

## THREE SPRINGS

Up where forests have pushed  
back through fences, belief  
comes more easily, comes  
sometimes, for us, despite  
all our learning, even  
as it comes for that man  
we both love. Remember  
the day he took us  
away from the lake,  
from the roads, far  
into a valley, fern-covered  
and filled with the high calls  
of warblers ready to mate.  
Remember and this might help  
you when, shaking,  
you stand outlined before  
our window, drawing from its blank  
chill what comfort you can  
against the fear mounting at night.  
He showed us the stream  
overgrown in watercress,  
kept fresh, he assured us,  
even in the heart  
of the harshest winter  
by the three springs he led  
us to. Water rising,  
unbidden, always rising,  
spreading in an arc of green.  
Remember and this might help  
you as it helps that man,  
our friend, who knows more  
than I know of fear's  
hard presence. Remember this:  
we pushed our hands into them,  
down through water and sand  
until we could bury our shoulders  
in that pulse of cold water.

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