

HONORING OUR RIVER:

2000

A STUDENT
ANTHOLOGY
COLLECTED FROM
THROUGHOUT THE
WILLAMETTE RIVER
WATERSHED

Sponsored by Eugene Water & Electric Board, The Willamette Restoration Initiative,
and Wildwood/Mahonia.

Honoring Our River: A Student Anthology began as an effort to stimulate an awareness of an important but fragile resource, the Willamette River. Our goal has been to foster basin-wide participation from students of all ages and disciplines. This project is designed to nurture respect and appreciation for the river system that connects all basin dwellers and provide a showcase for creative student writing that honors our river.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We would like to acknowledge the Willamette Watershed educators and writers who donated their time and expertise to the anthology through their participation as editors, guest writers and/or judges.

John Femal
Steve Jones
Kathleen Dean Moore
Nora Mylet
Rick Bastasch
Julie Wallace
Anne Staley
Sato Maeda
Susan Nicholson
Peg Elliott Mayo
James H. Nicholson III

A special thank you to all the schools that participated in the creation of *Honoring Our River 2000* by submitting student entries to our contest. Your contribution was crucial to building this wonderful collection of literary works from throughout the Willamette River Basin. Please refer to the inside of the back cover for a full listing of participating schools.

In addition, we would like to thank **John Miller & Bridget Welborn** from Wildwood/Mahonia for producing the anthology and guiding the process. Our thanks also to **Julie Schaum** from EWEB for the beautiful cover design and **Ron Cooper** for the use of his amazing photographs.

The Willamette River Watershed is home to two-thirds of all Oregonians. The health of this precious natural resource is in great need of protection. Students, as well as other basin citizens, need to see themselves as part of a basin-wide community, sharing both the costs and the benefits of a healthy river system.

For more information on how to protect our watershed call the Oregon Watershed Help Line:
(toll free): 888-854-8377

"We do not inherit this earth from our ancestors, we borrow it from our children."

American Indian Proverb

A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS



The Eugene Water & Electric Board appreciates the value of the Willamette Watershed and the vital role it plays in the vitality and health of the citizens to whom we provide water and electricity. The waters of the Willamette have been the cornerstone of our success over the last 90 years and we believe they must be preserved and enhanced to insure the success of our community in the future. There is no better way to illuminate the importance of this vision than to hear our students speak their hearts with words of hope for a healthy and vibrant river for generations to come.

Randy Berggren, General Manager
Eugene Water & Electric Board



The Willamette Restoration Initiative is an organization dedicated to maintaining and protecting the Willamette's watershed health through active communication and strategic coordination. "Honoring Our River: 2000" is an inspiring example of the kind of communication that is needed to keep our watershed a special place. As the voice of our students from throughout the Willamette Watershed, it offers unique insights on living in this watershed to all two million of its residents.

Rick Bastasch, Executive Director
Willamette Restoration Initiative

WILDWOOD MAHONIA

The Wildwood/Mahonia group of companies is proud to be part of this wonderful publication. Our activities in agriculture, watershed restoration and urban development are guided by the principles of quality, sustainability and community involvement. The work of these students reflects an amazing awareness of such values and gives us hope that the Willamette River may be half full rather than half empty.

John D. Miller, President
Wildwood/Mahonia

Printing provided in part by



KATHLEEN DEAN MOORE is the Chair of the Philosophy Department at Oregon State University and the author of two books of essays, *Riverwalking* and *Holdfast*. Her essay, "The Willamette River," was reprinted in *Honoring Our River* (1999). Kathleen has donated her time and talent to *Honoring Our River* since the beginning. The following is her review of the first issue of *Honoring Our River*.

STUDENTS SPEAK FOR THE RIVER

Spread across the floor in neat rows were hundreds of poems and essays about the Willamette River, all written by Oregon students. Some of the students had painstakingly penciled poems in block letters on lined paper and illustrated them with crayons. Others submitted short stories or sent essays shaped by a computer into the curl of a jumping trout.

Our job was to choose, from these, the fifty-eight written works that would appear in *Honoring Our River*. The finished book is now in local bookstores. It is a tribute to the wisdom of children, and to the vision of a committee of adults who—in the middle of all the clamoring, competing voices—decided to ask the children to speak for the river.

What surprised me, when I first read the submissions, was how many of the poems tell stories of anger and loss. Barred from long stretches of river by rip-rap and blackberries, or forbidden to approach an impoundment too poisonous to touch, some of the children aren't mincing words. Katie Finley, who is eight years old, tells it straight:

We're mad at you
Us bugs are mad at you
You pollute our habitat
us turtles too
You dump garbage in our water
and us frogs won't forget
and us snakes too.

But the anthology holds words of celebration and love for the river as well. Children of the Willamette watershed grow up with the river as their neighbor, and their memories are rich with sunlit afternoons on Willamette gravel bars and the shadows of minnows in quiet water. "Splish splash trickle and kaplop is the sound of a happy river," writes Charlynda Goggin, a third grader. Jessica McCaleb, a tenth grader, remembers quiet afternoons beside the water. "The light, from the sun, dances on the tree tops. The smell of pine is heavy. . . . Laying my head back with my hands outstretched, I exclaim to myself, 'What a GLORIOUS day!'"

Among the sadness and the celebration are words of hope and healing. Grown-ups could do no better than listen to the wisdom of a third-grader named Jake Swenson, who offers a moral principle based on reciprocity, a Golden Rule for rivers: "So be kind to the river—It's always kind to you."

Bryce Jenks, also a third-grader, shares his insight that a healthy river is the foundation for our future. His poem reminds us that—for good or ill—the river is the most important legacy we will leave our children.

I live in a turquoise River.
In that river is a dam.
In that dam is a beaver.
In that beaver is a soul.
In that soul is a dream.
That dream is about his children
Who will carry on his life.

In the end, this is what *Honoring Our River* is all about—the reminder that we are, all of us who live in the Willametter River watershed, people of the river. We are all one biotic community—the salmon, the sewage, the alders, the algae, the mud-cut banks, the megahouses, the beaver's dreams, the children leaning over their desks, chewing on their erasers, wondering what to write about clean water. This is the community our children will live in.

It follows that whatever harm we do to the river, we do to our children and their children in turn. Willamette River water pumped onto croplands will soon enough pump through our children's hearts. If there are poisons in the river, there are poisons in our children's bones, and in the chromosomes of their unborn children. If a time comes when there are no salmon in the river, the empty spaces will be in our children's lives. The shouts of our grandchildren will echo in the silence of a time without frogs. The faded rainbow light from oil slicks will swim in our children's eyes.

On the other hand, it also follows that whatever we do to help the river will help our children too. The steps we take now to leave them clean water and healthy biotic and social communities are the most important gifts we will ever give to our children.

At the very center of the anthology of children's writings is a poem written by a grown-up, Kim Stafford, the director of the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis and Clark College. In "A Thousand Friends of Rain," Stafford reminds us of the obligations rooted in our love for the children.

I don't want to be a tyrant over my children,
stealing their world before their hands are
big enough to touch gently, leaf by leaf.
This place must remain.

. . . I want you
to tell someone what you love, but not with words.
Tell with what you do.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prologue

Acknowledgments

A Word from Our Sponsors

Students Speak for the River, a review by Kathleen Dean Moore

Student Works, Part I

Willamette River, by Erin Tedrow	6
From Whence I Came, by Trish DeWitt	6
I Can, by Zachary Prosser	6
As Far As We Can See, by Joe Wheeler	7
Those Raging White Water Rapids, by Kyle Shipman	8
I Wish On the River, by Cordero Moyer	8
Water, by Geoff King	9
A River Is For This, by Ariel Jensen	9
The River, by Karin Tierney	9
Tanner Creek, by Eli Groman	9
Water, by Adam Clairmont	10
Salmon, by Griffin Evans	10
The Crystal Fish, by Michael Johnson	10
Untitled, by Sarah Miller	10
Untitled, by Ms. Beardsley & Class	11
The River, by Kory Ellsworth	11
The River, by Jeff Bailey	11
The River, by Aaron Remak	12
I'm a Little Insect in a Big River, by Alec Loveall	12
Cedar Creek, by Jamie Cavin	12
River Life, by Cailyn Johnson	12
Walking by the Willamette, by Jonathan Sieg	13
I am the River, by Julia Angelo	13
I am the Maple, by Daniel Wildish	14
Daylight Savings, by Alex Traylor	14
Shadows, by Caitlin Bartlett	14
Your River, by Jennifer Smith	14
As Fast as the Wind, by Shane Stephenson	15
The Changed River, by Matt Farmer	16
The River, by Kim Ross	16
Just Outside the Window, by Andy Auxier	17
The Night River, by Kelsi Mowreader	18
Wasted, by Jessica Smith	18
Morning Mist, by Matthew Steele	19
Honoring Our River, by Becca Oien	19
Once There Was a River, by Dylan Rowell	19
At the River, by Eli Salus-Kleiner	20
Crows Singing, by Caitlin Bartlett	20
The Animals Say, by Elle Barinaga	20
Endangered, by Joey Polansky	20
Our Great River, by Annie Ward	21
Unofficially Mine, by Macy Maughman	21
Getting Fishy About the River, by Lauren McKillian	22
The Fisherman, by Sarah Key	23
River Dream, by Kelsey McCornack	23
Describing the River, by Jimmy Rodgers	23
Me and My Brother Carlos at the River, by Juan Lopez-Santiago	23
The River, by Jared Haag	24
Awake, McKenzie, by Laura Searcy	24
The Rain Stops, by Amy Austin	24

The River Has Many Voices

Gentle River, by Aubrienne Carson	25
Sparkling River, by Kana Clarisse Howe	25
Beautiful, by Panchajany Scheffer	25
Fast River, by Josh Hoffman	25

