

And you are no longer river to me
And you are no longer river to me
Though your coarsing remain
Eager to acquaint me
And you are no longer docile stream
And you are no longer docile stream
Though your patience proves you into ease

And once this spark met kindling
Forgets its gentle ambling
Becoming heat, becoming steam
Becoming luminescent glee
Atoms splinter, sparkling
Alive and nimble symmetry
And all along, this glistening
Blankets we and everything
Shadows dance triumphantly
A wordless whisper sighs and pleas
Little deaths envelope thee
You and I and a flame make three
You and I and a flame make three
You and I and a flame make three

And you are not glassy bay to me
And you are not glassy bay to me
Though my tired fleet abides in your gentle breeze
And you are now vast and open sea
And my mind travels you endlessly
And you beckon, toss and toss and swallow me

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Forgets its gentle ambling
Becoming heat, becoming steam
Becoming luminescent glee
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