

Angela Evans**"The River"**

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When they met at the river, he could see her standing there,
She wore a dress made of linen and a flower in her hair,
And they stayed for a while, making drawings in the sand,
And they knelt by the river where the water meets the land.

Ten years passed, he came to her,
A nervous tone, she'd never heard,
With trembling hands, gave her a note,
In boyish words, he wrote.

If I go to the river, will I see you standing there,
In a dress made of linen, and a flower in your hair,
Will you stay for a while, making drawings in the sand

So she went to the river, and she saw him standing there,
In a suit from his father, and a flower for her hair,
He pulled a ring from his pocket as he gently took her hand,
And he knelt by the river, where the water meets the land.

A lifetime passed, a fairy tale,
Three children grown, their love prevailed,
Until the day, he knelt alone,
And traced the words, upon her stone.

If you go the river, you will see me standing there,
I'll wear a dress made of linen and a flower in my hair,
You will find me forever, in our drawings in the sand,
I will wait by the river, where the water meets the land.

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