

The river itself feeds on souls The suicides, the ones who let go of the controls Like the woman whose beauty they couldn't replace The morgue even made a plaster cast of her face There's at least one a week, more women than men For some reason or other, it changes by season It sometimes has nightmares, which truly is frightening When the sky becomes filled with bouquets of lightning Raindrops seeping into the letter box while I'm sleeping Makes it seem like those who wrote me were weeping The river's emotional with waves made of mercury Sometimes brutal, sometimes nurturing It rocks me to sleep with oscillations of anguish It whispers its secrets but in its own language It leaves me to languish, it breaks all of my promises It threatens my premises, it's my friend and my nemesis My houseboat is well suited for finer affairs I think, it just needs a few minor repairs It's like a lawnchair chapel, to make an analogy Moss at the waterline, skirted with algae Held together with the help of nothing but trust The chimney and water tank is covered with rust Shutters cover windows, some of which are stained glass All the way around the deck is a railing of plain brass Unpolished and pretty, Norweigan design From the front there's a clothes line reaching behind To the back where the anchor and gang plank hang out There's a chance you might see two or three pairs of pants waving in the wind The inside is wooden, by every means reinforced, all around by heavy beams Low ceilings and oil lamps, candles and incense A great big bed that would be fit for a princess Pot bellied stove, transistor radio Roll top desk, this is the way to go A person can dream here and write with impunity The sunlight is proper, there is endless opportunity The views are inspiring, bare and chameleon Reflections and shadows play on the ceiling Troubles are handled with propriety and no delay All I have to do is pull the anchor up and float away