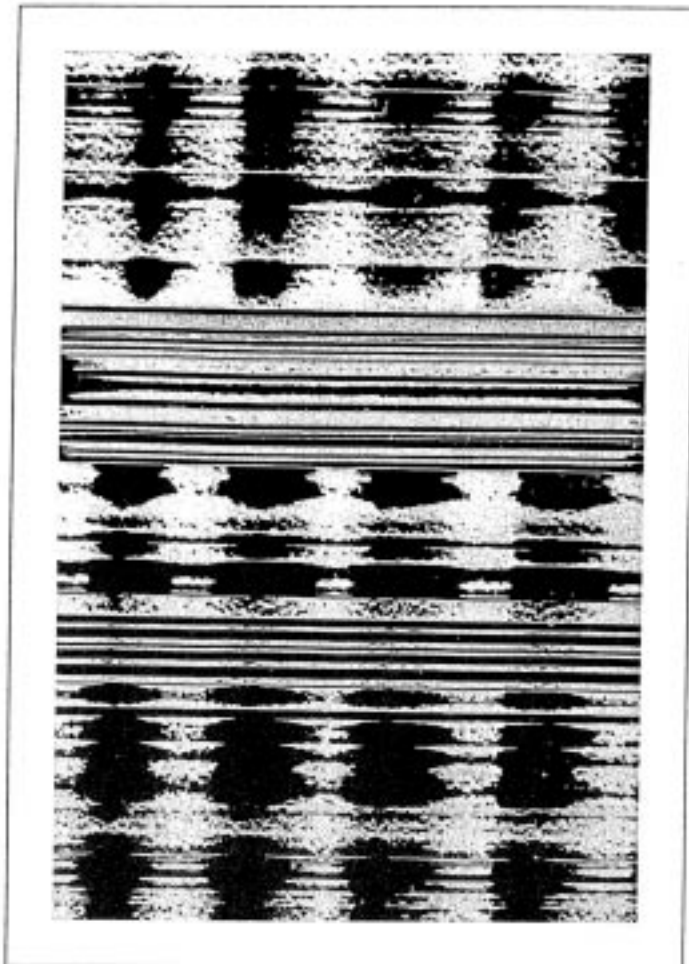

S U L P H U R
R I V E R

L I T E R A R Y R E V I E W

Volume
XIV

Number
Two

Autumnal Equinox
1998



Detail of "Echolate I"

DELPHINUS

Tiffany Trent

That dolphins
simply
walked along the shore
and longed
for the wide, salt sea;
that they
sat mutely
on their haunches
til the moon made
them speak
then they
vanished in the process
of becoming
and were dumb
and reborn
not from ribs
nor from mud
but they heard
that silvery light
as it swung
quivering
on the spreading shore
and went down sweet
into waves
to drown
and rise up
in breathless arcs,
burning air
and water into smoke,
more like the moon
than the tide intended,
that is what I sing
when I walk
incredulous

into unintelligible ocean--
my two legs
and their gliding fusion.

BLOSSOMING

Tiffany Trent

They wonder
what is left
after the body
opens
into stalk
into leaf
into flower
into pollen
into wind.
And bees
and death
and the going-inward.
They wonder
what is left
what is life
but I see
that dark, little
half-secret.
That the soil
is the eternal seed
of the mind.