

JENNIFER BULLIS

Amanda Bubble Recalls a Beautiful River Flowing Through Her Past
after William Stafford

Time should go the way it went
in lines from a half-remembered poem about nostalgia
for the dry hills that framed a childhood.

To the sagebrush, we prayed, "Give us
each day a summer; let our thoughts stream slowly
over the stones of our own unfolding."

We were answered with the certainty
that hills and sage and summer
would stay, though later our sureness

faded halfway to forgetting. As for poetry,
the only effort required in imagining
was to cast our silver hooks into clear pools.

Every day we rehearsed for a present
that stretched, infinite, into its moment.
Then, *now* was always resonating.

Those phrases formed passageways
of our remembering, still echoing like glimmers
on water fractured by wind.



ABOUT JENNIFER BULLIS

Jennifer Bullis is the author of *Impossible Lessons* (MoonPath Press 2013), and her work has appeared in *Natural Bridge*, *Iron Horse Literary Review*, *Cascadia Review*, *Tahoma Literary Review*, and *Journal of Feminist Studies in Religion*. After receiving a PhD in English from the University of California at Davis, she taught at Whatcom Community College between 1995 and 2009. She also served on the board of directors for the Whatcom Poetry Series from 2011 to 2013. She lives in Bellingham, Washington, and can be visited online at www.jenniferbullis.com.

A note:

The first line is borrowed from William Stafford's poem "The Rescued Year." *The Way It Is: New & Selected Poems* (Minneapolis: Graywolf Press, 1998), 108.

