



SUSAN FOSTER BROWN

THE HUDSON, AT STORM KING

The Hudson's opulence of color has its own sense
Our senses seldom see: what we call river-green
Is more a slate-blue from the turquoise sky reflected;
The dark flat-grayness of the distant waves is seen
As glinting whiteness as it's running through your hands;
The verdant mountain's shadow is purple and mist-complected
In the water's glass; and the yellow sun across the dense
Translucent surface refracts to blinding silver bands
And gold and copper fragments of a ceaseless dance.
In colors, too, she travels her own way, not man's.

Kirkpatrick Sale