

The Connecticut

You rush to the shore
In a cacophony of currents
A pattern of iridescent diamonds
Shimmering in the sun
Surging and streaming
Ice cold and steaming
You flow to the place
Where your currents become one
A slate gray sky
Threatens overhead
But you outrun the storm
You're always ahead
I see you churning
Toward that different horizon
Where Earth and water meet sky
The place I once longed for
The final dividing line
It is a lonely journey
Toward that vast open sea
Fraught with perils
For the likes of you and me
But somehow we'll make it
And find the calm beneath