

# Against All Odds, Anarchist River

A stream starting in the hills  
Becomes slowly a tide of power  
Like a mystic anarchist  
In search of the sea  
Because nothing less will embrace  
Its waters into self-losing fullness  
At times it seems to lose direction  
In curves, hills, dark valleys without sun  
Going backwards or sinking into sand  
Only to emerge into light  
And healing hope for the fields around  
Sensing again the infallibility of its compass  
Like music energetically flowing  
Like music energetically flowing  
Towards the one magnetic ocean.  
Anarchist!  
Towards the ocean!