

The River Journey

I was born high in the hills,
jumped over stones,
chuckling and laughing.

I listened to winds playing
In the heather.

I grew into a bubbling burn,
wandered through fields,
yellow with buttercups

I made music, singing songs,
in the sunshine.

I became a shining stream,
wound my way among stones,
silver with darting fish.

I danced with long shadows
in the evening.

I hurried over rocks, under
bridges, grown up at last,
my waters wide and deep, till
I tumbled into the open arms
of the sea.