

Rapids Roaring Over Faults

We warned our children back from the bears,
Yellowstone no petting zoo in malls.
Camping with children had few other cares.

Now, years later, where are the bears?
We waded weeds waist-deep and shouted songs
but warned our children back from the bears.

They shot the nervous moose in pairs,
wild black eyes big as billiard balls.
Camping with children had few other cares.

They aimed flash cameras at vacant lairs
and called us puffing uphill. We followed
but warned our children back from the bears.

Buffalo shook their massive heads of hair,
slinging the dust of years long gone.
Camping with children had few other cares.

This week at sixty, we climbed rock stairs,
looked down at rapids roaring over faults.
We warned our children back from the bears:
camping with children had few other cares.

WALTER McDONALD