

# Susannah McCorkle, The Waters Of March

A stick a stone  
it&#039;s the end of the road,

it&#039;s the rest of the stump  
it&#039;s a little alone

it&#039;s a sliver of glass,  
it is life, it&#039;s the sun,

it is night ,it is death,  
it&#039;s a trap, it&#039;s a gun.

the oak when it blooms,  
a fox in the brush,

the knot in the wood,  
the song of the thrush.

the wood of the wind,  
a cliff, a fall,

a scratch, a lump,  
it is nothing at all.

it&#039;s the wind blowing free.  
it&#039;s the end of a slope.

it&#039;s a beam, it&#039;s a void,  
it&#039;s a hunch, it&#039;s a hope.

and the riverbank talks.  
of the water of march

it&#039;s the end of the strain,  
it&#039;s the joy in your heart.

the foot, the ground,  
the flesh, the bone,

the beat of the road,  
a slingshot stone.

a fish, a flash,  
a silvery glow,

a fight, a bet,  
the range of the bow.

the bed of the well,  
the end of the line,

the dismay in the face,  
it&#039;s a loss, it&#039;s a find.

a spear, a spike,  
a point, a nail,

a drip, a drop,  
the end of the tale.

a truckload of bricks,  
in the soft morning light,

the shot of a gun,

in the dead of the night.

a mile, a must,  
a thrust, a bump.

it&#039;s a girl, it&#039;s a rhyme.  
it&#039;s the cold, it&#039;s the mumps.

the plan of the house,  
the body in bed,

the car that got stuck,  
it&#039;s the mud, it&#039;s the mud.

a float, a drift,  
a flight, a wing,

ahawk, a quail,  
the promise of spring.

and the riverbanks talks.  
of the waters of march.

it&#039;s the promise of life,  
it&#039;s the joy in your heart,

a snake, a stick,  
it is john, it is joe,

it&#039;s a thorn in your hand,  
and a cut on your toe.

a point, a grain,  
a bee, a bite,

a blink, a buzzard,  
the sudden stroke of night.

a pin, a needle,  
a sting, a pain,

a snail, a riddle,  
a weep, a stain.

a pass in the mountains.  
a horse, a mule,

in the distance the shelves.  
rode three shadows of blue.

and the riverbank talks  
of the promise of life  
in your heart, in your heart

a stick, a stone,  
the end of the load,

the rest of the stump,  
a lonesome road.

a sliver of glass,  
a life, the sun,

a night, a death,  
the end of the run

and the riverbank talks  
of the waters of march

it&#039;s the end of all strain  
it&#039;s the joy in your heart