

## Petitcodiac

I grew up on muddy waters  
My heart's desire  
In the early morning  
With her sky on fire  
We would head for the shoreline  
When those waters receded  
To a deep narrow channel  
We'd take all that we needed  
Of the sand-fire and goose-tongue  
When the heat of the day's sun  
Lay below a distant ridge

She's just a little river  
Petitcodiac  
She falls into the ocean  
Like she's never coming back

Now the hot sun of July  
Bakes the mud 'til it's cracked dry  
And the green summer grasses  
Are all covered in white dust  
From the mill in this town  
Where a dirt road runs down  
Where the silos still stand  
As if something were planned  
Where her brown muscled lines  
Trace the history of time  
With barely a mention of us

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Like she's never coming back

Now the dykes line the marshes  
For this river runs deep  
Where the waters of Fundy  
On a full moon creep  
Where her great sandstone towers  
Are carved by the hours  
The years and the centuries  
By this river that flows  
As if only she knows  
When they'll crumble into the sea

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Then she rushes back