

BESIDE THE RIVER

in the shadow of the day
between the water and the wind
something must end
for something to begin

the current is running one way
and the wind is blowing the other
crosscurrents colliding
i'm glad i am just watching
navigating this river wouldn't be easy

observe and absorb

a heron stands knee deep on the shore
calm and patient as the morning dew
standing on the threshold of what is ancient
and what is new

an arbutus tree is growing out of a rock
how do they do that
there's nowhere to go but the river
your fate is predestined
i am waiting for you says the river

today i sit beside the river
like the heron and the tree
i am there for them
and they are here for me

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