

# River Poetry

## River Runs Free

BY DAVID WINDLE

River runs free river runs free  
along the rocky ridge and down  
towards the sea  
river runs free river runs free  
like the wind and birds  
and you and me.

As the slow sky turns  
and the deep sun burns  
and the dark earth  
rests beneath  
river runs free river runs free  
like a glittering seam of stars.

As the leaves draw light  
from the woven air  
and the grass drinks hard  
from the frozen soil  
river runs free towards the sea  
like a rope of silver silk.

As the quiet fish dive  
and the birds alight  
and the jungle  
sings with life  
river runs free with you and me  
and the horizon calling endlessly.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t50MfSn63oo>

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide for ever flowing  
by the throne of God?  
Gather at the river!  
Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Yes well gather at the river  
that flows by the throne of God.  
Shall we gather? Shall we gather at the  
river?

# The Immortal River

BY DAVID WINDLE

River you flow on  
Endless and strong.  
River with your crown of reeds  
Tough and tender in the wind  
Slanting like the arrows of a hunter  
Bent towards where the open mouth  
Swallows the sea.

River you flow on  
Thick and dark, sometimes  
Clear and gleaming  
Coiled mud and broken sun  
Entangle and diffuse  
Then re-swirl like smoke and snakes  
And avenues of trees and long lost  
laughter.

River you flow on  
Carrying your rafts of leaf fall  
And broken weed and slender fish  
And frogspawn and sea fruit  
And the voices of children and men  
And women on the skin of the water  
Under the skin of the salmon  
In the soil at the bank  
And adrift at the sudden shelf where you  
deepen  
Like a mountain.

River you flow on  
With the memory of knights on horseback  
Rows of flags and frothing plumes  
At your side  
Hoof marks and the tang of sword  
Left indented. Immortal as the light of the  
sun  
Upon an upturned face  
And the stone set in the eye of the dead.