

## ABSTRACT

### RIVER, ROCK, POMEGRANATE

These poems are intensely anchored by place, as I was, growing up by the San Joaquin River. Living in the country, I ate grapes and apricots in the sunlight, fell asleep to the hoots of owls and the howls of coyotes, and knew that Orion watched over me always. I wandered through my childhood and watched. Fish darted through the river I stood in, and later words darted through my head and I knew I had to write. Now I speak in small ripples of water, in the sighing of wind through sycamore leaves. I gather words like small pebbles. I cannot ask for more.

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