

Have you also learned that secret from the river; that there is no such thing as time?

There is another alphabet, whispering from every leaf, singing from every river, shimmering from every sky.”

I thought how lovely and how strange a river is.

A river is a river, always there, and yet the water flowing through it is never the same water and is never still. It’s always changing and is always on the move.

Life is like the river, sometimes it sweeps you gently along and sometimes the rapids come out of nowhere.”

We must begin thinking like a river if we are to leave a legacy of beauty and life for future generations.

Rivers are beautiful, yet fugitive and elusive, teeming with all that mysterious life of the creatures

I had been afraid of the awful presence of the river, which was the soul of the river, but through her I learned that my spirit shared in the spirit of all things.

A river seems a magic thing. A magic, moving, living part of the very earth itself

A good river is nature's life work in song.

They watched the early light of the new moon glint fretfully on the river, now silver slivers, now darkness, as the night breeze stirred the choked growth on the banks and lifted the tree branches.

It's in the loneliness of winter that the unborn flower aches for life, it's the birds that murmur the whispers of love, and the river quakes to surrender to the ocean.

The journey of living is the journey of becoming a river.

Give like a river, and the desert will grow flowers.

We cannot separate the fragrance from the flower. Neither can we separate a river from the rain that trickles and flows downhill, ultimately gathering into a river. We can never separate the creation from the creator.

"A river cuts through rock, not because of its power, but because of its persistence.

"Rivers know this: there is no hurry. We shall get there some day."

"The river has great wisdom and whispers its secrets to the heart.

Time is like a river. You cannot touch the same water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again. Enjoy every moment of your life.

I choose to listen to the river for a while, thinking river thoughts,
before joining the night and the stars

A river is water is its loveliest form; rivers have life and sound and
movement and infinity of variation, rivers are veins of the earth
through which the lifeblood returns to the heart

The river was beautiful and wise.

The river moves from land to water to land, in and out of organisms,
reminding us what native peoples have never forgotten: that you
cannot separate the land from the water, or the people from the
land

Those who hears the rippling of rivers will not utterly despair of
anything.

They both listened silently to the water, which to them was not just
water, but the voice of life, the voice of Being, the voice of perpetual
Becoming

Nothing is softer or more flexible than water, yet nothing can resist
it.

Justice rolls down like water and righteousness like a mighty stream

To put your hands in a river is to feel the chords that bind the earth
together.

Be like a river. Be open. Flow.

If the earth is a mother then rivers are her veins.”

We must begin thinking like a river if we are to leave a legacy of beauty and life for future generations.”

I’m not lost, I’m just following the river’s advice.”

“You can’t control the river, but you can float along with style.”

“Life is like a river—don’t fight the current, just go with the flow.”

You cannot step twice into the same river.

The river itself has no beginning or end. In its beginning, it is not yet the river; in the end it is no longer the river.

It's the lake you swim in, the river you drink from, the stream you fish from, the creek you paddle down, and the shoreline you walk

The Ottawa is a dark stream;
The Ottawa is deep.
Great hills along the Ottawa
Are wrapped in endless sleep.

Be still like a mountain and flow like a great river.

I would love to live like a river flows, carried by the surprise of its own unfolding.

Rivers have a capacity for renewal and replenishment, continual energy, creativity, cleansing.

The song of the river ends not at her banks, but in the hearts of those who have loved her.

I choose to listen to the river for a while, thinking river thoughts, before joining the night and the stars.

Life in us is like the water in a river

Beside the river there are two things you never forget, that the moment you look at a river that moment has already passed, and that everything is on its way somewhere else.”

The river has great wisdom and whispers its secret to the hearts.

There is another alphabet, whispering from every leaf, singing from every river, shimmering from every sky.