As a child you play in the river
Splashing, jumping, swimming.

Child becomes teen, loses interest, ignores the desperate cry of the river
“Come back… Come back…”

All that was once loved has changed.

Now it’s movies, cars, and talking with friends
on cell phones.

The music of the river is almost gone from your heart.

Teens turn to twenties and twenties turn to thirties.

Now spending more and more time working
Working to have food and a place to call home.

But then
the beauty of the river finds you.

The freedom of it
as it passes and trickles between rocks and trees
sweeping away all other thoughts.

As you age and work to retirement the river has aged with you.

Now polluted and untouched by children
Grassy, sloping river banks are now homes
Pavement along a stream
Hardly a river.

And now you sit
There next to the river
And you tell it everything.

And the river listens.