

River Running

a 100 tanka sequence

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sanctuary

for Wendell Berry

Places are never
unsacred they are either
made sacred by attention
or desecrated through its
absence.

RUNNING ROUTE

Every run begins
by leaving the house, turning
left then left again,
walking a block then running
all the way to the river.

Reaching it, there's a
choice: right, the falls left, downtown.

Mostly I choose left
and run towards the welcoming
oaks and the floodplain forest.

The oaks welcome me
in hushed, solemn rustlings.
Discarded acorns
on path running feet crunching
a noisy processional.

The floodplain forest
in the gorge sits below. I
run above counting the leaves
and attending to the view
of river almost hidden.

Past the lake street bridge
halfway to Hill a railroad
trestle spans the gorge
not used much for crossing trains
just holding bright blue yarn bombs.

At the top of the
Hill there's so much to see—two
Bridges the River
Downtown. But at the bottom
all you can see is the top.

No matter where I
run one thing remains the same
the Mississippi
always there always beside
me always flowing downstream.

god

today I saw god
near the end of my long run
a verb not a noun
the act of being upright
performed by Daily Walker

since starting to run
and to write while running this
walker has been here
faithfully walking moving
being outside near the gorge

today I noticed
and said "good morning" instead
of just running by
an act of pure attention
performed beside the river