

Dry The River "History Book"

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Like faithful oxen through the chalk,
With dragging tails of history walk.
Soon confuse the compass and the cross.
Carefully and cursively we fill our travelling diaries with
loss.

Beneath an angry Bible flood,
Did you and I first learn to love.
In my father's car we came to know.
And shivered in our painted clothes and paired like
every animal below.

As heavy as a history book can be,
I will carry it with me, oh Lord.
And maybe when the bitterness has gone,
There'll be sweetness on our tongues once more.

Barefoot in a rowing boat,
You lose your shoes and freeze your toes.
And say I wear my sorrow like a crown.
And throw your arms around my head, and see it there
in gold and red and brown.

As heavy as a history book can be,
I will carry it with me, oh Lord.
And maybe when the bitterness has gone,
There'll be sweetness on our tongues once more.

We'll soon forget our parents' names,
Like dogs will drive the wolves away.
And weep with fingertips opposed,
Like a church where nobody congregates.

But sweetness sings in the pasture,
We throw ourselves on the mercy of the earth.
If sand and salt have the answer,
Then the act itself will be louder than the word.

And I'll be on your side.

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