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A Refugee Concept

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1.0

I have always thought
that rivers are cursed
for they have no place
to go but into the sea

No home once you start
to run and Stumble blindly
over the stones Wind around
things you cannot go through

The swelling force is not life
giving but Your desperate desire
that speeding up the way down
will make you empty yourself out

1.1

Whether they are re-routed or Dammed
Made to burst their banks
their fate is in someone else's hands

When completely dried out
They still harbor that unreal hope
their beds are proof enough they existed

They are the measure of suffering
that cannot be measured They are
eternal rejects of God's mercifulness

1.2

I am one of them, Whose past
running behind me, and with me,
and ahead of me, is the only present,

Whose words are drops that drown
in themselves, Whose viscous silence
at the estuary is the abandoned presence.

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