River

by marra *Wednesday*, *Dec 26 2012*, 11:48am international / poetry / post





sitting by the bank
the water snaps
a tail whips
a gleam catches
the sunlight
in a flash a fish disappears
into the depths

perfectly adapted to the medium freshwater fish appear and disappear at will evading traps and lines which they tangle in the rushes and roots of water trees

i've sat and watched from this bank countless times, it is never the same though we imagine the river is constant

we've given it an English name and mapped it yet the river evades our feeble attempts to fix it in any lexicon it once teamed with aquatic and amphibian life singing frogs, flashing fish and cunning cod have evaded extinction for thousands of years though today their days are numbered

the river unhappily accepts runoff from rains laden with toxic sprays and fertilisers

modern man has no connection to the land/environment he sees it through words, stats litres, dams and forced production

for thousands of years it supported the originals, no better stewardship exists than native people inextricably linked to the land

we killed them off before we killed the river, what do primitives know of modern farming methods and aquaculture?

very little, but they knew how to harvest its bounty without upsetting the delicate balance that sustained all manner of life

and what do we know?

how to exploit, pollute and kill everything we touch

we continue to regard the originals as ignorant primitives.

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-317.html