

Salvage

All rivers are one river
Endless, inchoate
Strata of silt and iron
Beneath bricks and timber cages
Clotted with mussels
Tires, tin, shopping trolleys
Farming tools and picks and saws
Their wooden handles rotted
And tide plucked

The fish-scale shimmer drift of coins

Under
This, all frequencies are silenced

Deeper still
Layers of packed carbon
Fire sediment
Where light is dissolved
And language
Is the slow migration
Of minerals