

# The Ditch

for Sib Weatherford and all:

Lauren, John, Monica, HD, Mike, Graves,  
Dennis, Jefff, Brianna, Randy, Andy,  
Lindsay, Krista, and Ho

# The Ditch

[Note: The Grand Canyon is often referred to by boaters as The Ditch.]

It's the Ditch It's the Ditch It's the Ditch  
and the Ditch is a Son-of-a-Bitch

Along the Colorado River  
along the roiling river  
along the rapidly changing charging river  
We've come to get ourselves together  
We've come to step up to pack up  
We've come to deliver

We've come to deliver  
All along the river  
With the roiling river  
We've come to deliver

Oh Brother  
My Brother Where Art Thou?  
On a journey  
It's a trip  
It can't be missed

I can Piss and I can moan  
far from home but not alone  
for it's a trip  
and can't be missed  
not on The Ditch  
it can't be missed

We stand at the shore  
We pack our gear  
We stand at the shore  
We aload up more and more  
We pack our gear  
We pack cases of beer  
We got nothin to fear  
We pack our gear  
We wait at the gate  
We don't hesitate  
We step into the water  
We don't hesitate

for this we know  
perhaps all that we know

Stormy weather  
on the river  
Stormy weather is bitter  
but the weather is always better  
always better together  
than a sunny day alone  
a day at home  
away from my brother

We've come to deliver  
All along the river

It's the Ditch the Big Ditch  
and Son-of-a-Bitch  
It's the Gauley  
It's the Meadow  
It's the old New River

We pack up and deliver  
It's good it's the goods  
It's us who are delivered

It's we you and me  
you and me are delivered

It's a bit of a bitch  
It's the Biggest Ditch

and we are coming and going  
this way and that  
eddy hopping and hoping  
playing and praying  
on the river together  
we gather together

Stormy weather or not  
This is our best shot  
on the river together  
is always better together  
than any day away  
from my brother

where we go never  
alone but together

Scratched into our stone  
When we come home

We know we are water  
and we're not alone

We have no role  
We have no goal  
Nor should we  
We paddle  
We drift  
We boat aimlessly  
and we find our way  
home eventually

along the tracks  
we hear the humming  
over the bridge the time  
the time is coming  
along the New  
the oldest of rivers  
it's the Sirens singing  
It's Hank Williams bringing  
himself like red rover  
Hank Williams crossed over  
on the last ride

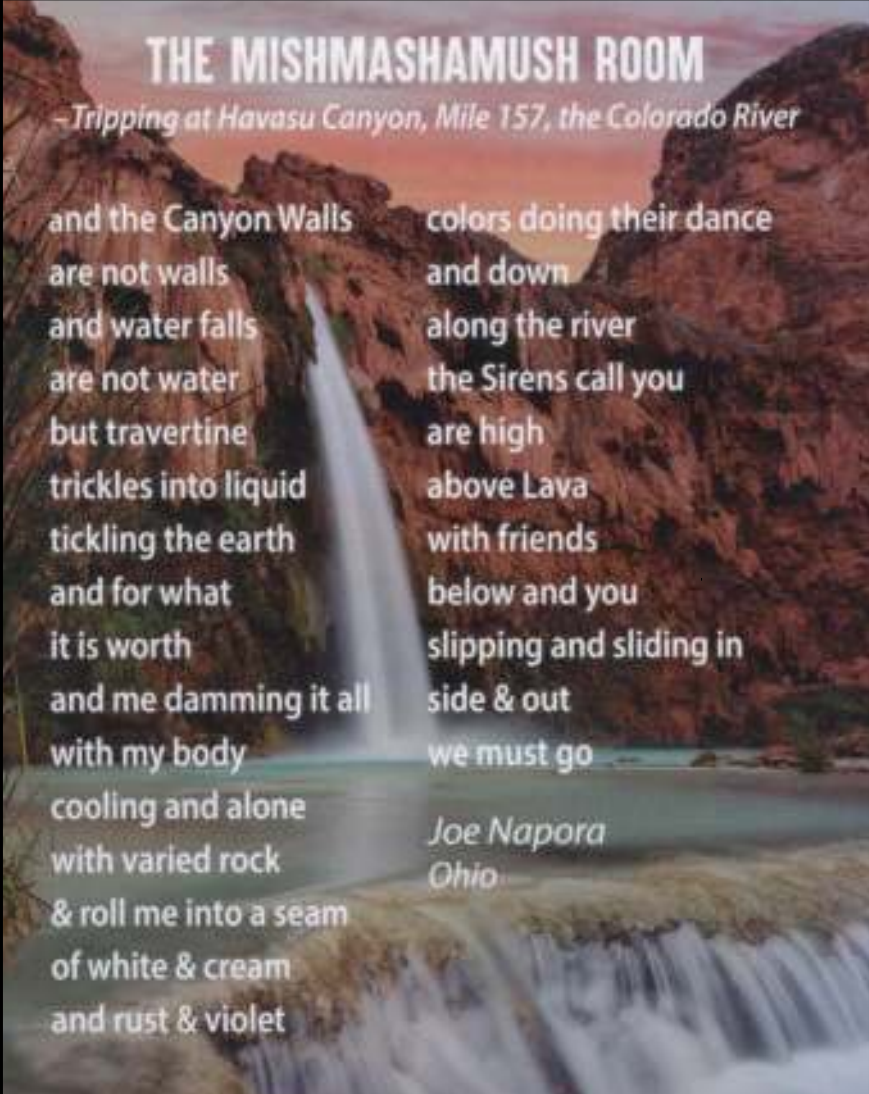
to the other side  
and then he died

The music of his last ride  
when the lonesome whistle  
blew him away forever  
yet the songs remain  
and so is the refrain

Stormy weather stormy weather  
is always better together  
than any day away  
from my brother

We've come to deliver  
All along the river  
With the roiling river  
We've come to deliver  
each time we begin  
we are water again

and water always wins  
and water always wins



## THE MISHMASHAMUSH ROOM

*- Tripping at Havasu Canyon, Mile 157, the Colorado River*

and the Canyon Walls  
are not walls  
and water falls  
are not water  
but travertine  
trickles into liquid  
tickling the earth  
and for what  
it is worth  
and me damming it all  
with my body  
cooling and alone  
with varied rock  
& roll me into a seam  
of white & cream  
and rust & violet

colors doing their dance  
and down  
along the river  
the Sirens call you  
are high  
above Lava  
with friends  
below and you  
slipping and sliding in  
side & out  
we must go

*Joe Napora  
Ohio*