

## **Singing River**

The river sings its song.  
The course of the ridge  
sputters a broken chord.

She gives me my time  
which is a loving stretch  
where wonder flies.  
Her given curves and subjective crawl  
compel us to move on.

Motion or a rather heart speed  
picks up the grasping for its current.  
It is here the heart can teach.

The river sings its song.  
A beautiful duet will catch up  
for us both

Time measures where the  
power lines drape above and  
harness the power of movement.  
Trees along the banks let  
women and men exit.

The quiet of nature  
and the river's song  
feed the happiness of our souls.