



River Relations

On our way to the randomly chosen spot
where we could see the towering glaciers above
the memory of Gunga Jamna and Sutluj
was not easy to quell

With my brother standing beside me
slowly I dropped the ashes of my father
into the icy water

Now whenever I remember my father
it is the Squamish river I think about
one rupturing relationship
giving birth to a new one

The strangeness of the place melted
a personal image now flows in memory
perhaps that's what my father meant
by relations of rivers to men

—Sadhu Binning