

River Song



My voice may lull and soothe your troubled mind
With sweet concentric notes of layered song
And if the ropes of living tightly bind
I'll loose those knots and carry you along

My dance is carefree, wild, I twist and whirl
Around the tree roots wet and gnarled and mossed
And over stones I rush, wavelets unfurl
The pillowed rocks are rolled and knocked and tossed

My breath is cool as mountains, pure and chill
As ice that once this verdant valley made
Now splash your tired feet and drink your fill
Amongst my pools of autumn brown and jade

But when the sky sheds endless days of rain
My voice is thunder and the roar of pain

Helen Pinoff

Image of Foley's Falls, Glenaniff from Cycle Leitrim