~The River~ (Poem by Raymond Carver)
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I waded, deepening, into the dark water.

Evening, and the push
and swirl of the river as it closed
around my legs and held on.
Parr darted one way, smolt another.
Gravel turned under my boots as I edged out.
Watched by the furious eyes of king salmon.
Their immense heads turned slowly,
eyes burning with fury as they hung
in the deep current.
They were there. I felt them there
and my skin prickled. But
there was something else.
I braced with the wind on my neck
Felt the hair rise
as something touched my boot.
Grew afraid at what I couldn’t see.
Then of everything that filled my eyes—
that other shore hung with heavy branches,
the dark mountain range behind.
And this river that had suddenly
grown black and swift.
I drew breath and cast anyway.
Prayed nothing would strike.