

Michael McGuire

"The Ghost Of A River"

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THE GHOST OF A RIVER

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You can trace her skeletal remains that still whisper of
water and woe,

just a dry tear now it once cried rain and rainbow, you
can see the

polished and sculpted bed of stone, and imagine the
artist that carved

and caressed this bone, you wonder on the landscape;
did she once

bathe in this dust, did the flow of her milk deliver
unction for this rust.

And if you stay thru the stillness of your night findings,
you can hear

the ghost of a river.

Only the river knows what time it is and winds no mortal
clock, she

now has passed her wisdom to the senseless reason of
the rock,

improvised hieroglyphics and babblings that sound no
more but can

only be read, yes this her tombstone for this is where
she would bury

her dead, now this lonesome unanswered wind is all
that's left of the

current she used to pull, she used to drive like a vein of
diamonds into

the night when the moon was full.

And if you can strain the silence of the weary stars
from your pulse,

you can hear the ghost of a river.

This print of her unmannered glory still moves all who
take the sight,

in the windings and wanders still live her lust fed
plight, and you

dream on the colors of her depths and shallows divine,
and you wonder

if her waters ever flowed with lava and wine, in
antediluvian rains she

was drenched the true soul of time, not clock driven as
man; much

more like an engine of rhyme.

If you stop all thought and subordinate all senses to
wonder, you can
feel the ghost of a river.
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