

# Robert Wyatt, Maryan

Over an ocean away  
Like salmon  
Turning back for Nayram  
To the delta  
With the rivulets tumbling down  
Glide over sand  
Around the rocks  
Back through the wavering weeds  
And the turds  
In the way  
Riversmell  
On the route  
Along away  
Over gravel  
The weirs of the tributaries  
Against the icy waterflow  
To Maryan