arm
and flesh to flesh to anchor ourselves
within our mortal selves we would
rise above the waters from the water
within us which is our only holy
union lest we become the desert trail
along the river that we scouted from

brittle and hard and sharp and
fragile.

We have been baptized into
shapeless shape and become
like to like unto the reach
of each of us being
as our bodies know
as water.

This rapid
once called Vulcan and we
have our Vulcanalia. We are
that time and perhaps never
again joined with fire joined
with molten rock and this
is the simplest explanation
why Brianna and Jeff
and Loren and Sib and Rob and
Krista and John and Monica and
Holmes and Andy and Lindsey
and Dennis and Mike and Randy
and HD and

we run and we jump back
from the desert sand
into the water.