Coda: Rivers

The Mississippi I crossed in Minnesota, despite the region boasting of being Paul Bunyan country, was decidedly smaller than the Mississippi I crossed when entering Memphis. More munchkin than Bunyan. Makes you think about rivers and how all those tributaries along the way fill the small stream, and as water will flow makes the stream larger and larger and larger and deeper and deeper and deeper.

Interesting, for the same could be said about me. About you. About us. We start off a trickle and then all those experiences, all those encounters, all those others whom we meet flow into us and fill us as we flow downstream.


River is us.