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My River Home

I don't know how I came here. I don't even recall when. The passing of time is different these days. I remember being here before. Standing near this very spot, where I am now. I have faint recollections of the journey I would take here, and the sense of relief each time I passed the cricket ground to walk under the canopy of green, taking in a deep breath and letting out a sigh. Always marvelling when we would see the rain driving down ahead of us or behind, but we were mostly dry. I would wonder why so many people in the world could not see, how important the trees really are. Their natural shade and canopy, keeping the world cool and dry.

I remember watching my children riding up and down on their bikes, along that little used road, which seemed so far away from the rest of the world. Our little dog, sniffing at every rock she passed to catch a trace of who had been there before and how long ago. How very long ago. But I can sense all their traces now.

Yes, I remember standing near this very spot, where I stand now. We would walk down the little track, and I would notice the remains of steps leading nowhere, and the ancient tumbling walls and wonder what was once here, some time before. Were they homes washed away in one of the great floods?

Here, I would stand, listening to the sound of the river, drinking it in, feeling it rise up inside me, filling the space where stress was before, watching the colours change on the water, and feel all the tension of life subside, thinking this is what heaven must be like. My children would bounce along the stepping- stones, our dog would dive right in. I would try to block out their sounds. Maybe I wouldn't have if I had known, I would be here again, enjoying the sounds of the birds all the time. Oh, to hear their laughter again. You would think I might feel sad at that nostalgic thought, but not now. Their echoes remain.

And now, from my vantage point, I see so much more. The sounds of the birds and the bells of St David's, they are the same. But now I see the older children, building those ramps and flying their bikes, and hear their fun. I see how the limbs of the fallen down branches are smoothed over in time. Young people edging further along that old trunk that hangs over the

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river - my river - drinking, chatting, laughing and kissing, with their legs dangling over the edge. I see someone like I used to be, tut at the sight of broken glass, and somebody else, who thinks no-one sees, picking it up.

Now with my roots extending into the cooling river, and the wind brushing through me, I don't know how I came here, or when, but I know why.