

## Oh Muskingum

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Your bends and curves an alchemy of amalgamation the Tuscarawas and Walhonding, those wily washes urging you south where the Licking awaited you, mingled, hitched a ride alongside, the lot of you swashing into the Ohio, your mossy banks thick with hemlock and black birch.

Once home to Algonquian,
Hopewell, Adena and Shawnee,
generations carving their lives
from your rugged spine
long before Sproat and Putnam
paddled your depths, before
their Gunter's chains measured,
claimed and named your wilderness.

The Northwest Territory thought to tame you, constrain you to its newfangled ways, sandstone locks and bristly dams, steam-powered vessels wrestling, cresting, puffing their way into the future, mistaking your reliance for compliance, your temper fueled by squall and flurry, your worst freshet a crest—58 feet, Marietta, Ohio, every wrath a humbling, your message clear, start over, do better.

We have scrambled, gambled, bled and wept. Your Siren's song calls and we sing, your wild sighs beg us to love you, so we elegize how ardently we do.