

Riverfall

by Simmons B. Buntin

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32 poems, 64 pages

"A bold collection embracing intriguing ideas and finding new views on established themes."

— Books Ireland

"*Riverfall* is a beautiful contribution to the conversation on place and belonging in the natural world."

— Alison Hawthorne Deming, author of
Science and Other Poems, Genius Loci and others

About *Riverfall*

From its beginning—with a body "ecstatic in the swirling/rhythm of itself"—to its closing—"the slow echo of stone chipping stone"—**RIVERFALL** is a collection of poetry filled with the real and imagined geography within and around us. The first section, *A Body of Water*, spans the Western hemisphere, from the trickle of a mountain stream to a series of eloquent letters by Charles Darwin to his sister, circa 1832. *On the Orchard's Edge* explores the brambly places at the edges of fields and mangrove swamps and startling memories. The book closes with *The Last Harvest*, a selection of beautiful, mythical, and often haunting reflections on place, and the places we can no longer attain. Altogether, RIVERFALL possesses you like the archaeologist in "The Bone," where you'll find yourself "flowering/down while my blood runs to the river."

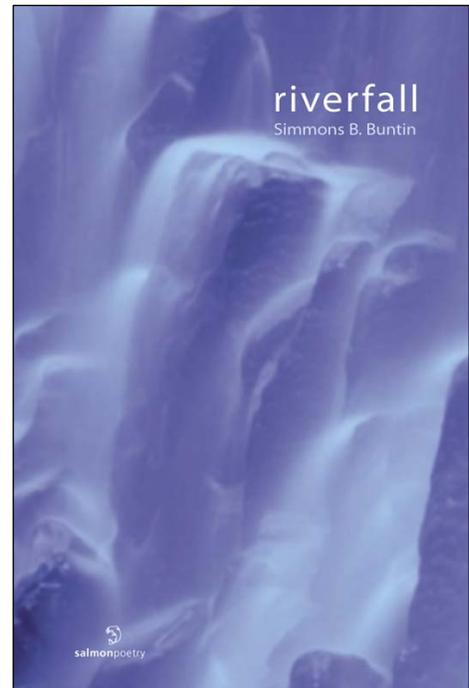
About the Author

SIMMONS B. BUNTIN is the founding editor of *Terrain.org: A Journal of the Built & Natural Environments*, an award-winning international journal at www.terrain.org. His own American terrain has varied from the rolling hardwood hills of Maryland to the flagstone trails of the Colorado Front Range, the scrub oak hammocks of Central Florida to the thorny scarps of the Sonoran desert, where he lives today in Tucson, Arizona. His passions include sustainable urban design, hiking, photography, and his wife and two daughters. His poetry has appeared in numerous North American journals and anthologies, and he is a recipient of the Colorado Artists Fellowship for Poetry.

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Indigo Bunting

This is music, he said,
and his voice climbed
the thin ladder of air

like a cat chases moths,
tumbled like
the river desperate

in flood—his chest filling
with the thick
liquid of song. This

is music: not so much
the silver-chorded calls
or the silent intervals

of indigo flash
between yellowgreen limbs,
but the complete cessation:

the wind, the river, the earth's
core groaning
among its fiery teeth

to hear this simple song.