

Claire Hamill

"The River Song"

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Picking up the whispers from the seagulls
Watching people creeping home
River old and beautiful you listen
Do you know where they come from
Your currents flowing through their minds
But no-one sees the centuries it takes
To build the memories behind

Sliding through the cities, early morning
As the sun begins to wake
And time has stopped to watch you gliding past
To waken your youthful body naked
You've watched the walls and concrete grow from
bushes
In the twinkling of an eye
And in another twinkle you will watch them
You will watch them as they die.

Reflecting summer skies and hazy sunshine
Playing music through the reeds
A light orchestral silence greets your presence
While your happiness is freed
And your beauty spreads over about you
through the countryside
And softly greets the trees
And everywhere the morning sings a chorus
That is echoed by the breeze

Alone and yet majestically you travel
Painting pictures of the sky
And catching old reflections from around you
In the mirrors of your eye
River in the morning snatching sunlight
Weaving patterns in the day
You've lived a thousand centuries and still
Your beauty grows, it never fades

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