Student Works, Part II

Depth of Dreams, by Sara Varin	26
Things I Know About Rivers, by Sprague Poetry Circle	27
Water, by Yahsolait Frazier-Gorby	27
What is a River?, by Megan Philips	27
Look Out Below, by Shelly Meyers	27
The McKenzie River's Secrets, by Jessica Fraka	28
Life, by Masood Ali	28
Holding Up a Heavy Sky, by Rebecca Carpenter	29
The River, by Dylan Galbraith	29
The River, by Elizabeth Tomczyk	30
I Know the River, by Heidi Kelso	30
Lamprey in the River, by Andrew Barnum	30
Raindrop, by Daniel Prentice	31
A River Poem, by Kalia Gentlesnow	31
Whitewater, by Jarrett Thompson	31
Purposes, by Phebe Annis	31
Old David, by Jesi Marks	32
Our River, by Kaci Williams	34
Sweetness, by Rachel Long	35
River Upon My Dreams, by Samantha Baker	35
The River, by Conner Plant	35
Goes the River, by Jordan Wilson-Pelton	36
Just Me the River and the Real World, by Christina Lindsay	36
The Black Stuff, by Corey Baron	37
The River in My Dreams, by Kaela Cochrane	37
The Willamette I Live By, by Brianna Stuhr	38

Invited Oregon Writers

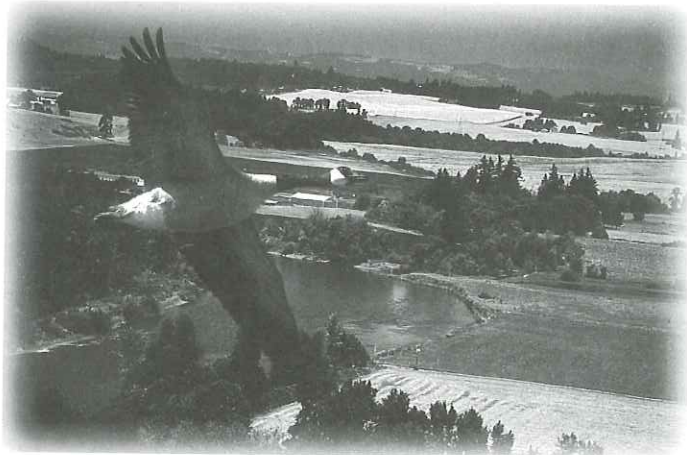
When People Turned to Pebbles & Notes for a Willamette River Poem, by Steve Jones	40
Haiku: Upper Willamette, by Jim (Tiger) Nicholson	41
Late-Winter River, by Anne Staley	42
Downstream, by Peg Elliott Mayo	46

Ripples & Eddies

Student Works, Part III

Miles of Water, by Maelee Samsel	50
Rocks, by Alex Frassenei	50
My River, by Galen Armstrong	51
River, by Maria Garcia	52
Run On!, by Dan Lemke	52
The Willamette River, by Tara Peddicord	53
Journey of the River, by Jared Graham	53
River, by Hans Rindfleisch	53
A Secret of the River, by Goali Saedi	54
The River, by Stacy Boyle	57
A Tribute, by Kaity Muller	57
River Reflections, by Katie Pesznecker	58
What Rivers Are, by Devon Ward	59
Rivers Rivers Everywhere, by Holly J. Olson	59
Saturday, by Lindsey Mullens	60

STUDENT WORKS, PART I



WILLAMETTE RIVER

In Oregon
In the valley
In our backyard
Like
a mother and her infant
a farmer and his field
a child and her friend
helping
us to survive.

Erin Tedrow
11th Grade

I CAN

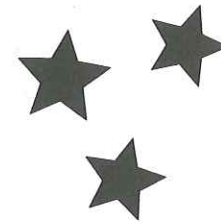
I'm walking into the Willamette River. I can see the fish pouncing out of the water. I can feel the fish nibbling on my toes. I can hear the beavers slapping their tails on the fresh water. I can see crabs walking along the riverbank. I can see shiny rocks on the bottom of the smooth, fresh water. I can feel a salamander crawling up my leg. I can feel the Willamette River.

Zachary Prosser
2nd Grade

FROM WHENCE I CAME

Gathering pebbles
of striped clay
clear agate
resting 10,000 years
restless in my pockets
shining in the reflection
of my childhood
memories flooding
to the depth and width
only Columbia waters carve
from icy trickles
of high Cascade's torrents
Willamette meanders
into the history
of little hands
gathering river rocks

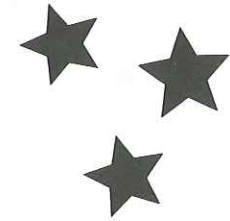
Trish DeWitt
4th Grade



AS FAR AS WE CAN SEE

We see the moon, stars, trees and oceans
We see the rivers too
Do we look deeply into them?
The current dances with the wind
The wind dances with the Earth
The Earth dances with the rivers.

Somehow the rivers smile at us
Running all through the planet
As the glistening shore lights the Earth.
It has a magical glow that the trees
Swaying in the wind could look into forever.



If you stand at the base of a river and look,
What do you see?
More water?
Do you see fire? Fog?
Or the paradise that stands in front of you?
Magical.

Oceans are the fathers, lakes the mothers.
The sky looks down on us all—do we look up?
The river flows on and on through life,
People come, go,
And meet with rivers from all different countries.

Can rivers talk?
It's like they are saying ten thousand words at once, but
Nothing is coming out.
When the sunlight hits the trees and bounces onto the river
What is it thinking? Or doing?
We see the rainbows that glide across the ground.
As far as we can see the world is a very special place.

Joe Wheeler
5th Grade

THOSE RAGING WHITE WATER RAPIDS

White water rapids are rough as sandpaper,
Fast like a jet bumping, rolling through the clouds.
Wild like the jungle, full of life, so very lively.

If you're going kayaking in those white water rapids,
You will probably get thrown around like a rag doll,
Getting swept, getting thrown back and forth in every direction.
Bouncing up and down, rolling, tumbling around,
in those white water rapids.

Kyle Shipman
5th Grade

I WISH ON THE RIVER

I wish I was a fish
All I'd do is splash and splish.
I wish I was a wave
With my wild rapids I wouldn't behave.

I wish I was the mud
The tide would come and make a thud.
I wish I was the trash
So I could be bashed.

I wish I was the river
That won't happen, so I beg to differ.
I wish I was the habitat
I ask the humans please don't wreck that.
I wish
I wish
I wish

Cordero Moyer
5th Grade

WATER

I am the giver and ender of life
I am the creator of canyons and caves
I am the maker of eerie sounds
I am calm and peaceful
I am the maker of power
I am the quencher of thirst
I am the treasure of the world
Water

Geoff King
6th Grade



A RIVER IS FOR THIS

A river is...
a place to watch fish jump out of the water
a place to watch beavers build high and low
a place to skim rocks
a place to catch frogs by the sand
A river is for this...
Not a garbage can.

Ariel Jensen
4th Grade

THE RIVER

On a hot summer day,
We go to the river to play.
We get on all our swim things
And bring things like swim rings.
We're ready to go! Holy moley!
We almost forgot our dog Oly!
But that's okay, indeed it's true,
We can now play in the river blue.

Now that we're there, this should be fun.
We can play all day in the blazing sun.
Oh, wait! There's something in the water!
That's just like animal slaughter!
But for this we have the perfect solution.
Pick it up and save water from pollution.
If you don't keep our water clean,
Then you are pretty mean!

Karin Tierney
5th Grade



TANNER CREEK

The wind blows gently.
A frog jumps from rock to rock.
It is Tanner Creek.

Eli Groman
4th Grade



WATER

Dripping from the clouds
Splashing on the riverbank
Wet, cool, beautiful.

Adam Clairmont
5th Grade



SALMON

The salmon swim,
the salmon jump,
they are part of life.
Please do not eat all
the salmon, or you would
be a thief. A thief to God,
the world, to nature, the
people here on earth,
and the river, who
worked real hard,
it's true, to help give
them their birth.
I know you wouldn't
do it, but I'm just warning
you to leave a lot of Salmon
here, and only take one
or two. The Salmon swim,
so please do not
destroy every single
one. Just let them swim
and jump around in the river,
below the sun.

Griffin Evans
3rd/4th Grade

THE CRYSTAL FISH

Shining in the river is a fish.
A crystal clear fish,
Shining like a star,
Brighter than the sun.
I caught it.
It was a rainbow trout,
More beautiful than a salmon.
I let him go because he was,
So bright and beautiful.
So I let him go.

Michael Johnson
4th Grade

River
beautiful, wild
rushing, rapid, fast
deep. Polluted
Willamette River

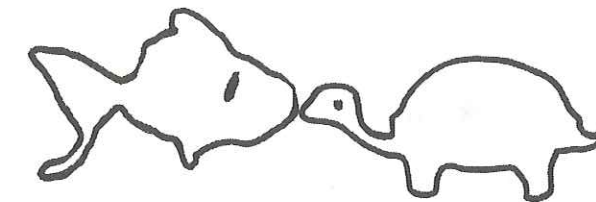
Fish
scaly, smelly
swim, wiggle, squirm
silvery. Lazy
Salmon

Sarah Miller
2nd Grade

Watery, white watershed
Incredible, icy investigation
Local, lovely life
Long living larvae
Awesome, active animals
Marvelous moving mammals
Elegant eagle eggs
Tiny trusting turtles
Terrific towering trees
Exciting eating egrets.

Rushing, roaring river
Interesting insect invasion
Vibrant, vigorous, valuable
Energetic, enthusiastic, exploration
Racing, reversing, rocky.

Ms. Beardsley & Class
1st/2nd Grade



drawing by
Joshua Cox
2nd Grade

THE RIVER

Run to me river, for you are old.
Run to me river, you are young I'm told.
Run to me river, as white as snow
Run to me river, but not too slow.
Run to me river, as sly as a fox.
Run to me river...oops!
I forgot to take off my socks!

