

The Kindness of Rivers

The River Arga was kind enough
To walk beside us
Almost all the way today,
Though her liquid personality
Was anything but consistent,
A mirror for my own rhythms,
Sometimes joyful babbling under bridges,
Sometimes a deep, murky drifting,
Sometimes a raging tumult.
Yes, we know each other well.

She called the water in me
To attention,
And kept my heart invested
In moving my legs beneath me.
"Fe en cado paso."
"Faith in every step",
She whispered into my pilgrim's ear.

She cooled my fevered restlessness with her breezes,
And showed me the way
In the absence of man-made signs.
"Seguir el rio".
"Follow the river", she beckoned.

A bird called from her far bank,
"Bon Camino",
"Good Way", over and over again,
Until we, the river and the pilgrims
Spilled into Pamplona,
Where the whole world exploded
Into color and sound,
And I was swept downstream
In an overwhelming current
Of tangible human joy.

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May 2016
Pamplona, Spain
Camino de Santiago