

The Licking River

(or The steady-state of human history)

There's a loop of water out in the middle West;

came about due to the flatness of the land,
the Moon and her pull,
and the spin of the World.

From twenty thousand feet the Licking River flickered,
a ribbon of silver between the clouds,
making its way North; separating Newport from Covington,
before sliding into the mighty O-hi-O.

She, in her turn, slips lazily West, and then swings to the South
before surrendering to the even mightier Mississippi.
Now the corpuscles of the Licking are being swept down
the book-hinge spine of America.

But before joining the Mississippi, at around the 38th parallel
(Bluegrass, Bourbon, Cave Run Lake - source of the Licking -
and, as it happens, the border between North & South Korea),
some bright spark had dug a channel.

Took the river wa-ay back East.

And after many miles it slides back into the Licking,
just beyond Polkville and Mooresferry Road.

Thus the river flows - into itself,

erasing history as it goes...

through the constant action of unlearning.