

## RIVER

Beneath the sky's eternal sweep,  
the river flows.

Yet its waters bear a murky, hidden prose,  
stained with the earth's embrace,  
where a secret world unfolds.

No soul dares to sail near,  
where shadows dance and play,  
in the veiled depths,  
a realm where colours fade to grey.

But in the course of time,  
a cleansing, steady hand,  
Shall sweep away the mud, unveil the river's grand.

Now crystal-clear it gleams,  
a mirror to the sky.  
Yet tranquil, almost still,  
as if bound to deep demise,  
to winter's icy touch, where frosted cold fingers cling,  
the surface turned to glass.  
A frozen, fragile thing.

Approach with caution now,  
for danger persists, in the icy tendrils' grip,  
the river's secret twist.

But as it lies in wait, another stream draws near.  
Cold and bold it flows, with tales of woe and fear.  
Dark as midnight's shade, with currents swift and strong,  
This new and frigid force, where mysteries belong,  
They mix and intertwine, their stories interlace.  
A fusion of their souls, they find their destined place.

And as they overflow,  
harmony is found.  
Two worlds once separate, in unity are bound.  
The river's long journey, a tale of transformation,  
From murkiness to clarity,  
a river's own salvation.