

## Poem by Greg Delanty

### *In a Diner Above the Lamoille River*

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The rocks below on the river trail foam fins  
as if they swim upstream along with the salmon  
returning to their spawning grounds, leaping  
falls, freshets, the ancient anonymous struggle.  
The fish age instantly to mottled old-timers,  
dying in the nursing pools of their birth waters.  
A tour group of elderly are the only other diners,  
their skin mottled not unlike the salmon.  
They seem to get along. They jaw about the weather,  
the water height, the amount to tip.  
One woman's trembling hand fills the diner questionnaire  
with praise. I scribble this on the back of mine,  
and tip the kind waitress a little more than usual.  
She laid their steaming bowls like a priestess setting  
her libation on the altar of trembling elder gods.