

Flowing with grace she moves backwards  
All surrounding life moving north she carries south  
Wild geese flock together  
the river flows alone  
Forget a set path  
she will flow as she pleases  
A motion that could never be stopped  
Cold winters have tried but her ripples never freeze  
tumbled off the edge of cliffs  
her movement will proceed  
A patch of grass may help her slow, though it's never been too easy  
She is dampened with strength  
forever flowing where she sees  
But *why* does she flow?  
Where must she go?  
The river goes home  
homecoming she goes