Rhythms

By the river's,
By the Hudson's
The grass in which I stand upon
Is soft, and sings a lover's song.
Without a fear of dour thoughts,
Or days that hold no dreams or thrills,
The night has wept away fears, and sneers
Of all the stars that hand above
The river's will.

The wind blows soft, and calm against my skin,
Though I perched still upon the land that flows,
And knows of all the river's will.

The air is cool beneath the tree
That feeds upon the dying weed,
Taken from the living earth,
So the tree may still give birth
To all the days, and summer nights
Beneath its skin, behind the light
Protected from the wrongs, and rights,
Beside the river's will.

~by Todd Aaron Horneck