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.

Lyrics submitted by elma priela.

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