

**From *Many Loves*, by Michael Hettich**

**Joy**

First I'd like to talk  
about the branch I tossed  
into the river  
above the waterfall, that fell

into a swirl  
of the river and stayed there  
bobbing and turning  
for days while the river

rushed around it.  
I could say I came back  
every morning to watch it  
until one morning

it was gone.  
And then I'd love to sing  
about swimming in that freezing  
river, diving in,

letting the current  
take me down a riffle,  
hooting at the vivid cold,  
calling to my family

to jump in too,  
then watching them leap,  
one by one,  
and rush down toward me.

*Kings Canyon, August 2006*