

THE RIVER

By Jamey Halley

The River,

Beginning at the source,
Passes first the trees,
Flows beside the small towns,
Meanders between the hills,
 Past the mills
 And rocks
 And falls
 And quiet fields
To find its way, eventually,
Out into the open sea.

The River

Flows past each,
One by one and never stalls
And still the River
 Is All one thing
At the mills and hills
And fields and falls.

And We

Who are made like God,
Are like the River, too.
As old as hills and earth itself
And every moment new.