Waters Of March

Jane Monheit

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, the knot in the wood
The song of a thrush, the wood of the wind
A cliff, a fall, a scratch, a lump, it is nothing at all

It's the wind blowing free, it's the end of a 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 all 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
The shot of a 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 end of all strain, 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 riddle, a wasp, 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, a sun
A night, a 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