

The River That Meanders

Oh, the river that meanders has an
aimless kind of flow...
in the sense that such a river seems to
not know where to go.
Is it right or left, or left or right? Who
cares? And I don't know.
Yet it's that lack of clear direction that
the river seems to show!

Oh the river that meanders suggests a
valley with low slope,
as it twists and turns and cuts a course
that offers little hope
of telling why it went that way... an
aquatic king of grope.
For the river, twisty river, looks a bit
like some blue rope.

Oh the river that meanders has a kind
of strange appeal...
with its artistic looking patterns... but
believe me they are real.
Now you may think such rivers with the
land have cut a deal,
for they take from one another, but yet
they do not steal.

Oh the river that meanders lets you
know where it has been
with its separated oxbows and its bank-eroding spin.
Yet that slowly moving river hardly ever makes a din,
and the river is a lifeline for feather, fur, and fin.

Oh you river, twisty river, tell me what will be your fate?
Will you twist yourself apart? Have you ever had a spate?
Those sandbanks on your inside bank don't care if you are late.
So flow and let flow river, your meanders are just great!



Photograph: Aerial view of the Mississippi River by William Keys (USA)

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