

The Walk by the Valley

James Gray

By the wide blue rivers that I went by, I heard in the waters a distant cry
I hastened toward this pitiful sound, and just in time, saved from being drowned
It could not drink, it could not eat, and it could not talk.

I removed myself from the waters

Yeah though I walk

The sound grew a life and thought, ideas for itself and others bought
It tasted the pleasures of Bacchus and ate from the earth.

It became strong and took on a mighty girth.

It began to speak words, so many words I could not tally.

Those were fun and memorable times.

Yeah though I walk through the valley

The seasons became colder and harsher, but no less cherished.

All the good memories and thoughts had not yet perished.

The sound that was once small and unseen, was now wise and polished clean

The sound became a voice, individual and generic like most

But often it would take pride in its power, and utter many boasts

I drew close to the waters once more and saw that they had become shallow

Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow

The time was approaching were I knew we must part

My heart broke even though I knew this might happen from the start

I had continued on my path and never had my line frayed

But the voice had ran amok, became different and strayed

The sun had began to set, and the time drew near

The paths that we would take had become clear

For the valley became narrow and divided into two streams

My way was bright, fresh and green

But the voice went down the path that was opposite of mine.

It had made its choice, one that would stay with it for all time

Its path was dark and lead down to the depths

Yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death