

# The River

## I.

Once told to me: His subtle, effervescent glory be  
Quite a steady route, and quietly then rippled by  
Instead 'twas I, no different than my hungry awe,  
Witnessed by a nature yet grander than my pride  
To see the richness of early autumn by the riverside  
Leafy splendor etched by change, turning ever forth  
In seasons gently canvassed by the mirthful soil  
The unequivocal river groomed my heart a royal pass  
Inwardly the compass to beauty that will always last  
That each drop, as would moments in the play of time  
Be simply water the mind may agitate to render more  
Between two walls of earth, the river is no bigger dent  
Than if dammed, yet however be it thirsted by desire-  
Undone, the Artist whose production own  
Or this wanting for creation never meant.  
Even to be yet enriched by heavy golden brush strokes  
Heaven's light reflected, pastel-caressed so bodily near  
Costume surrendered, so from it did my spirit dance  
Like wind upon lively waters running eternally clear  
Untouched, His passion, by earth's divided restraint  
'Twas as unmatched as is the memory to fulfillment  
For no longing holds the key, nor be there a substitute  
Is God but Love, a radiating source unlimited for thee-  
By the purity of His truth, would we then redeemed be  
And pained not, for the uplifting of its reverence?  
For, if hope becomes unknown by something less,  
Its object so perfected by reflection, no less unreal  
Impatience would outwait the fruition of a dream-  
Of an equal measure, whose investments unaligned;  
But one with God, who'd a miracle quickly perform  
It seems in both the swiftness and stillness of time  
As the heart that does miraculously beat  
Its only effort would painstakingly divine  
The sap of triumph from tempting defeat  
Oh, sorrow did distort that remembrance  
The glorious confection once to be shared  
In the quietude of prayer no longer sweet

## II.

While the river and I had indeed become  
Quite the inseparable pair  
And lost instead upon His flowing mercy  
As dust of my judgments  
That whatever the mind may find unfair  
Be then readily reconciled  
Not then would such peace be the after-life yet touched upon,  
But, in the footsteps of this day's birth,  
The fullness of God who walks on earth  
Then did the river, or did He, bring such bliss that day to me  
But for the nightfall of such tender age  
Would my yearning to know again  
His providence of truth, in spirit,  
Stand up bravely memory's wait?  
To then patiently endure the day of life  
Diligently toil even by the faintest tune  
Disconcerting notes that played upon the lightly falling snow  
The river's surface freezing to the embankment, itself sedate  
But faithfully there, where in silence the river's depth I knew  
Did spring reside in the heart  
Of winter's darkest, icy doom  
That would the flame of truth  
Burn upon the altar of Love's eternal and holy remembrance  
The music of angels, never did I hear among the echoed arts  
Slovenly trends to a fading heaven bound  
Who listen without joy, do not inquire deeply where it starts  
From God, lest my prayer becomes a silent search for sound  
Together, though, a way learned well  
Beneath the ice or rapids, the mirror where such colour fell  
The changeless river flows there, ever merciful  
To strife; set deeply to the countenance of time  
The face of God who can be seen upon the water of life  
And ever to be treasured in a place that's always mine  
Beauty, prevailing, is the silver dew  
For a garden of watchful guardians  
Dapples the silences of spirit; truth glints and drifts ashore  
Where I did pray in my youth to humbly attend  
Joined by the birds of spring for March to send  
Who in my heart, did merrily chatter and sing  
Only when together did to joy our voices bring

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