

# A River

I like the way the trees sway,  
Up and down the river where I lay,  
The fish are jumping overhead,  
While lying in my floating bed.  
The birds to seem happy to greet,  
Anyone and everyone they meet,  
And all the kids can swim and run  
Till their little legs are tired, and the day is done.

Then when the sun goes away,  
And night has been born out of day,  
The stars are dark as day,  
The sky darker than children at play.  
How could this be,  
That the sky hath opened up for me?  
I am too young to live,  
Yet too old to die,  
Off a bridge I should dive,  
And I will surely fly.