

Louis McKee

LETTER HOME

The river is still flowing  
at four in the morning  
as I knew it would be:  
Easton is asleep. I walk

beside the water; it has been  
a long time, so much  
has happened, and there is  
so much to talk about.

It is freedom, walking  
and flowing in the early morning  
in a town where no one knows  
you and you know no one.

By the time the sun is up  
I will be back in my room at  
the motel, the stick I sent  
down river will be well

on its way to Philadelphia,  
and the poem I gave the star-  
red night will be light  
splashing morning into your face.