

Rivershore

They carried their bed above their heads
Down to the rivershore
They set it down and on its ground
They lay in ecstasy
Flowing in and out of each other

They made their children out of clay
Taught them to play and wonder
Gave them lessons and chores
Tickling giggles and joyful roars
Battles and tears
Anger and laughs
Good times and bad
Then they went their way
Out into the world
Call if you must
Stop by when you can

Then up the hill they carried their bed
Away from the rivershore
Its rolling sounds ground now to songs
of trilling birds
In the forest's green deep
Laying their bed to sleep
They float above the leaves
Into a maroon blue sky
And sail away in naked blasephamy
To a place of no regard
And with happy tears
They kiss their lips
And fade to forgotten
Memory