

Maryan

Robert Wyatt

Over an ocean away
Like salmon
Turning back for Nayram
To the delta
With the rivulets tumbling down
Glide over sand
Around the rocks
Back through the wavering weeds
And the turds
In the way
Riversmell
On the route
Along away
Over gravel
The weirs of the tributaries
Against the icy waterflow
To Maryan