

## **The Family of The River**

We ran ferries  
trapped  
and hunted  
on this river.

We poled john boats  
strung trot lines  
and gigged frogs  
on this river.

We stood on banks  
eroded by time  
and watched history  
pass by.

Then...  
then we moved  
to the factories  
and farms...  
spread out to Ohio  
and far away places.

Still  
every now and then  
we met  
reunited  
on this river.

Wars and worries  
killed us off.  
People and places  
distracted us  
and soon  
there were only memories  
floating  
on this river.

Generations  
gapped and sagged  
until...  
we lost touch

until...

we no longer knew each other.

Brothers and sisters  
fought over relics  
who's meaning and memory  
were quickly lost  
to the bickering  
and anger.

But some...

a few  
kept the vigil  
held firm  
to the hope  
that no matter how distant  
or how angry  
some were  
we would still be  
family.

We will always remember  
ferries and frogs  
john boats and catfish  
family and friends.

Some knew  
were sure  
there is a bond...  
an earthy clay...  
that holds this family together.  
And  
while the waters of time  
wash by  
we will remain  
the family  
who ran ferries  
on this river.

**Tony Sexton**