

Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 11 | Issue 2

Article 13

5-1-2023

Riverdirge

Frances Sharples
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Sharples, Frances (2023) "Riverdirge," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 11: Iss. 2, Article 13.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol11/iss2/13>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

FRANCES SHARPLES

Riverdirge

I don't want to hold anymore —
the children that pull up that grass, the babies that swallow
that moss, the men
who drink up that river, the women who caress me
and wish to swallow me whole,
if quietly. I want to find it
somewhere that is not here —
my body, this earth,
some extraterrestrial hill
where I can be quiet alone and think about it, all
something else. Mud cradled in the fingernails
of a creature with love in its throat; antenna between
front teeth; ocean gravel stuck
to the palm that slaps
me from behind. I am sick
of dragging, of everything running through me
when I am the mother of the world. From river hillside
I am something
covered in skin, sure, covered in
shore, in wet, crashing, growth, melting, cascade, crest,
breast and valley. Mother,
would you make me in your image? a planet that holds so much
in itself.