

# Waters Of March

## Luciana Souza

A stick, a stone  
It's the end of the road  
It's the rest of a stump  
It's a little alone.  
It's a sliver of glass  
It is life, it's the sun  
It is night, it is death  
It's a trap, it's a gun.

The oak when it blooms,  
A fox in the brush  
A knot in the wood  
The song of a thrush  
The wood of the wind  
The cliff, a fall  
A scratch, a lump  
It is nothing at all.  
It's the wind blowing free  
It's the end of the slope  
It's a beam, it's a void  
It's a hunch, it's a hope

And the riverbank talks  
Of the waters of March;  
It's the end of the strain  
It's the joy in your heart.

The foot, the ground  
The flesh and the bone  
The beat of the road  
A slingshot stone  
A fish, a flash  
A silvery glow.  
A fight, a bet  
The range of a bow.  
The bed of the well,  
The end of the line,  
The dismay in the face.  
It's a loss, it's a find.

A spear, a spike  
A point, a nail,  
A drip, a drop  
The end of the tale.  
A truckload of bricks  
In the soft morning light,  
It's the shot of the gun  
In the dead of the night.  
A mile, a must  
A thrust, a bump  
It's a girl, it's a rhyme  
It's a cold, it's the mumps.  
The plan of the house.  
The body in bed.  
And the car that got stuck.  
It's the mud, it's the mud.  
A float, a drift  
A flight, a wing  
A hawk, a quail  
The promise of spring

And the riverbank talks  
Of the waters of March  
It's the joy in your heart  
It's the joy in your heart.

A snake, a stick  
It is John, it is Joe  
It's a thorn in your hand  
Or a cut on your toe,  
A point, a grain  
A bee, a bite  
A blink, a buzzard  
A sudden stroke of night.

A pin, a needle  
A sting, a pain  
A snail, a wasp  
A riddle, a stain.

A pass in the mountains  
A horse and a mule,  
In the distance the shelves  
Grow three shadows of blue.

And the riverbank talks

Of the waters of March  
It's the promise of life  
In your heart, in your heart.

A stick, a stone,  
The end of the load,  
The rest of the stump,  
A lonesome road.  
A sliver of glass,  
A life, the sun,  
A night, the death,  
The end of the run.  
And the riverbank talks  
Of the waters of March,  
It's the end of all strain,  
It's the joy in your heart.  
It's the joy in your heart.  
It's the joy in your heart.  
It's the joy in your heart.

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Lyrics submitted by elma priela.

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