

A poem for my friend

Some people are as the mountainous rivers
That skip over the rocks
Unruly, sparkling, laughing
And I have such a friend
She really is a delight
She loves me listening

There are the other rivers, the dull and boring rivers,
Quiet, expansive, safe navigable.
Dutifully they carry the boats on their backs.
I do have such a friend,
That, like a quiet river
Carries on her strong shoulders
Everyone who in travel
Relieved will rest in the boat:
She soothes the thirst, and tames their pain

She is of silver on the sunny days
Grey, when the sky is grey
She shines with the light reflected on her surface
Deeply she hides the life heavy with its own secrets
These rivers do not fail
And flow, strong by themselves
So does she really need me?

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