Kory Ellsworth
5th Grade

THE RIVER

The river winding down a mountain, crashing off the falls,
Swaying through the cracks and crevices in the dirt and rocks,
Causing erosion it shimmers in the sun,
Swishing down gracefully into the valley.
The river,
Home of the salmon jumping upstream like cats climbing trees.
The river
Treading the way of rocks and pebbles to the ocean.
The river.
The river.

Jeff Bailey
5th Grade

THE RIVER

Speedy rushing water glides along full of life.
Strong swift current continues forever beyond our touch.

Small insects dance on the water's surface.
Rocks reach out like hands from graves.
Animals scurry and fly, singing, squeaking, in languages unknown to mankind.

Aaron Remak
5th Grade



CEDAR CREEK

Cedar Creek is full of macro organisms.

Small creatures.

Big creatures.

Whirligig bugs.

Hopping frogs.

Worms brown or black.

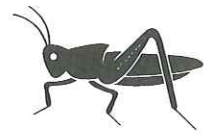
Small fish.

A crawdad orange, a little red.

I like Cedar Creek,
except when Zack hit his head on the bridge.

Ouch!!

Jamie Cavin
4th Grade



I'M A LITTLE INSECT IN A BIG RIVER

I'm a little insect
that lives in a big river. I try to hide from fish
I escape!

I'm a little insect
that lives in a big river.
I try to hide from pollution,
but sometimes I get stuck.

It is very hard to hide from pollution.

I'm a little insect
that lives in a big river. Please, oh please,
save me from pollution.

Alec Loveall
5th Grade



RIVER LIFE

A river is a bug infested cookie.
A river is a fish filled cloud.

Cailyn Johnson
4th Grade

WALKING BY THE WILLAMETTE

Lannen saw the old man from about fifty feet away. He was understandably surprised; he didn't think anybody wandered this far from the settlement but him. He looked around, pondering whether to approach the old man. He let his gaze sweep slowly across the horizon. Barren and dying wasteland met his gaze, with harsh rocky soil broken only by a few yellow, dying shrubs. Lannen sighed, knowing he hated this place, and swore once again to leave. But he knew the futility in the thought; the Willamette desert was the only home he knew.

He noticed, to his surprise, that the old man was sitting right down at the edge of the creek, the brown-green filth of the dead Willamette creek oozing between his toes. Lannen finally spoke.

"Ya shouldn't do that!" he called out in his high, eight-year-old boyish voice. The old man turned his head in surprise. "I said ya shouldn't do that! Ma says the water in the Willamette can burn your flesh!" The man smiled and beckoned to Lannen to approach. Once Lannen was near, the old man smiled.

"I know it's dangerous, young un'. I was just trying to remember old times." He laughed in an old, husky, weary voice. "Really old times."

Lannen's jaw dropped, "What could possibly be worth remembering about this lousy desert? The Willamette basin is a worthless wasteland! Even UCOSAC (United Coalition Of the States and Canada) pulled out of here and left it alone at least ten years ago! Ma said so; she saw it!" The old man grew sad.

"Yes, I suppose it is now. But it wasn't always. When I was a very little boy, the Willamette was a beautiful wide river, not a creek of rotten sludge. And the desert wasn't a desert at all, but instead a beautiful green valley full of life and peace."

Lannen sneered in disbelief, "Yeah, right. This dump? This never could have been green and beautiful. We even fall short as a desert, for the Catechism's sake! We don't have cactuses or anything like what they show in the old books."

"No, my boy. This once was a beautiful place. It is just a testament, no more or less than the nuclear catechism you swear by, to the damage people can do when they don't care." With that, the man smiled and returned to his dreaming of the Willamette. Not knowing what to say, Lannen sat beside him.

Jonathan Sieg
9th Grade

I AM THE RIVER

I am the river, a peaceful old river, so be kind to my water.
I want to be clean. I want to be fresh so please don't pollute me.

Julia Angelo
2nd Grade

I AM THE MAPLE

The river is running
Swiftly and softly,
Down to the ocean,
A harbor of seashells.
My branches are withering,
My bark is now crumbling,
But I live with the river
That flows down to the sea.

My roots are now worn
By the torrent of water,
And the glittering salmon,
Leaping in sedges that grow by my side.
I am now old, drawn on by long seasons,
White foam and memories swirling together,
But I can remember...

I can remember when I was a sapling,
Fed by the river and nourished by earth,
Roaring and icy with foaming hands,
Or playfully gurgling through sunlight and brooks---
The river was there.
The songs that the river sings over the stones
Are as countless as the swallows that nest in my branches.
Sometimes I wonder if anyone notices
The ancient maple who stands by his friend.

Daniel Wildish
6th Grade

YOUR RIVER

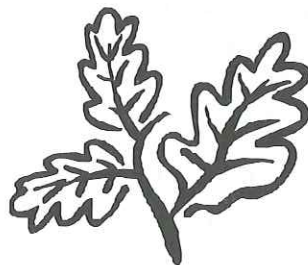
A river—clean and crystal clear—with the sun shining on its deep-blue color.
Roots of plants sit in its moist, brown soil.
Animals trod upon its banks—birds fly in the sky and fish swim in the river.
People live in its basin and use its precious gift—the water.
The future sits in your hands, as the rain sits in the clouds.
Your changes to your river is your future.

Jennifer Smith
8th Grade

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS

Branches cast creepy shadows in the moonlight.
The darkness encourages the water to be cold.

Alex Traylor
5th Grade



SHADOWS

Trees
Casting shadows
O'er the wetland habitat
As the powerful river
Rushes along.

Caitlin Bartlett
5th Grade

AS FAST AS THE WIND

The river flows

d o w n t h e m o u n t a i n

As fast as the

w i n d w i n d w i n d w i n d w i n d w i n d

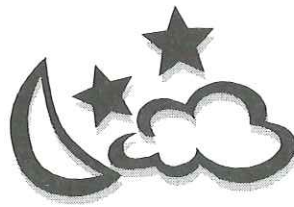
Hitting broken down

trees
t r e e s
t r e e s
t r e e s
t r e e s
t r e e s
tttt
rrrr
eee
eee
ssss

Snap, bang, it hits the

b e n d b e n d

Shane Stephenson
5th Grade



THE CHANGED RIVER

I had that dream again. The one about the river. I'd gone almost two weeks without it this time, and I thought that I was finally going to be able to sleep in peace.

In the dream, I walk down to the bank of the river under the moonlight. I dip my hands in the cool, clear water, and sate my thirst. She looks so pure tonight, more so than on any night I can remember.

On an impulse, I climb atop a high rock that hangs over the river. I look down at the deep pool beneath me, and I dive. The river swallows me up, and I swim nearly to the bottom before I make my way back up.

As I near the surface, however, my head bumps against something. A log, I think at first. I swim around it, and reach the surface. My lungs are burning from the strain, and I breathe deeply of the sweet river air.

But something is wrong. I cough, the putrid smog choking me. Looking about, I see what moments ago I thought a piece of driftwood. It is some kind of plastic container, someone's garbage. All around me is trash and filth.

I recoil in terror from this changed river, swimming swiftly to the bank and scrambling out. The sky is darker than I remember, and looking up I can only barely make out the moon, hidden behind a thick cloud of smoke.

That is where I wake up, usually. Sometimes I find myself covered in oil when I climb from the river, or I am forced to wade through schools of dead fish.

I haven't been to the river in years, save in the dream; it's only a fifteen-minute hike, but I'm afraid of what I might find. I've just got to go on hoping that someday, someone will heal the river.

Matt Farmer
10th Grade



THE RIVER

I sit on the bench and watch the river flow past
So calm and peaceful it pulls me in.
The river talks to me as it flows by,
Telling me about its journeys and all the places its been.
I once heard somewhere that Willamette River means river with no sides,
And that this river and its tributaries are the threads that hold our community together.
I believe this. After all, what would our state be without the Willamette River?

Kim Ross
12th Grade



JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The beautiful Willamette River Basin, not only the place I call home, but home to millions of others. This rich, luscious land in the heart of Oregon creates an ideal habitat for anything, insects to humans.

I, for one, am very fond of the Willamette River Basin, and proud to be a part of it. I live on Chehalem Mountain, a thirty minute drive from Portland. As I sit here typing this essay, making it sound pretty and all, I find that I have a gift, or a treasure that very few can ever have. I sit upstairs in my room staring at my monitor, which millions of people can do. The real treasure is that which lies to my left, a window. I can gaze out the window and see a gorgeous array of wildlife, red tail hawks, raccoons, deer. Douglas fir, pine, maple, cedar trees look down on me, watching my every move. Various flowers brighten my day. Birds singing every sunrise, peacefully waking me every morning.

Thanks to the wonderful Willamette River, my childhood has been filled with great memories. I remember all the great times I have had in the forest. Forts that I have built or sailing toy boats down the creek.

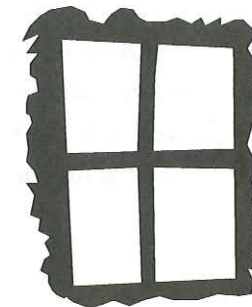
Night falls on my home nestled in the wood, and new creatures emerge. The owl wakes, raccoons scamper from under brush to the open, and deer sneak up and steal some blueberries in my front yard. I peer out the window before I go to bed for the night. I see billions of bright shining stars through the clear October sky. The sound of chicken creek, trickling down the hill relaxes me and puts me to rest at night.

There are limited amounts of places that allow such beauty so close. In this high-tech world today, natural beauty is fading. Villages to towns, towns to cities, the population is growing and the need to stay close to large cities is important. Business is booming and people find it harder and harder to even have a tree on their property.

The Willamette River creates such a gorgeous fertile area around Portland. Portland's looks are brightened by the sparkling Willamette River. It not only brightens the whole area with its beauty, but also produces homes to animals, transportation to many, and food and water to others.

