

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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