

## At the River Clarion

I don't know who God is exactly.  
But I'll tell you this.  
I was sitting in the river, named Clarion, on a  
    water splashed stone  
and all afternoon I listened to the voices  
    of the river talking.  
Whenever the water struck the stone, *it* had  
    something to say,  
*and* the water itself, *and even* the mosses trailing  
    under the water.  
And slowly, very slowly, it became clear to me  
    what they were saying.  
Said the river: *I am part of holiness.*  
And I too, said the stone. And I too, whispered  
    the moss beneath the water.

I'd been to the river before, , , a few times.  
Don't blame the river that nothing happened quickly.  
You don't hear such voices in an hour or a day.  
You don't hear them at all, if selfhood has stuffed your ears.  
And it's difficult to hear anything anyway, through  
    all the mental traffic, and ambition.

- *Mary Oliver w/edits by Lyn*