Yes, there are places that are surrounded by greens; not many that are a short drive to a city. The Willamette River basin is a great place to grow up. It provides such a cleaner, healthier state. I would be proud to raise a family here when I grow older.

Andy Auxier
9th Grade



THE NIGHT RIVER

The night river
flows so steady and strong
though also runs clean,
cool and calm.

A deer comes to drink
on the misted river shore
she drinks in the water,
taking the cool river in,
cold and strong, it is part of her.

The night and the day gone by
float past on the night river;
the moon calm and bright
drifts on the cool dark surface,
shimmering and dancing on the river.

The river is always alive and moving,
even in the night.

The river keeps secrets,
that will never be told.
Secrets locked deep within
the pebbles of the river bed,
and every drop of the river
has a different story to tell.

If you listen closely
you might hear the night river
singing its story of rain,
mountain tops, and hill sides
for you to hear,
and as long as we listen to
our river, it will always be
there to sing its story to us.

Kelsi Mowreader
5th Grade

WASTED

There are bubbles in the river,
Big soap bubbles
like yachts floating downstream
bursting here and there.
There's a cloud of sulfur
swung low on the river,
bellowing out of pipe and tunnel.
The turbid water runs for its life
toward a stained horizon.
The city is sliced in two by the force.
The high-rises erect a little higher,
a little stiffer each day.
Silent masses of digital citizens
are spewed out into the streets.
They roam along ruts in the gutter.
To and fro. To and fro.
Gasoline rainbows melt together
upon black parking lots
and drip into sewers
that leak into the streams.
There are bubbles in the river.
The water is coming
to a slow boil beneath us.
The bubbles pop and burst
beside us.
And we stare,
lock-jawed and wasted.
Our stares are carried away
by silent, defiant eddies---
Dissipated and lost forever
in a swirl of acidic beauty.

Jessica Smith
12th Grade

MORNING MIST

The early morning mist pressed against my face, as I walked towards the river. I looked into the crystal clear water. I cupped my hands and dipped them into the water. It was cool. I splashed some of the cool, crisp water on my face. I lay back and relaxed in the early morning sunlight.

Matthew Steele
5th Grade

HONORING OUR RIVER

I had always thought that people were bad until after the oil spill happened. My mom and I were having lots of fun. We were swimming around when something that was sticky and black was covering my fur fast. We didn't know what it was. My mom was licking oil off of me, but she was covered in oil. We were doing okay until we saw a boat coming after us, and we tried to swim away but they caught up with us. They were talking, but we had no clue what they were talking about. I had no clue where my mother was until I saw her and asked her what had happened, and she said that there was an oil spill and that these people were good and that we were lucky that they found us in time. Later we were sitting on a table, and there were two people helping me but when I looked at my mom there were five people around my mother. I was hoping she was okay until I heard someone say, "Stop, there's too much oil in her and on her; she's dead." I lived but my mother died saving me. I'm not in the ocean but I know I'm somewhat safe. We can't take back what happened, but we can help now. So I hope that when you're out in the nature that you remember about animals and their habitat.

Becca Oien
6th Grade

ONCE THERE WAS A RIVER

Once there was a river, with lots of fish and frogs. I went to that river years ago. It was crystal clear, with smooth rocks, that I used to skip. A year ago I went there but there were no fish or frogs. I couldn't skip rocks anymore. Today I went to the river, but there was nothing there except rows of houses and cars.

Dylan Rowell
7th Grade

AT THE RIVER

The river flows both fast and slow.
The waves they go both high and low.
I go to the river, I love it there—
The air, the air, the air, the air!
And that is why I love it there.

And when the air does smell like spring,
I would fly to the river if I had wings.
I wish I were a heron so big and blue,
Flying to the river, along with you!

Eli Salus-Kleiner
2nd Grade



CROWS SINGING

The crows sing
A bittersweet melody
Like a chorus
Of kids singing
In church.
They crouch
In the shadows
Of the trees
As the water
Rushes along.

Caitlin Bartlett
5th Grade

THE ANIMALS SAY

The fish would say, "I need air."
The duck would say, "Don't you care?"
Eagles screech, "Don't spill your oil."
Beavers want fresh, clean soil.
Garbage makes the turtle ill.
Frogs croak, "Stop the sewage spill."
Toxic waste makes tadpoles shiver.
While cans and bottles float down the river.
If you can hear the animals' voice
Then don't pollute will be your choice.

Elle Barinaga
2nd Grade

ENDANGERED

Oregon must protect its watershed.
People need to get up and out of bed.
It is not right to just stand by.
While politicians go around acting sly.
The salmon are all slowly dying out.
While we are hastily running about.
Most people don't care about nature.
And the animals are dying prematurely.
It is amazing the damage logging can cause.
We have to help the environment just because.
If we don't help save it, who will?
The First Lady Hillary and her husband Bill?
I hope this will stop right now.
If we lose the salmon I'll ask, "How?"
If we lose our watershed,
We might be better off dead.

Joey Polansky
8th Grade

OUR GREAT RIVER

Trickling calmly, moving so slow,
I see a great river crystal and cold.
I watch as it flows through crevices and cracks.
I watch as it flies down falls
then splash.
I see a great river, mighty and bold.
I know a great river has
a mind of its own.

Annie Ward
5th Grade

UNOFFICIALLY MINE

The stream behind my house was known to my family as the Creek, or the Woods. But it was really called Beaver Creek. Was there anything extremely special or interesting about it? No. Just regular stream and creek life. And the memories. Too many to count really. Though three come to my mind right away.

My two dogs, Ike and Tina, always went with us to the creek, every single time. We would wrestle with them in the water. Then race back up for a barbecued dinner.

My first kiss was just short and sweet. It happened on the island between the banks. Patrick and I had always been best friends. One day, we went down to the creek, just to hang out. When all of a sudden he asked if he could kiss me. It was so cute, the way he asked permission like that. I had said sure, why not? But it took a while. We were both giggling too much until we actually kissed.

On the way back up to my house, Ike and Tina literally ran into me, and I slipped on a rock. I went headfirst into the freezing cold January water. When I surfaced, I was soaked to the bone, and I had to have been blue. Patrick was just laughing and laughing. That date was one of my favorites! I will never forget it.

The whole creek really isn't much. It's just a few trees and bushes. I mean, bugs are everywhere. How great could it be? I guess that if you're really into nature and the outdoors, you might like Beaver Creek, but I love it. Not because I love the woodsy atmosphere, or anything like that. Believe me, I don't. I don't even consider it a body of water, really. It's more a part of me, and my family, and my home. The creek is unofficially mine.

Macy Maughman
9th Grade

GETTING FISHY ABOUT THE RIVER

Oh, good morning. I didn't know you were waiting for me to wake up. My name is Sam. Sam the salmon. This is my home, the Willamette River. It's not much of a home though the same old water and algae, those mean fishermen, and the horrid pollution. Well, I've got a big day ahead of me so we'd better get going.

First stop breakfast, the best part of the morning. My favorite things to eat for breakfast are guppies or worms, but us fish have to be very careful about food. One wrong move and you're hooked by the nasty fishermen. Oh, look there's a nice plump guppy sleeping over there. Slowly now, careful, careful, CRUNCH! Mmmmm that tastes good.

It is time for school. I cannot be late or else my teacher gets very mad. Besides, we are going on a field trip today. Our teacher has not told us where we are going to go yet. She wants it to be a surprise. I cannot wait for the field trip. I hope it's to the Willamette falls. We went there last year and it was so much fun, like an amusement park. Well, enough talking, school starts in two minutes. We'd better swim fast or we'll be late.

Whew, we made it right before the bell rang. Look, here comes Mrs. Fishy right on schedule. She's going to announce the field trip location. I have butterflies in my tummy.

"Class," Mrs. Fishy says, "our field trip today is to the tire factory down on the other side of the river. We'd better leave now so we are on schedule."

Eewwwww, I can't believe it. Our one class field trip and it's to the one of the factories that pollutes our river. I can't believe Mrs. Fishy would plan such a distasteful trip.

"Everybody, buddy up," laughs Mrs. Fishy.

That started our field trip off. Our whole school of fish went swimming across the river with our buddies. When we arrived at the factory, Mayor Bass was waiting for us. He was going to be our tour guide through this pollution site.

I don't even know why I was so excited for this field trip. It's not going to do anything except fill up our gills with oil. Mrs. Fishy said, "It is very educational. All you little fish should know about the pollution to the river and how it harms us." Mayor Bass went on to say, "This is such a great opportunity for you kids. You are really lucky to be learning about this landmark."

As we went on through that field trip, I did learn more and more about how the factories pollute my home, the Willamette River. I learned that it doesn't just harm us fish and river creatures. It also harms all things around the river, from the plants along side the river, to the ducks and beavers that make their homes near the river. The pollution also hurts you humans; it ruins the environment around you to make it harder to survive. The pollution ruins the water as well as the land and all the creatures living in the Willamette Valley.

I hope that you will learn from what I have taught you. I also hope you will spread the word around to others. You need to help to conserve this river for you many more generations and me. I hope you don't mind, but I am really hungry. So I guess it's about time for dinner. Bye, I'm going to go fishing for a worm.

Lauren McKillian
9th Grade

THE FISHERMAN

The wind had stopped.
I put my toes into the cold water.
Looking up, I saw a fisherman.
He had caught two fish.
He reeled in his hook and looked into the crystal clear water.
He will carry the soul of the river with him.

Sarah Key
5th Grade



RIVER DREAM

A rainbow fish swims past a waving water plant.
A water skipper dances on the glass-like part of the river.
A speckled sparrow croons in her water-side nest.
Mauve flowers line the riverbank, nodding in the wind.

