

River Road

RIVER ROAD

*i have walked the river road
more often than i can recall
in summers heat, winters chill
both spring and fall
i have seen the meadows dressed
in their fine array
and the butterflies dancing
upon the wind
as i walked along my way
i have heard the lowly whipperwill
calling at the evening dusk
it too perhaps is
crying for a long lost love
beside a little country church
in a field of polished stones
stands one to remind me
how it feels to be alone
yes i have walked the river road
more often than i can recall
in summers heat winter chill
both spring and fall*

ray cutshaw