

Christian Kjellvander - Gardner River

Chico at dusk

Cottonwood sways

Headed south

The eastern dark still raced

And when we'd walked as far as you can

We heard the flood and so we ran and ran

There was the light

We'd left behind

The one that we

Set out to find

And on a bed

Of travertine

We saw the flood

And how it means

It means to be seen

There is a power in a river

There is a power in a song

There is a power in a shiver

The Gardner river and where to belong

Born as a middle-man

Between the sons and daughters

Old women and old men

And like the fall it came so clear

We're watered down from year to year

And year and year

There is a power in a river

There is a power in a song

There is a power in a shiver

The Gardner river and where to belong

There is a power in a river

There is a power in falling to knees

There is a power in a shiver

The Gardner river told me to be pleased