On Missing Weir River

M. M. Stone

My little ribbon of muck and rock,
scent of low tide, yawning
at the crack of muted dawn;

its mirror body, in a coat,
woven of mist and cordgrass;
breathing in the chill of quiet

morning. In a 2008 silver Honda
Pilot, I pass through mornings,
years over the speed limit.

My fingers brushing
along my little ribbon,
a falling strand of hair.