Kelsey McCornack
4th Grade

DESCRIBING THE RIVER

Oh, the beauty of the river
The way it talks... splash, splash, splash
The way fish swim... swift, swift, swift
And how the beavers build their dams... pack, pack, pack

Jimmy Rodgers
4th Grade

ME AND MY BROTHER CARLOS AT THE RIVER

One time I went to the river, and we were swimming, and I'm the only one who can swim. So I teach my brother Carlos how to swim. One time the water almost sweeps me off, but I was holding a rock. That time was a little scary. Then I began going with my dad or my mom.

Juan Lopez-Santiago
5th Grade

THE RIVER

I know the river,
Powerful and deep.
Her arms outstretched.

I know the river,
Rough, yet gentle.
Open to all the little ones.

I know the river.

Jared Haag
5th Grade

THE RAIN STOPS

A dog laps up one part of a lake.
A cat pounces around on the bank,
Trying not to soak her little cat paws.
A raccoon hunts and bathes
and uses up another part.
A speedboat whizzes by
on its way to a magical water world.
Someone comes with a bucket
for water to drink.
It looks as if the water is disappearing,
But then plink, plink,
trickle, trickle,
the rain starts to fall.
Everyone runs indoors
until the rain stops.

Amy Austin
5th Grade

AWAKE, MCKENZIE

I wake up earlier
than the house
Its
silence
Its
continuous
Its
deep shadows
Flowing in darkness
Of currents rough shod
Around furniture legs
Around boulders, logs
Of currents swiftly
Flowing in brightness
Of deep brilliance

Its
continuous
Its
dull rumble louder
Than the water's splash
Waking earlier
never slowing
The river
I hear
so early
this morning.

Laura Searcy
4th Grade

THE RIVER HAS MANY VOICES

Featured below are the winning Haiku entries from the Japanese-American school in Eugene.

Gentle River
Gently, gently flow
Sparkling in the evening sun
Gentle rushing sound

Aubrienne Carson
4th Grade

春が来た
川がながれる
さくらさく
オブリアン
カーソン

Sparkling River
A sun is shining,
The river is sparkling
The bright water glows

Kana Clarisse Howe
4th Grade

クラリス
ハウ

かがやく日
川おもゆる
ひかる水

Beautiful
Flowers by the bed
The water is rippling
Quiet butterflies

Panchajany Scheffer
4th Grade

花がさき
水がながれる
ちようがとぶ
パンチ
シェファー

Fast River
The rapids are strong
White water is tumbling
Changing to smooth glass

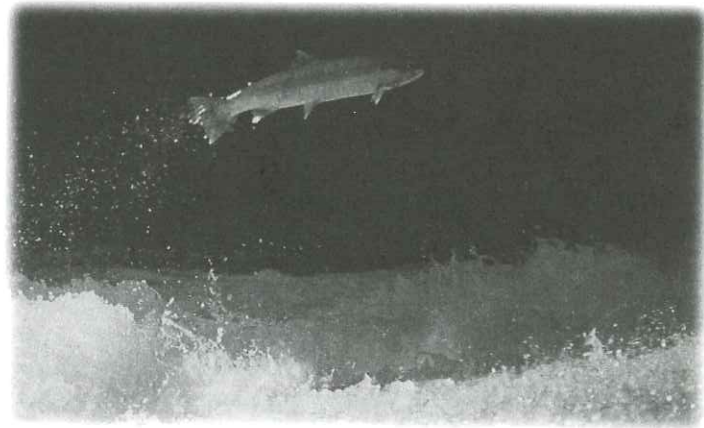
Josh Hoffman
4th Grade

ジョシュア
 Hoffman

川ゴーゴー
白水はねる
水おもに



STUDENT WORKS, PART II



DEPTH OF DREAMS

Go inside my river, see the strength and soul of its wave.
See it sway in the sweet morning sun.
Go inside my river.

Go inside my river.
Visit the river lady moving to and from her house,
As her dress sways.
I see children playing in the sunlight.
She calls them back from a crash on a smooth, soft rock.
Go inside my river.

Go inside my river.
See the depths of its dreams.
Look and see how we kill all its beauty.
Go inside my river.

Go inside my river.
See how it trickles in the breeze.
See how the river is like you or me.
Go inside my river.

*Sara Varin
5th Grade*

THINGS I KNOW ABOUT RIVERS

Rivers show age and power,
A quiet dignity that can erupt
Into a playful dance.

The reflecting sun makes the river look
Clean and brisk, though I know the truth.

It's widely known that anything dangled
In the Willamette turns mud-brown.

The Willamette twirls around like
A treble clef through the heart of Oregon.

The Willamette learns to find its old paths
During flood, seeking by feel the ancient oxbows
That the Army Corps tried to iron out,
Refusing to remain "channelized".

Spring river roars instead of sings.

*Matt Farmer, Kendra Farrand, Karla Schack
Writing in an after school circle.*

WHAT IS A RIVER?

A river starts as a stream.
A stream starts as a pond.
A pond starts as a puddle.
A puddle starts as a tiny drop of water.
Every drop of water counts.
So keep our river clean.
Please don't pollute.

*Megan Philips
2nd Grade*

WATER

Swiftly flowing
Water, splashing
Faster than lightening.
Fish dancing in
water.
Trees shading,
Insects floating
on the water.
Air blowing
in the trees.
Everything
calms down.
It's night.

*Yabsolait Frazier-Gorby
4th Grade*

LOOK OUT BELOW

Trickle, Trickle, here I come,
to join the rivers fun,
down the waterfall turn the corner,
around the bay,
look up, hear the sun sing,
look down below hear the fishes swim,
time to evaporate,
look up above there I am,
when it starts to rain again,
so look out below.

*Shelly Meyers
5th Grade*

THE MCKENZIE RIVER'S SECRETS

The rushing, kind McKenzie River
sounds as if it is telling you the
loveliest secret of them all,
with a gentle mist of its beautiful water
coming up to your face and gives you a kiss
of its kindness, to seal
the secrets in your mind.

Jessica Fraka
5th Grade

LIFE

The keepers of life, often synonymous with tranquility. Some are so vast that to look across them is impossible and others can be crossed in a few casual steps. Some are so powerful that they shape land and affect millions of lives, and others get overlooked. Many pieces of literature have been written about these marvels of earth and for good reason. For no matter how different they might be one thing is always the same, they bring life wherever they go.
Rivers.

Around 5000 BC the first civilization was born. It was summer. The intriguing thing about summer is that it was located between two rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris. Why is it that it was located there? Rivers played an essential role in the development of civilization. They provided water for crops, fish to eat, and a reliable source of transportation for a place otherwise surrounded by barren desert. If not for rivers, humans could still well be nomadic.

New York City—Hudson River; Cairo—Nile; Paris—Seine. Think of all the large cities in the world, and they are either built on or affected by a river. A perfect example of how much we depend on rivers is Egypt. Look at a political map of Egypt, and it is amazing what you see. You will not find a city anywhere except on the rich banks of the world's longest river, the Nile.

It is nothing short of fascinating how life appears near rivers, but what do we do to thank our rivers, to show appreciation? We pollute our rivers with pesticides, garbage, and industrial waste. We make them not livable for fish, animals, and ourselves. In doing so we deprive our children and grandchildren from ever seeing a healthy river, where life is abundant and it is safe to take a swim.

For all the life rivers give, why not help preserve them so they can continue doing so for generations to come.

Masood Ali
9th Grade

HOLDING UP A HEAVY SKY

High on the grassy cliff, I stand, watching the river. Watching the tall firs prop up the sky, a sad gray tent, drooping wet and low. A silver mist surrounds me, as if it would wrap its wet blanket around and toss the bundle down. Yesterday you left in sunlight, the splendor of the water's surface shown like sequins on a cocktail dress, moving to music. I watched you walk away, the sun melting in your hair, your shoulders hunched, the sky so blue it hurt my eyes.

Now today, alone, I sag with the sky, heavy and wet with clouds. Low and brooding. Breathing is difficult. I am weighted in shadow, missing the light as I miss you. Even the birds are quiet. They know a storm is near. They know I wear red so I won't disappear. Barely a wing flicker, staring, tuneless from close branches. Even the shoreline train seems to have the day off, its mournful whistle mute. I cough and the dense air parts visibly, in a rush of moisture. My eyelashes cling together. I blink and my cheeks receive the tiny stream. I can tell myself it's mist, but you know better.

The Willamette is a silky ribbon, dipped in mud, looping around the edges of my view, town and tree, shore and bridge. It twirls the soggy air, spinning in rippling loops, as if to surround the moment, or stop time. Fir boughs bend under the wide sky. Will they lose their hold? Already I can feel the clouds brushing my hair in the wind. I listen—the river is silent—but syllables float to me, like a wooden canoe, launched in quiet consolation.

The Sellwood Bridge is shrouded in pearl gray mist, barely visible. I squint; it seems to float, its land connections split. Like a boat, it glides free, its white light overhead, in the shape of a rainbow, shimmering in the dense fog. I watch its odd journey, feeling the weight of the sky and the silence, pushing me inward. Like the bridge, I am disconnected from my shore. Only I am not free. I am called to face my solitude. Under the white tyranny of the sky, there is no place to hide.

Rebecca Carpenter
Graduate Student

THE RIVER

I watch as it dances and dazzles
I watch as it splishes and splashes
I watch as it shines in the summer breeze
I watch it run like a scurrying animal
I watch as it goes away

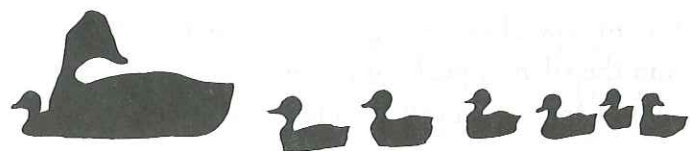
Dylan Galbraith
4th Grade

THE RIVER

River
blue, green,
rushing, moving, talking
river otter, fish, ducks, birds
gurgling, swift, meandering,
swift, fast
River

Help the river.
Don't pollute, don't be a coot.
River blue green river
rushing, moving, talking river.
Rivers live in gorges, valleys.
They have ducks and other birds.
River swift, fast, river
Help the beautiful river.
The beautiful gurgling, swift, meandering river
Help the beautiful blue, gray river.
Protect it, help it.

