

## **The Endless River**

Where does the circle start?

As a drop going up, or down?

Oscillating thread of life and death,

Always the same, but never repeated,

Though the course is set.

Trickling, burbling, larking plaything -

Whirling foment of thunder.

This is The River

Restoring, feeding, sustaining;

Malevolent surging force.

This is The River

Fountain of joy, peace, life and love;

Torpid pool of despair.

This is The River.

And so the circle goes round,

Ever round.

The pace slows.

The ocean beckons.

This River's course is almost run.

Journey's end and beginning,

As all becomes one in the boundless sea.

Home at last.

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