

POETRY

Romancing the Lonely River

By Lucy Auchinachie

Tucked in, cradled and rocking in rhythm
Canopy bed on the river
Moseying at a slow pace without rush
I sail through a forest of silvery hush.

I drift, arms of the water escort me
Most honoured guest of the river
Sleepily reading the palm of the land,
Enticed by the water, I dip in my hand.

She's shy, didn't expect my forthrightness
Holding the hand of the river
Sensing her diffident flow, I retreat
Withdrawing my hand, drying off on the sheet.

I think, bar her surprise, she was charmed
Due to the rift in the river
That opened before me and capsized the bed—
She wasn't put off, but enchanted instead.