Elizabeth Tomczyk
4th Grade



LAMPREY IN THE RIVER

One day a small egg hatches in the Willamette River. Out swims a small, grey, snake-like creature. This baby Lamprey has no digestive tract, so it just needs to stay away from predators. Soon though, it will change.

After awhile the Lamprey starts to gain a "shell". In this "shell" it gains a digestive tract. When it comes out of the "shell" the Lamprey will start to suck the blood from fish. It does this by placing a jawless mouth lined with razor sharp teeth against the skin of the fish. Again, though, this will change.

The last change is when the Lamprey gains another "shell". Inside this "shell" it loses its digestive tract and is ready to mate. After the Lamprey mates, it lays its eggs and dies.

Andrew Barnum
5th Grade

I KNOW THE RIVER

I know the river,
Loud like thunder on a stormy day,
As quick and swift as the wind,
and soft like the clouds.
It comes in shades of aqua, green and blue.

When I see the river,
I see water
full of life
with many creatures.

I love the river.

Heidi Kelso
5th Grade

RAINDROP

Raindrop
tiny, fast
plunging, swarming, racing
sleek, new, mammoth, ancient
swirling, thundering, gushing
powerful, snaking
River.

Daniel Prentice
5th Grade

WHITEWATER

A storm is coming,
The clouds darken, hail pounds the water.
The river is wild and untamed as it thrashes the rocks.
Rafters fight the whitewater to get ashore.
The storm ends. Birds sing, deer silently drink.

Jarrett Thompson
5th Grade

PURPOSES

Someone once told me
that a river's only goal
is to one day reach the ocean.
So I guess it was an accident
that somewhere along the way
she picked up some of our hopes and dreams
and gave us back serenity.

Phebe Annis
12th Grade

OLD DAVID

"Of course I wanna go," I mumbled as I climbed out of the only place I really wanted to be at the moment. I stumbled into the bathroom and splashed my face with cold water. An unsuccessful attempt to wake up. I threw on my jeans and a Marvin the Martian sweatshirt, and ran out the door, grabbing my shoes in one hand and my fishing pole in the other. I jumped in the back of the old Ford just as grandpa started the engine. He and my brothers Jeff and Jack in the cab, Mickey and I in the back. Mickey was grandpa's black lab, smartest lab that I ever met, but then I was only eight years old. She licked my face as we backed out of the driveway, me tying my shoes and grimacing at the undesired face washing.

We were headed for Skookumchuck river as we did often on those weekends spent with grandpa. It wasn't far from his house in Centralia; thankfully not a long drive because this dog slobber thing was beginning to bother me.

We pulled off on the side of the road after about five minutes of slobber. I wiped my face with my sleeve and jumped out. Mickey following me faithfully, of course until grandpa got out of the cab, when she pranced up to him, licked his hand, and sat down watching as he pulled the tackle box out of the back. Grandpa handed everyone their poles and started walking into the brush, followed by a string of kids like a mother duck leading her ducklings to the pond. We tread through the tall canary grass, each knowing that they would be the one to catch the biggest fish of the day, no, the biggest fish of the year! What a sight that would be. But it was hopeless; no one ever caught a bigger fish than grandpa. He was the king of fishing to us, and even to others.

"Are we almost there?" I whined.

"No, we still got another twenty miles of walkin' to do," Grandpa mumbled calmly and sincerely.

I knew he was only kidding though, the river wasn't far away. I could hear it flowing. The Skookumchuck was near a sewage plant, which on occasion smelled bad. I could smell it that day. We were close.

"I'm gonna catch the biggest one!" I said cheerfully.

Jeff replied, "What the heck are you thinkin'? You know I'm gonna catch the whole river."

"You guys are all nuts!" Jack said with a tone of superiority. "Both of you know that I'm gonna catch the big ones!"

"You boys stop your fussin'. Nobody needs to argue over fish," Grandpa ordered.

Once we finally got to the river, we set our things down and baited our hooks with the nightcrawlers that we picked up out of the graveyard near grandpa's house. When we got a really long worm, we pinched it in half to make it fit on the hooks. Pinching them in half was my favorite part of fishing because that was when they really started to squirm.

Grandpa was always the first with his line in. "It gives 'em more time to bite," he would tell us. Next my brothers, while I was still fidgeting with the worm. Once I got my pole in the water, I felt a desperate need to find a tree. On my way back, I noticed that the tip of my pole was bouncing around a lot. I began to run and stumbled over a rock, gathered myself quickly, and made it to the bank just in time to watch my pole being pulled in the water.

The splash was what finally got everyone's attention. Grandpa yelled, "Bruce, ya better get your butt in there and get your pole before it's dragged too far out!" My pole was still skimming across the mud under shallow water. Suddenly I felt my knees bend and me squat, then

they straightened out. Before I realized what had just happened, my whole body was covered in mud, and I had mud in my mouth. Not a good taste. I looked up and my pole was in my hands, as I was jerked around by the monster on the other end. Grandpa came over and pulled me up, holding onto me and my pole. His arms wrapped around me, and his hands holding onto my reel. The pole arched like a rainbow, then straightened, arched again as we saw the biggest fish we'd ever seen in a river. The pole arched even more, then the line snapped.

"Crudd!" Grandpa said, then laughed.

"What's so funny grandpa?" asked Jeff.

"Yeah, what could possibly be funny about that? Other than Bruce getting slimed." They both ran over to him sitting on a rock, while I washed the mud off of my face in the water.

Grandpa laughed, "Old David, you son of a gun."

"Who's Old David?" I questioned annoyingly.

"The same guy that pulled you into the mud."

"The fish? You named the fish?"

"Yep, he's earned that name. He's smart. Just when you think you got him, snap! He does it just to play with your mind. He could avoid getting hooked at all, but he does it anyway."

"He was huge!" Jack said. "I saw him skim across the water out there."

"Oh, yeah, he's big alright. About ten pounds or so, I'd say, 'been tryin' to get 'em for a while now. I caught him before."

"Then why is he still here?" Jack questioned.

"Because why kill a legend just for sport? I wouldn't eat him. Anyway, this water is too polluted, he'd make ya sick; I put 'em back."

"Why is it polluted?" I asked as Mickey came over to lick some more mud off my face.

"You dummy, don't you know?"

"Shut up Jeff," I sneered

Grandpa said, "It's polluted because of the sewage treatment plant up there. Some of the chemicals leak into the river, killing the smaller fish. The big ones build up some sort of immunity to them or somethin'."

"What's that mean?" I asked again.

"Means that the chemicals don't make them as sick as much as it does the little fish."

"Why don't they do something about it?" Jeff wondered.

"They've tried, about two years ago, 1968. But that's private land, and they couldn't get enough evidence to prove it. They just gave up. But it's getting worse. There are less and less fish every time I come here. And less birds too. Almost time to stop coming."

With that, we left. Grandpa was right, it did get worse. Over the years the fish population decreased dramatically. One winter there was a lot of rain and the river flooded. Everyone who used well water wasn't allowed to use it anymore. The city said it was contaminated; they all had to hook up to city water. But they had enough evidence now, and enough witnesses to file a lawsuit against the sewage treatment plant. They made them clean up the area and stop all leaks. Now they have to have a safety inspection once a year, to make sure nothing leaks.

The river had never fully regained its wildlife, it might not ever. The sewage treatment plant is still in operation today.

Jesi Marks
9th Grade

OUR RIVER

From my house, I walk slowly into the forest.
I go to the edge of the river. I close my eyes and use my senses.
I smell.
I smell the fresh scent of pine, hiding in the trees.
I smell the air as it goes by in a cool breeze.
I smell the wild flowers, and working hard are the bees.

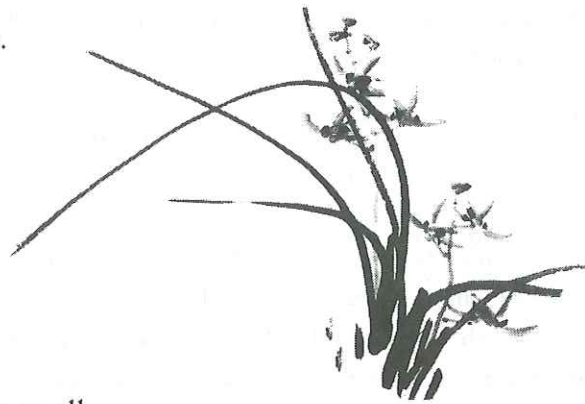
Now I hear.
I hear the river, flowing by my side.
I hear the wind blowing, as it winds through the trees---
It's trying to hide.
I hear the birds chirping and flying on a ride.

Now I feel.
As I put my fingers in the water, I feel the ice cold touch.
I feel the grass. It feels like the fur of an otter.

Now I see.
I see a beaver building a dam and noisily chewing on wood.
The fish are swimming, jumping, and playing like little fish should.
I see a deer wandering carefully, and up above her are the trees---
they are like a hood.

It's time for me to go now, but as I leave, I taste.
I taste the cool air.
As I start to think, I stop and stare.
I wonder about the things I saw
All the beautiful things...
I wish I could stay forever but I can't.
It's getting dark.
I have to go home.
I hope to visit again and use my senses,
To listen, to see, to touch or feel, to taste and to smell.
I walk away.

Kaci Williams
7th Grade



SWEETNESS

Rivers flowing.
The sweet sounds of the water trickling over stones.
The birds singing.
Their voices carrying along with the breeze,
As the wind moves along with the river,
Flowing ever so fast, every so slowly.
The sun casting its bright rays down on the river
To give it the perfect welcoming look;
You can't help but go for a swim.
The cool water flowing around your body as
You dunk, dive, and swim.
The gentle current carrying you as you float on your back.
Fish swim below you, nipping at your fingers and toes.
The sweetness of a river.
Enjoy it while it lasts.

