

The River

There is a river
Beneath all time.
As a silver pulse beats unknown
The silent fount flows silver and bright
Her bubbles of new sound stretch into my heart
As the snow upon your neck
As the wind upon your cheek
As the home we all share
For we shall return unto light and liquid
And have within us
A taste of all worlds spilling forever up and out
As a river feeds and nourishes from below
Glad and silver is its splashing heart
A splashing silver fount
...beneath time.

And into the sweetest waters
I cast my heart
My eye spent into the deepest places
Moving as warmth and laughter
...can you hear me?...
For I am warm and light
Circling as a whisper turns
Cast of shadow and light
Spilled up in silence
Turning
As a cloud holds light
...full and drenched through
Spilling the day into your eye and your heart
Can you hear me?
For I am thinking of you.

Come to me
For you are me
And I you
A whisper calls into sea and sky
To find you
To name you
...and call you near.
Is there a reason you do not know me?
Here, look...
My heart spills out
As a river
Golden and warm is the heart of caring

Sweet and silver is the note
The note which has heard
Our name.

So warm and sweet is my heart
Now liquid and spilling
Flowing into the air
Spilling down and below
Across and through all things.
You are this way too
...did you know that?
Do you know
...this is your name too?

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