

# The River

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I look out across the meandering river  
A waterfall roars in the background  
The stresses of life are left behind  
An idyllic location I have found.

There are many such places, that we know  
Just waiting to be discovered  
Follow the river to its source  
More vistas will be uncovered.

Rivers are full of mystery  
As they flow down to the sea  
They often begin with springs from the ground  
Their bubbling waters a calming sound.

Over pebbles and rocks the waters race  
Seeking the channel to follow  
Tumbling down over waterfalls  
Into a deep watery hollows.

Streams and rivulets join in the flow  
The river widens and deepens  
It now moves slow and majestic  
And viewed with new perspective.

Throughout its journey it flows under bridges  
Built with the labour of man  
Wood and stone, iron and steel  
The width of the river they span.

Finally reaching the end of its journey  
The river disgorges its load  
Its life now fades to nothing  
As it comes to the end of the road.

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