**River Rafts**

In the days when time sat quietly, and summers slept for centuries

The river rafts would walk the waves from St Paul to New Orleans

But men not satisfied to lie and watch the seasons saunter by

Made wings for time and flew her off into their world of dreams

From a stilted seat above the waves of the river dancing to its grave

The captain sounds his whistle on the Queen of the Reverie

Rainfall from the southern hills and shagbark from the northern mills

Swallowed in the water’s wake and swirled into the sea

The April rain comes streaming down brings colors crawling from the ground

The river spreads her sleepy head to wash the wintered soil

Now those who till the riverside they curse the water’s rushing tide

And damn her for her careless crime of spoiling nature’s toil

The Mississippi once so proud a thousand miles her waters flowed

A clear blue sleepless waterfall on a bed of polished stone

One day they stopped her at the docks, said she must wait to pass the locks

From now until she meets the sea, must travel on alone

Must drink the dreamer’s poison wine, the tugboats claw her crokked spine

The river rafts are nowhere seen, the summers scurry by

Leaned upon a broken oar the captain watches from the shore

The moonlight dancing sadly on the river dark and dry

His stain glass eyes drift summer light across the night sky scattered white

With ocean spray reflected form a sea across the lands

Death-day clouds have lost their way; they dress the sky in tattered gray

Scratch the moon till her light it drains and rains into his hands.