

Sylvia Ashby

The River

On the bank
the river between us.
I, tottering--you
standing firm, seemingly.
No one moves

as the water widens
heading south
to the Gulf,
our eventual destiny.
I, hidden in greenery

watching the river slide by
steady as time. Till
the day darkens. I
still waving
from this distant shore.

Sylvia Ashby returned to her theatre projects this year-- acting in plays, traveling to see her productions, and working on new scripts. Though her poetry can be found in many lit mags: *Constellations*, *Peacock Journal*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Red River Review*, etc.