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## Sonnet for his Namesake (DuPage River, Illinois)

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## **Sonnet For His Namesake (DuPage River, Illinois)**

By: Glenna Holloway

Some nights when fog crawls up the river's flanks,  
A sleepy mallard sudden-turns its head  
As cycling waves soft-smack the muddy banks  
Recalling rhythms of an age long dead.  
The water holds old songs in many keys:  
Staccato notes from flying hoofs and paws  
Or dancing moccasins and tune-slapped knees,  
The drumming, humming steeped in every clause  
Of time. Tonight a Frenchman called DuPazhe  
Inspects his traps for beaver, muskrat, mink;  
He moves with shade and bough for camouflage,  
Then squints at the streetlights, lingers at the brink  
Of bubbling passage, doffs his hood at fame,  
And disappears once more, leaving just his name.