

Where Water Finds Its Way

High on the Moor, where the land breathes mist and **taw**,
water gathers in the folds of the Earth -
a single thread, nameless, restless,
yearning for a path it has not yet carved.

It spills over peat and stone,
cool and quick,
pulling the sky into its ripples,
gurgling its arrival to the waiting land.

It learns the shape of the hills,
twists between rock and root,
chisels a course through **growan** ribs
that have held their ground for centuries.

Through farmland it drinks the sun,
reflects the passing of the seasons -
cattle wade at its edges,
herons shift in its shadows.

In the hush of the ancient forest, gnarled branches drip with moss.
Oak and beech, steadfast in the breeze,
whisper secrets to the river,
and the river carries them away.

The pull of the tide is a quiet command,
felt before it is seen.
The river slows, widens,
spreads its arms into the estuary's softening light.

Here, the land releases it.
Reeds bend to the rhythm of the salted wind,
curlews and avocets call across the mudflats,
and the water, once clear, turns brackish... **ansur**.

Beyond the marsh, the river hesitates.
It lingers in rockpools,
where limpets cling to weathered stones,
and anemones bloom.

In the shallows, kelp rises like a forest beneath the waves,
fronds spread wide, reaching for the surface,
as if to touch the sunlight that dances beyond their grasp.
The river listens, learning the language of the sea.

Waves beckon from the cliffs yonder,
where time is written in layers of stone,
each tide carving a memory,
each storm etching a scar.

There is no border, no farewell.
The river is the ocean,
its journey realised in the swell and sigh of the tide.
And there, at the waters edge, waiting...

Into the sea I go,
to cleanse my mind and soothe my soul.

Eleanor Goodall

