## **Stephen Robertson**

## So it goes

How and where does it all begin?
From a spring.
Tell me, if you will, how it goes.
It flows.
To find its end, where must it flee?
To the sea.
Tumbling through rocks with rainbow spray, coursing the straits and the hollows, meandering across meadows, from a spring it flows to the sea.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting\_lines/