

# The River

I came upon a river one night,  
it flowed as though through time.  
It was "The River of Life," my friend,  
winding through my mind.

There were people by the millions,  
some laughing and some cried.  
"The River" was the cleansing  
of which no man can hide.

They want to know the river's course  
as they stared far and wide.  
I told them our journey was not downstream,  
but only to the other side.

They studied my words with thought  
and soon they realized,  
"The River" would give Eternal Life  
and make them pure inside.

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