

# The River

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Light glistens on dark ripples  
flowing quietly  
while romans conquer  
flowing kindly  
while Tudors betray  
flowing peacefully  
while wars play  
flowing softly  
while grandeur  
rises

smooth arms of slow water  
wrap around the land  
to lightly nuzzle  
the upstream bank  
smoothing the furrowed sand

down deep into the river  
ink-black  
I sense the infinite yet see the bottom  
what secret  
when i can look right through it?

I have looked all my life  
into its beauty  
it has flowed  
always toward this moment  
always constant  
always changing

but my presence  
also alters its course  
one tiny eddy  
one degrees more  
downstream will now be different

sphinxes fix the needle  
that points to the clear clean limitless sky

afraid of falling upwards into them  
I grip the bronze handrail  
of the Victoria embankment  
my fingers trace figures  
like braille  
and I recognise  
Rodin's gates of hell

a tinkling stream flows uphill  
contravening the laws of reason  
contradicting the bonds of convention  
outpouring into me

soft undulations of little waves  
rocking gently  
to the currents  
that pull secretly  
beneath the magic of the shimmering light  
that catches the stars dancing on water  
in a pure reflection

