

**Thought for the day – Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> March 2023**

**By Revd John Marshall**

**The River (Trinity Sunday)**

This poem comes from Come Holy Gift by Steven Shakespeare.

I remember a 6<sup>th</sup> Form Geography field trip to Devon; we did a river survey of the Teign. We were dropped off at different points in pairs to look at the river, to measure it and look at the communities that grew up around it.

What do you think of when you are beside a river.

The River

Sit by the spring.

It is quiet here,

where hidden waters

hold out their darkness

to kiss the sun.

Test the water.

Taste the earth's depths

Its mineral tang,

a lingering touch

of beginnings.

Walk the river.

Follow its course

Down to the valley,

emptying its heart

to its dry plains.

Hear the music,  
the flowing word,  
wordlessly calling;  
see the wild things come  
to drink their fill.

Meet the ocean.  
Know the moon's pull  
to unseen currents  
and untrod shorelines.  
Take off your shoes

Feel the wild waves  
rob you of weight.  
The sea is power  
and yielding patience.  
It will guide you.

Take the tern's wings  
and look down on  
font, flow and ocean;  
none the other,  
none alone.

Watch their circle,  
the loving dance  
that holds and sets free,

makes space for you  
to join the flow.

Come Holy Gift Steven Shakespeare Canterbury Press