Writer's Block

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College of DuPage

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Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol42/iss1/40

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The Kankakee River froze over this winter,
a seven-mile ice jam
tall enough to touch
the bottom of a bridge.
Water with nowhere to go
poured over banks
into backyards and basements.

Under the ice a relentless push.

A river is not meant
to stay
solid
in
a
narrow
bend
even if invited to stop,
and rest a while from the constant
primordial flow.

The weather turned
warm enough to cause
loud cracks in the ice.
A channel snaked through,
floes pushed by the river
piled up on each other.

Restored,
the river
resumed
its way south.

Trust.
The river has carved
a path in solid rock,
traveled in this bed
for ages.

A dam of ice
sooner or later
will surrender
to its creative force.

Karen Hurley Kuchar