

AS THE RIVER FLOWS

Ilene Rubin

RUBIN--i
AS THE RIVER FLOWS

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Take me with your ebb and flow,
Let my embers follow whence you go,
Through winding curves of yonder discourse,
Teach me what it is you know

Whilst time enough to see, to feel,
To smell the ruddy scent of tide's freedom on my heel.

What's upriver beyond the bend,
Past for mine eyes what nevermore can you lend.

Where does the river flow as you traverse downstream?
Past sight of my yearning and dreams?
On my lost love's and deathly spirit's journey,
Over the next tide, past the jetty.

Will my fleeing soul continue past my time,
Into lifetimes as your heart's desire intermingles with
mine?
For surely, as my scattered ashes float into tomorrow on the
currents of tonight, from here to towns unknown,
My vein's blood, my hopes and dreams will travel downstream
As the river flows.

How can it be that I am wasted,
My spirit most newly inspired?
How can it be that I am no more
Upon this land so freshly conspired?

On my last and final journey
While my mind screams with a burning
That in all else I was not done!
Find another to place me into
Find another, let my place be won!

Take me with you,
Oh river so swift,
Take me with you
Upon your waves I'll drift,
Until the ones are there and new,
To live again and this pain renew,
Find what it is that let this happen,
That I found my life drifting on your mires lapping.
Take me with you on your waves of hope,
Trickle past shores, my soul's last earthly rope,
Your guide to be the ever moon,
Take me with you for my soul condemned
suffers death's bell tolling much to soon,
And I shall follow where you lead,
As the river flows.

RUBIN--ii
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Scatter me over your waves ever spread,
Take me with you as my last wish and bed,
My blood cease to flow, now grey,
No longer red.

Watch me float as nothing more
Than ash and flotsam upon your door,
Say a prayer upon release,
Sing a sonnet on my decease,

Let wind and wave carry me far
To another; another life,
Another chance, no barren idle jar.
Don't let me wallow in such darkness
On a mantle in dusty slumber
nor grave's harness,

As you bend and twist and curve,
So my soul and blood reserve,
Until the time is right and good,
Until the river goes below,
The place where new births could
Continue my work, my hopes, my love . . .
As the river flows.