

Jane Marczewski**"River"**

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On the first blank page of a story
Where no feet have walked before
The stones I step are staring at me
Drawing footprints toward the shore

Furrowed brow on the bank of a river
Watching all the fools float away
Upon their whim and swift obedience
To whatever the culture may say

But I, I, I will not be swept away

When the old dam breaks I be ready
As the deep cries out to deep
And the breakers of tribulation and trial wash over me

But I, I, I will not be swept away

When the old dam breaks and it will
I be ready as the deep cries out
As the white waters come, I be strong, I be strong
As the river flows on

I, I, I will not be swept away

I, I, I will not be swept away

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