

WHERE YOU BEGIN LIKE RIVERS

JOHN V. HICKS

Where you begin like rivers
I hear a sweet singing;
the little stones have voices.
I and the flood tide
are one; we gather and rush on together
under the steeped mountain; we are flying
horses that leap and thunder and are thrown
over a brink and far
out, far down, far on
into a tranquillity of waters;
and faint through the ensuing silence I
hear again the small rock voices,
the sweet singing,
where you begin like rivers.