

SPENCE McWILLIAMS

*Sites at Boulder Creek Path: 10. The Wellman Canal and Irrigation Diversion Structure*

Atlas shoulders, graffiti tattooed, hold 28th Street bridges.

Dove coos, shade cools.

Water flows myriad ways.

Cacophony of bridges, cars, water, shouts,

Sunlight catching car above plays shade below.

Elbow itch reveals pale bug.

Coaxed to paper, scurries across

yard lines to touchdown

safety under binding.

Lift exposes hiding place

it feigns shock.

Elbow still itches.

Bored or recovered, bug descends the cliff note pad.

“Reconstruction here required planning for

fish migration,

improved flood control,

and passage of bicycles,

rafts,

and kayaks.”

Solid, black, canal diversion gates, dried grass encrusted, hide bright orange lilies.

Closed, no water passes today.

“Assistance in maintenance is provided by Boulder Foot and Ankle Care.”

What about itching bug-bit elbows?

Quiet pool, below rapids, a grassy knoll above.

Propped bikes clog inviting stone bench.

Eight bathers,

others, like me, watch from the bank or sunbathe.

“Well, are you going to *swim* down?”

Current carries one through chute.

Steadied by willow,

other hops rock above white water,

headlong dive.

Another, soaked in black, skips along the rocks.

Long-lensed photographer in high red socks records from bridge.

Sun brings beading sweat, drives me on.

Denver-bound rush commuters snarled,

Traffic lights blackened by all-west power outage.

Solitary horn contradicts prevailing courtesy.

Sweet perfume, yellow-flowered tree

Building clouds promise merciful coolness

Pedal home to ripe peach on counter