River Runs through Me

Heraclitus believed you never stepped into the same river twice. 
I don't like to think he might be right! 
In fact, I think he thought too much. 
To know rivers, I must ponder them, in both mind and heart 
While walking, wading and falling into their waters. 
To be understood, rivers must be felt and heard. 
Rivers must be turned over stone-by-stone 
Or waited by, through sun, and snow, and rain. 
To sleep by a river, lulled by splash over stone 
Is to know a river when she is least guarded. 
For river secrets are found only through presence 
Where voices rush through rapids; where words are purred.