Pieces in the Trees

A fractured piece of the old me
still walks the hall of this riverside
college campus. My shoes scritch
on the floors. I creep in silence
on my toes, slowly, along the wall.
The noise fades only when I slide
beneath the cracks in the bricks
and seep into the porous stone.

Most of my pieces tumbled away
from the fluorescents’ glare. Some remain, energized
by the pull, quiet and hard, of the Saint Joseph River.
The river hugs these buildings without regard
of the uniform worn by those staring at the rips
from the banks. There are pieces
of me in the trees. I wave
at the ones watching from the halls,
catching their eye with my fingernails.
My blood washes the acorns beneath
my feet where it spills. See the dogs
sniff the air to follow the scent
from the roots and whine in the wind.
They see me. The lectured histories
bombard those walls and halls
with the lessons, dead and gone,
that we must remember to learn.
They ignore the dogs, not seeing
that I will not leave this riverbank
until the university stones fall,
crumble and roll away with the current.