

THE RIVER

She is a place, I've heard it spoken,
where people fish and dance and sing
a place they gather all together
she heard them call her Bawating

and she might watch you meet your love or go to
war and
she might pull you down into her cold embrace
for these were days of dangerous rocks and rushing
water
when bravery and skill gave you your face

She is a mother with two daughters
Twin sisters split by a decree
You know she holds their names inside her
St. Mary's river, Sault Ste. Marie

And when you stand on one side you can see the
other
their mother all that's in between
Do you think those sisters ever think of one another
as they watch their stories flow by endlessly?

I wonder should I think about her?
All she ever seems to do is change
Still she has got a kind of power
There's something there that still remains

She is a place, I've heard it spoken,
A place where people gather still
She gives them beauty and her power
She always did, she always will