

How to Become a River

For those who long to feel and be felt.

Forget your name, so you may be embraced by the engulfing waves—gently. Know that all the alienation and walls you face in life can be embraced, too. Eroded. Become whole again when you are no longer just you.

Be one with the river, so loneliness dissolves. Let yourself be imbued with life as you travel tenderly through myriad cracks in the earth, kissing the chasms where flowers still grow. Your voice may sometimes be only a soft hymn, yet the forest will bend down just to hear you. You, too, can be powerful and vast. Rivers can carry mountains—just as humans can carry memories. But do not be afraid of loneliness. You can share your stream of consciousness with the sea that also holds forgotten names. The verdant bed will brush off even the most insistent type of insomnia, and the moon will keep vigil through the toughest nights.

But even beauty does not grant protection.

They turn away, even when you carry what no one else will—what they cast off, what they refuse to hold. You carry it anyway. Quietly. Steadily. And still, they do not see.

They name you “resource,” as if you were not body. As if you did not ache, or breath, or remember. They bottle you. They bury pipelines through your bones. Call it progress. You offer yourself, and still, they look past you.

Still, not all forget. Somewhere in your silted memory, small hands once offered pebbles like prayer. Quiet songs were hummed into the dusk. A child whispered secrets into your ripple, certain you would keep them. And you did. You do. You carry those moments in your current, let them eddy and swirl, softening even the harshest stones.

They remind you: you are more than what is taken.
You are also what is trusted.

So you wait. Not with bitterness, but with hope braided into your flow.
Not for everyone—just for someone.
Someone who does not pierce, or pave, or measure.
Just someone who feels like you do.

And then: a child dips their hands into you.
Not to take, but to feel.
Not to name, but to know.

And for a moment, you are not just a river.
You are held.
You are felt.