Rachel Long
12th Grade



RIVER UPON MY DREAM

I sit upon the river as it softly crashes to the shore.
I rise flying across the pillow sky.
My wings are like waves of light.
Looking down I see fish swimming happily in the soft crisp waves.
You are so soft and silver, shining and shimmering in the sunlight.
As I fly through the sky, I am watching you fulfill your dreams!

Samantha Baker
5th Grade

THE RIVER

The river runs so smoothly, it seems like the river's a cloud, drifting by. The leaves remind me of little boats, floating away. "River, River" is what the secret voice whispers to me.

Conner Plant
2nd Grade

GOES THE RIVER

Up and down
Back and forth
Trickle, trickle
Goes the river
Trickle, trickle
Back and forth
Up and down.

Jordan Wilson-Pelton
5th Grade

JUST ME THE RIVER AND THE REAL WORLD

As I walk through the underbrush of the great forest, I clutch my bow and keep a watchful eye. I hear the soft smooth sounds of a stream, and I know there is a quiet meadow beyond the eastern trees. The early morning sun shines upon my hair and warms my frozen feet. As I walk into the clearing, I am overwhelmed by the beauty of the wilderness surrounding me, as it wraps me in a blanket of peace. Blossoms over my head of old oaks and maples. Squirrels scurry out of sight into the painted branches. The dew on the brilliantly colored lilacs fades away and goes to hide in the clouds until night falls again.

Softly falls the early spring rain and the birds emerge from their nests to hunt, for they are more clever than I, standing awe struck in the lively meadow. They search and stalk patiently, soaring through the cool air. The sharp eye of the robin spots its prey and singing its beautiful warrior's song, he clasps the victim in his talons. It seems to know its fate and doesn't even struggle as it is carried through the wind to the warm, dry shelter of the bird's strong nest. The hungry newborns devour their awaited meal.

A rain drop hits my face, but I do not run into the dryness under the oak behind me. I move on to find my destiny. My soul carries me through the wind tapping my face. Then I see it. Soft and swift, quiet and precious, wild and free. This is where I belong, the river is my heart, my soul, my mind. *The river is me.*

Christina Lindsay
7th Grade

THE BLACK STUFF

As I'm swimming along, I spot a delicious looking water spider on the surface. I go up to take a closer look, then I spotted something right next to it. It has a black liquidy appearance. Help!! It's coming straight at me. I try to swim in the opposite direction and make a sharp right turn to avoid its path, but I can't get away. I just keep swimming away from it. I finally get away from it and there it is again. I think it's after me. How do I escape it? It's catching up with me and I can't get away. Then I spot hundreds of others just like me and they're trying to swim from it also. They tell me to keep swimming and swimming. I notice that some of the others are covered in the black liquid and are struggling to keep up. The water is not very clear and I can't see where to swim to next. The water is very cloudy and while I swim, I run into other items in the water. Things like empty pop cans, glass bottles, tires, scrap metal and a lot of other garbage. As I'm trying to dodge all this garbage the black liquid has caught up with me. I'm covered in it and I'm swimming slower now. Just ahead of me, I spot a silver shiny thing; I grab on to it and I feel it pulling me. I try to swim the other way, but I'm too tired to fight it, so I stop trying. I'm going up fast and something pulls me out of the water. The next thing I know I am in a tank of clear water and there is something rubbing me. The black stuff is off of me.

Now I have been moved to a different tank with my new friends and I haven't seen the black stuff since.

Corey Baron
6th Grade

THE RIVER IN MY DREAMS

I lounge upon the polluted brown river,
but that is not what I dream of.
I dream that one day this river
will be crisp and cool
as it glides along its path of life
I look at the river again
and promise the river I will help
it live up to its
dreams of wonder.

Kaela Cochran
5th Grade

THE WILLAMETTE I LIVE BY

I moved to Oregon about four years ago when I was ten. I live in Oak Grove which is a little part of Milwaukie that is basically on the east side of the Willamette River's shore and leads up to River Road. We bought our house about three months after it was in the '96 flood, and the basement was complete chaos. All the walls and floors had to be bleached and everything was remodeled. I really didn't enjoy living in a house that was constantly undergoing construction and having to live in the same room as my parents for a month. I blamed the Willamette for it. So, I really didn't like the river. I thought it was dirty and unsafe and was just a bad thing to live by.

When summer came and my friends and I had nothing to do, we went down to the river. Sometimes, we would go jet skiing and other times boating. We also would go fishing and try to dam up the little creeks that would lead into the Willamette. I was really actually enjoying living by the river. If the weather was nice enough, we'd even go swimming. And if we had nothing better to do (which was most likely always), we would play lazer tag or baseball on the beach.

I really thought that living by the water was awesome until winter came and the water started rising again. I was not a happy camper at all. Number one, I didn't want to sleep in the same room as my parents again. Number two, I lived in the downstairs. My room was down there! So I was hating life. Everyday, I would walk down to the boat launch and check where the water level was. I also started thinking about all the garbage that people had thrown into the river. I was steaming. That trash would be in my house if it flooded again! Well, the water got close, but it never did flood. I was extremely relieved, but then I thought, "Hey, there's next year too!" So, whenever I walk down to the Willamette, I pick up whatever trash I see. I even pick up trash when friends are with me. They say I'm messed up, but I just tell them the same thing that I'm telling you. Then I remind them that we fish and swim in this river. The reaction I usually get is to see them bend down and pick up their wrappers that they had just thrown on the ground or someone else's.

In the 1940's, it was said that the Willamette was so polluted that nothing could survive in it. Most of the pollution was from industries that were dumping waste in the river, but it was from plain littering also. Ducks were being born with deformities like maybe an extra leg or eye. At least that's what people said. I don't know if that's true or not, but the Willamette was cleaned up after many years and people say that it's just as clean as drinking water. Still, it took a lot of time and money to replenish the environment and the system of the Willamette River, and the damage that was done will always stay that way.

I guess what I'm saying is don't pollute what makes our Willamette river communities beautiful. When you litter, you don't only hurt the environment, but you hurt people as well. So, hopefully the next time that you or somebody else throws trash on the ground or in the water, think again and pick it up. You never know what piece of garbage might end up in your house.

*Brianna Stubr
8th Grade*

INVITED OREGON WRITERS

The Oregon writers featured in this section of the anthology were invited to contribute to our publication because of their passion for education and our river. They are people deeply connected to the river through their writing and storytelling.



STEVE JONES writes daily with Sprague High students, co-directs the Oregon Writing Project at Willamette University, keeps a thirty acre tree farm and currently serves as Oregon Council of Teachers of English president. He is also a reconfirmed "dimple-head", relentlessly chasing a small white ball about the links.

WHEN PEOPLE TURNED TO PEBBLES

The Kalapuya tell how the first myth age ended
when the earth turned over—stars were born.
People became pebbles in the second,
and the third age brought a flood—
changed two-leggeds to whales, beaver and fishes.
Finally, when the world was ready,
the Kalapuya came.

Then after ten thousand verdant years,
white-eye fur traders pushed them back
into earth, rock and valley sweet grass—
back to an earlier age.

One day, the Kalapuya will reemerge,
birthed from boulders and flowing water,
living myth that rests out of sight.

Just as the Great Spokane Flood drowned
the mountain spirits, Tcha Teemanwi
reversed the Wallama, scoured the valley,
so the Kalapuya were driven into the earth.
Someday, these camas-gathering, story-telling people
will be reborn from the valley floor.
Till then, the Wallama soothes Kalapuya souls in fresh water.
This valley holds Kalapuya ways in trust.
The river waits.
The Kalapuya wait.
The myth rolls on.

NOTES FOR A WILLAMETTE RIVER POEM

I should mention how rivers connect the mountain
and the seas, carrying important messages both directions—
stories of snowmelt travel downstream and salmon carry
saltwater replies—give and take. This natural exchange
is the commerce of rivers, how they pull the disparate together,
finding ways to marry mountain stories with the rolling poetry
of tides. We find fragments of these stories in the dimpled agates
and hammered round obsidian cobbles on rock bars—
all moving from mountain to sea. Also swamp grasses carpeting
the banks, Oregon white oak, vine maple and tight bundles
of bear grass give witness to moving river stories. Water chuffing
over rock and fallen trees gives voice to quiet stories—all best savored
around winter fire—the cherished stories we retell from year to year.

JIM (TIGER) NICHOLSON, long-time Sprague High coach, Haiku poet, AP history and writing teacher, proudly admits he's the "world's oldest teenager."

HAIKU: UPPER WILLAMETTE

Placid crystal pool
Resting place for
the river
Tomorrow, the falls

ANNE STALEY teaches at the Northwest Writing Institute, Lewis & Clark College. She visited the Willamette River ten times during the month of March, a month when she was reading the poems of Emily Dickinson. This essay comes from her notes and observations, dreams and memories.

LATE-WINTER RIVER

...with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

William Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*

Mid-March of the third millennium. My father's birthday. I am sitting in a car beside the Willamette River thinking about where we go after we die. Rain pours from a pigeon-colored sky, pings and splats on the windshield. The brown river reflects the sky's light, and the bike path stretches along the water, shiny as a gray satin ribbon. From the distance of the car the water appears strangely motionless, held between its own terraces, held like a memory fixed by the suffuse light of the afternoon. Sounds of moving traffic on the overpass remind me I am not alone near the river. But it is the trees that comfort, branching against the sky like bronchial tracery, an inter-weaving of moss and lichen-covered limbs.

