

The River Flows Outside, We Can Hear Her Song

[BY REBECCA ESCHENROEDER](#)

The river flows outside.

We can hear her song.

We can feel her flow.

She reminds us of the constant shift and change of life...of breath.

She reminds us of the cleansing and the clearing that occurs the moment we stop resisting the current and the tide.

We listen to the river as she assures us that life will carry on (just as it is meant to).

The river flows outside.

We can hear her song.

And it is ours...

Flowing into eternity.

We are infinite.

Rebecca Eschenroeder's book, "Collecting Feathers" is available worldwide. Order directly from her [website!](#)

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"Those who dance
will always be insane
to those who can't
hear the music."

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