

The River

**The river is like a dragon
forked into fringes of frenzy,
Lapping the shores in gulps -
gorging a ghost-like figure
out of a medieval tale,
And yet, sometimes frail and silent,
it sings like a flute on a
moonlit night
Echoing the life of its past.
Bending, winding, always rolling;
strolling like a drunkard on
a rainy night,
Forever living, forever giving
finding its home in the sea.**

Carmine Lombardo