

Melissa Madenski

Poet's Beach

On the Willamette River
the sun fires red, while I head
on a long meander south.

I think about how often
things go right, how cyclers go
round walkers and walkers stay to the right,

how people who find themselves homeless
sleep on grass and pick up their trash.

Much of the day I focus
on tragedy—new wars,
the drying of Mother Earth,

global warming—I forget
to remember what's right,
where to locate simple joy,

found this morning on a bench
by a linked fence where a wren
lights not eight inches from me.