



## **THE RIVER NARMADA**

Sound opens my eyes above the Narmada,  
A holy river, a spiritual phenomenon,  
The river speaking in the early morning light,  
Pink and orange clothing reflecting bright.

Kathump. Thump. Plop.  
Kathump. Thump. Plop.

Women pounding clothing on temple stairs,  
Cleansing and holiness amongst river lairs  
Riverine pilgrims flocking down like birds,  
Babbling excitement, hardly speaking words.

They wade in the river of spirit waters,  
Mothers and fathers, sons and daughters,  
Seeking something from the holy giver  
By anointing oneself in the holy river.

And later in the evening as the sun retires,  
Orange-robed priests light tiny fires,  
And as they say the evening prayers,  
Lighted cups float off removing cares.

Light floats downriver, a practice divine,  
Timelessly to the coast, no rewind,  
A celebration, a happening, a sacred event  
My soul flowing wherever it went.

Kathump. Thump. Plop.

Kathump. Thump. Plop.

As I greet a new day from my riverside bed,  
The River Narmada flows in my head,  
Thoughts trapped in the bondage of practicality  
Fly out like a butterfly with alacrity.

They flit 'round the center of my being,  
My soul is smiling - my pen is singing.  
On the River Narmada - alive and renewed,  
Sanctified, satisfied, gratified and imbued.

I sense a whole never glimpsed before,  
As I float downriver through the open door,  
The light of my soul now a roaring fire,  
Delighted as it now flies above the mire.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull up a riverside pew,  
When your spirit flows,  
Your eyes will open too.