

Sedgeland Nation

Ben Walter

if we are straws slurping
at this pool, it is to slake
our own thirst; we have
claimed this land as
ten thousand flagpoles
needing no flag, but
we are gentle scepters;
a nest dispersed and
cradling paper wings.

this silt: our home,
where all legs hurry
as their days dry up;
this rot: our mother,
tadpole to sedge. and so
we murmur the rhythms
of frogs when our strings
are plucked by breeze;
we are instrument and stave,
a hymn to this, our year.

while some quiver at our spears
lancing air, we know
enough to stake
this tent of water till
the border nears. there,
we open the ground,
let the water through
unfiltered; there is
nothing left to fear.