

Kayaking the First Bends

by Joris Soeding



"Ageing" by Lal Buraans

we slide from the muddy shore
onlookers from the bridge
from the other bank a young boy gets close to a ripple
to see without sifting into earth and shells
quickly I am still in sand
river is low and clear
yet I glimpse my son
his paddle natural, unflinching
peering into the yellows and oranges of mid-October
new at something, independent, without fear
a couple is being photographed
as the yellow sliver slips from the bottom
my pride subsides to finding each pocket without stone
by the second curve and without others close by
I can take in the trees, pace to stay even
each slope towards more colors
my son ahead of me and his years