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## The River

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*College of DuPage*

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## The River

By: Marilyn Donovan

She stood looking down at the slow moving mass  
It's fingers of white clutching intermittently at the shore  
Beckoning ever so gently

The soft blossom scented breeze played with her hair  
As the constant, smiling moon kept urging her into submission  
To be freed from despair

Once, her thoughts brought a faint smile that lingered on her lips  
As her memory played with moments of ecstasy  
The commitment of innocence

The sound of his voice as he, in whisper, spoke her name  
The hands that with eagerness caressed her, yet gentle still  
Playing the part so well

How fitting it should end here on the grassy knoll  
Where only days before they had embraced so fiercely  
Promising forever after