

THE RIVER

Steve Meeks
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There is The River which never stops
Coming from the Mountain top
Ever-flowing its varied ways
It carries me through all my days

I fancied myself a sailor once
But wisdom proved I was a dunce
That was in my younger years
Before The River unveiled my fears

I tried to venture toward the Source
Safe within my boat of course
But The River had other plans
And tossed my boat upon the sand

"I can swim; I'm young; I'm strong."
The River knew that I was wrong
Yet in I went, away from shore
Happy on my way once more

Through quiet currents wide and deep
The River seemed to be asleep
Lazy days and sunlight warm
Shocking came the loud alarm:

"Get out now, while you can,
The River can't be swum by man.
You do not understand the course
Further down there's too much force!"

The swimmer looked so old and weak
"Old man, you know not what I seek.
I'm young and strong, I'll stay the course;
I can swim through any force!"

I could tell he'd given up
Had not the courage to drink the cup
"I can do it; I'm sure I'm right."
But I had not faced The River's night

From the far bank, another voice:
"Young man, there is an easier choice."
At his feet a bucket sat
There he had his answer pat

"River water. Just dip it in!
Why get wet by a pointless swim?"
"But sir, The River's always in a flux
You cannot simply scoop it up."

He never seemed to understand
The River's nature can't be found
In tepid water from his pail
So on I swam, I would not fail

Without warning came the sound
A roaring noise all around
Water rushing down a dip
The River had me in its grip

"I can do this. I know I can.
I'm strong, I'll make my way to land.
I can navigate this roll."
But then The River took control

Tossing, twisting, up or down?
I began to realize I might drown
Trying hard to be so tough
I thought the fight was bad enough

But then my fears became the cup
Spit it out or drink it up
It matters not what you do
The River tumbles over you

The loss of way, the loss of will
The River, will it never still?
Thinking surely I would die
I cried out, "Oh River, why?"

The River's Voice, "You must let go."
"But I don't want to lose control!"
Deepest fears are surfacing
In the torrent's crushing stream

The River knew just what to do
Though I never had a clue
Self to The River I must give
For I must die, if I'm to live

Young and strong, smart and bold
Even courage of my soul
All laid down, a trembling heap
Yielded at The River's feet

Weary, worn, surrendered meek
Then I heard The River speak,
"Rest my child, trust in me;
I'll take you to your destiny."

On that day, I learned to float
Not to swim or row a boat
I let The River take control
And it healed my weary soul

Now I ride The River's course
Whether gentle or raging force
Sometimes it takes me underground
In darkness where there is no sound

It matters not, the Way I know
Simply trust The River's flow
The Truth has been revealed to me
This water's Life will set you free

The River from the Mountain top
Springs from Hope that never stops
Now by that Hope, my soul enticed
The River takes to Paradise