

The River

In total fear, I stand and wait on shore
For battle that will wage 'tween man and stream.
The raft is pushed to ford; I take an oar
And gaze upon the frothing foam and dream.

The world of waves that others see as art
Fills me with fear unquenchable and strong
As if the river lives within my heart,
A frothing storm. My soul rings like a gong.

I crest the water white and venture out
And fly down river frothing, face my foes,
As fear so dreaded washed away with doubt;
My soul was free, my heart, it simply glows.

The vast unknown I feared for far too long
But facing it I knew that I was wrong.