

And you are no longer river to me  
And you are no longer river to me  
Though your coarsing remain  
Eager to acquaint me  
And you are no longer docile stream  
And you are no longer docile stream  
Though your patience proves you into ease

And once this spark met kindling  
Forgets its gentle ambling  
Becoming heat, becoming steam  
Becoming luminescent glee  
Atoms splinter, sparkling  
Alive and nimble symmetry  
And all along, this glistening  
Blankets we and everything  
Shadows dance triumphantly  
A wordless whisper sighs and pleas  
Little deaths envelope thee  
You and I and a flame make three  
You and I and a flame make three  
You and I and a flame make three

And you are not glassy bay to me  
And you are not glassy bay to me  
Though my tired fleet abides in your gentle breeze  
And you are now vast and open sea  
And my mind travels you endlessly  
And you beckon, toss and toss and swallow me

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