

**Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4**

*Paul Bura*

**RIGHT THERE IN THE RIVER**

He stood  
Quite still  
In the river,  
Water pushing past  
Just below his knees.  
He waited, net in hand,  
Waited for the right wave,  
The wave *salmon* created,  
The wave that signalled: I am coming!

The wave came.  
The man, head down, leapt forward,  
He drove his net down and up.  
The salmon, naked as polished steel,  
Defenceless now, received his blow.  
It was finished.

“I have experienced some of the greatest  
Moments of my life here, just  
Standing alone in the middle  
Of this river.”

He spoke not of killing,  
Nor even his skill,  
But of being  
Part of something  
Much greater,  
More magnificent.

“I have  
Heard the lone flute  
Of He that is the Herder  
Of all life in the river and forests,

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Heard him blow his wondrous horn,  
Torn from and molded by life.  
He that moves as a shadow  
Through the great waters and woods  
Where I sit and wait for him: the sound of his pipe,  
Ripe and rippling,  
Dripping from my ears and eyes,  
Taking the soul of me  
And moulding it anew into:  
Water, tree, bird and fish;  
Yet, the sound of his horned flute,  
Acute in my bones, moans with ecstasy  
And I die here gratefully every day  
Right here in the river."