

Kenneth Silvestri

oh the zen like great falls

stepping out of my front door
the mist of the great falls carrassed
my prelude
to the day to come.
its multi appearances
dressed by seasonal nuances,
like ice coated cotton clouds.
also suds and old derelict debris
circling in whirlpools.
a gathering red brick history
of my grandparents soaked in its spray,
their tilting looms ten hours a day,
the churning turbines
of my parents's child labor.
near smoldering fire remnants
that found their way there.
a block down
steam locomotives were built with her power.
shinning unused trolley rails
peeking through cracks
on McBride ave covered by her droplets.
the only all-the-way-onion-sauce-hot dog-stands
were always there.
as were the potential floods along her raceways.
she was part of my walk to school,
sitting at stationary wooden sepia coated desks,
looking out of windows covered with her grime.
she was always showing
either a drip
or thunderous pummeling
over the gray geology
where I found native arrow tips
and 19th century glass bottle pieces.
her persona wavering
her shadow side devastating
her rainbows soothing...