

# The River

We look upon the map which shows  
The river's winding course  
We can see how it meanders  
And can trace it to its source

We can see the little blue lines  
Representing every bend  
And can follow them from where they start  
Until their journey's end

But though we see the river  
With its curves and turns and twists  
We must not assume we know it  
For it's so much more than this

See, what a map can't show us  
Is how fast the water flows  
How that water's warm in summer  
How it freezes when it snows

It can't show how the water level  
Rises with the rain  
Or show all the plants and creatures  
That the river can contain

It doesn't show the children  
Who have played along its banks  
How it's turquoise-blue in daytime  
But at midnight shimmers black

A map can't show the families  
Who have picnicked at its edge  
Or the lovers who have kissed there  
Or the faces it reflects

We think we know the river  
But it far exceeds our thoughts  
For we're forgetting all the stories  
That have thrived along its course

Yes, we may see how it starts and ends  
And turns and doubles back  
But a river's so much more  
Than little blue lines on a map

