Listening for River in Urbana

Ann Silsbee

Mary Ann Joyce-Walter

Mezzo-Soprano

Folks joke a-bout the Bone-yard, but

old maps show a small stream in broad me-ander, where cars now park. It must once have slipped
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slow - ly most-ly si - lent-ly be - tween prai - rie

gras - ses sizz - ling with dra - gon flies zz and

bum - ble bees zz.
The bit of river is forgotten, its presence doubted, though at Lincoln Street ooze seeps through its tarred overbowels moves through a concrete controlled drainage ditch.
Mezzo

30

neath the bridge, a black-ish catch all of un-diges-ted rub-ber tires, (s)

33

news-print, beer cans, oil scum.

35

Sleep-less

p

Mezzo