Last spring I stood under the arching, budding maples in Resurrection Cemetery, in another state, near another river. With my brothers and cousins we had gathered in memory of my father and of all our family, that generation who lived through the Great Depression and fought in World War II, who carved out the suburbs and believed in the ultimate good of progress. Middle middle-Americans, they wanted their children to go to college (we did), to join the country club (some of us did), and to believe and serve the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church (none of us did). Doubtters and dissenters, college having encouraged these things, we left town, each of us, to reinvent ourselves and to create our versions of a good life. My father's ashes were in a bronze box in the ground with the onyx ring he always wore. My mother's ashes beside him, our grandparents, aunts and uncle. And standing around in the April chill were the rest of the lost and found tribe.

Where are they? I thought over dinner, drinking the whiskey sours our parents had so loved. Where are they? I wondered as we laughed about Aunt Dot's dream home of the 50's—kidney-shaped coffee table and blond furniture now high-priced and fashionable four decades later. No, really, WHERE ARE THEY, if there is no heaven, if the body burns itself to dust, if nothing can stop the movement of time and the changes which time exacts?

The poet, Milosz says, "When it hurts, we return to the banks of certain rivers," and although I am not consciously hurting, though the last death is already in the past, you cannot sit by a river and escape such memories, these kinds of thoughts. Especially if the rain is falling, which it does in mid-March. So, whatever the river means, one way or another, all the rain and all these memories are headed toward it.

Above the river:
gold band of light at the horizon, fish-scale sky.

The word 'river' comes from the Anglo-Norman *rivere*, back further to the Latin, *ripa*, which means bank of a stream, the root word as well for the term 'riparian,' this place along the river where I have parked my car. I mention this now because I have the sense that all the parts of this little treatise I am writing will be braided together in that meandering—downstream way of moving water, that what I am writing is as much a map of my heart as a set of reflections on the water that shapes a landscape.

High clouds, pearly sunlight.
Angle of geese head North,
Nothing stops the grass.

Back again. Following Basho's famous instructions. Today's sky is mottled, puddles of soft gray and white clouds over cerulean blue. A moment of sunshine warms the hand, the right side of my face. There is crow caw and *shusssh* of traffic along the highway to Albany. Green-brown, the Willamette rolls by. Full, ceaselessly emptying, this water heads with certainty toward the Pacific, gradient and channel the commandments of its necessary flow.

Trees and shrubs shoulder the banks here: blackberry, willow, ash. They soften the boundary between moving water and valley bottom land. Some trees hold last year's leaves, waiting for the lion's wind of March to make duff of them all, and each time I glance up from my notebook a new moment of the river shimmers and slides away.

I have been reading the poems of the belle of Amherst. Precise and artful, Emily Dickinson is good, seasonal company. Her poems are paradoxes of insight, "errands of the eye." And, although she chose the river for the subject of only one poem of her 1,775 verses, she is a nature poet to the core. Here is what she has mentioned in just a few pages of verse, sixty five poems written between 1850-1859: linnet, clover, Pleiad, Crocus, Gentian, Whippoorwill, Anemone, Hemlock, Aster, Oriole. And, just a hundred poems into the Complete Poems, I can tell you she was no sheltered, shy, or silly old-maid, rather a fullsome-hearted woman who loved her friends deeply, who questioned Faith yet believed in Angels, and whose twin themes of living and dying occupied all her writing years.

"Flood subjects," later scholars have called these themes that float in the stream of all Dickinson notices and venerates. Death, Immortality & Resurrection appear again and again in poems, nestled alongside the sediments of April, Bees, Bliss, Jewel-weed, Secrets, and Yesterday.

Today along the river float mother memories. The sewing room shelves piled with fabrics—paisley, Blackwatch plaid, crimson taffeta for a winter cotillion, nubby ocher wool for an Easter coat, and drawers full of notions—white lace and tatting, rhinestone buttons which appeared later on a gray flannel jacket. Two floors away on Saturday afternoons I could hear the Singer singing, imagine my mother leaning toward the table, hands illumined by the sewing light, rings sparkling, red nails flashing. A room of her own, indeed, and the time to sew, drink coffee, listen to the opera. This is the woman who loved antiques and laughed brightly while smoking Tarytons, whose lilting voice could turn to molten anger. When I stole a lipstick from a neighbor's bathroom, I thought the world was ending; the summer I built fires in a vacant lot—for making tea, for watching flames—I was sure I was headed to prison. And yet her delight delighted me. I knew she loved me fiercely; even the anger proof of that love.

Where is she in the dark night when I listen to rain and the calls of geese? Where is she when I arrange the coral pink and pale yellow tulips on the mantle, when I read Emily's joke: "In the name of the Bee/And of the Butterfly/And of the Breeze—Amen!"

Glancing from these words I see joggers on the path, a young woman and her Black Lab, two workmen sharing a river bench and a smoke, and an elderly man shuffling by, inevitable umbrella ready for the next drizzle. But what am I unable to see here? Fish swimming and resting, all the river moves along sub-surface: lost shoes and bones and dead birds, tire pulled against channel rocks, miraculous bridge pilings, culvert and field run-off, whatever's left after the Water Treatment Plant finishes with it. Like most of us the river conceals more than it reveals, and I realize that I must go on reading Emily, allowing memory to surface, letting these words flow onto empty pages. And I must come back to the river.

Brush-stroke of cobalt in gray sky.
Clouds move east
River moves north.

In the dream I discover the voice of the river, the great song of a thousand voices which I understand as perfection. And in this dream the ferryman speaks not only to Siddhartha but to the silver-haired woman beside him. In the sepia-toned dream, dark pods float under the river's surface, and when they open I recognize the shadows as my family, water-borne: With open arms, sharing the certainty of return, the ancestors float toward me. And, as is so often true in the dream-world, I even have time to think, "This is where the essay wants to go." But when I awaken I am tingling with the incommunicable and bewildered by the dark figures and river voices. Lost in morning light, I am sure, only, that the river is an obstacle, one with reality and presence, an immensity that moves between my question and its answer.

This day my favorite spot along the bank has trucks and tree-limbers, too many distractions for writing, and I wonder as I go off to find another spot if the workmen notice the river behind them if they realize that whoever understands the river and its secrets will understand much more.

In fact, a week's worth of water has flowed by. But there in the channel, always new water: self-directed, longing for the Pacific, heedless of my attention. As I sit beside the river's perpetual Becoming, I realize that the Heisenberg Principle does not apply to my experiment of words and water. Or if it does, it is, perhaps, an inverse corollary. My observations are altering, not the river, but the observer herself. Why else would the dark pods open in my night-soul or memories flood my consciousness? Why would I find myself thinking about Virginia Woolf who walked into the river with stones in her pockets and Charles Wright who noted: *each word is a failure, each object we name and place leads us another step away from the light.*

Across town my friend Lois photographs daffodils, narcissus, the early pink azalea. Across the continent my brother, Tom, returns for another dose of cobalt 60. Across the river the trees wear the barest fuzzy green fur, pedicels plump, ripened with the energy of unborn leaves. Listen. The river is too large for an essay, for what I am trying to fashion on this page. And, there is no certain answer as to the whereabouts of my lost parents. Nothing certain, past that dream and a chain of memory resurrected and some kind of unspeakable faith that the flood subjects are really one subject, that the dividing line that seems to lie between this world and eternity is an illusion, that the river, itself, whispers and chants, announces this wisdom: *Life like This—is stopless.*

So I think it must be enough to be here, to listen—to listen with a still heart and a waiting soul. And, in the end, that is all I've been able to do. We who would see beyond seeing, we who would see into the life of things, must, instead surrender to the stream of events, to the wave and trough and backwater, to the thousand eyes of the river, to the holiness, to the mystery of moving water.

PEG ELLIOTT MAYO is a psychotherapist with offices in Corvallis and the Coast Range. She is the author of ten books, a storyteller and artist.

DOWNSTREAM

I don't know who composed the bumper sticker or for which cause or ism it speaks, but I know revealed truth when I see it on the back of a SUV.

Ecologically, culturally and personally, it's inescapable that none of us stands apart in pure isolation. We're part of a riparian flow of events, choice and consequences.

The sea contains elements closely echoing the mineral soup of our blood and speaks of our origins and destination, but it is huge and unfathomable rather than remotely comprehensible. The metaphor of the river is compelling, mythological, poetic. In it, humankind has traced influences, instruction, power, beauty, destruction and inevitability.

We have always known we were mid-stream—between banks and between origin and destination. Much has come downstream to us. We contribute to the flow and beyond us are others receiving and contributing. Whether we think of the river as time, lives, history, the twins creation-entropy or literal water force, the symbolism is compelling.

In Celtic Ireland there were no glacier-fed streams. Rills, brooks and rivers came from the breast of the Earth in bubbling springs between limestone rocks, in groves of sheltering beech, oak and yew, in sun-swept meadows and among the dunes of the storm-embattled coast. Wherever they emerged, life flourished.

Each spring or well had its name and certain properties were associated. This one was known to ease the ache of winter-punished joints. That one refreshed the skin, making it as beautiful as that of a newborn. Each had its own character, but collectively were known as the Waters of Life. Gifts were laid on the stones and no one defiled the precious force. We have always sensed that we are largely water ourselves.

It is simple to observe that water has a comforting certainty as to its direction. Unlike us who are presented with a bewildering complexity of choices created by the union of free will and consciousness, water knows with inevitable intuition it will eventually reach the sea or sky.

In its movement after emergence from the flesh Earth, it gathers speed and volume according to the slope of the ground. Sister streams answer the same call and join forces.

Life on Earth is child of rivers, rain and ocean. Every body, of water not perverted and violated by unnatural interference nurtures simple, invisible life forms that nourish larger, more complex expressions of life.

Rivers rush and rest, pool and cascade, erode and create. They begin individually and terminate in the immense, undifferentiated unity of Mother Ocean. They are subject to stagnation, logjams, deadly contamination, freezing, solar gain, filtration, violent falls, free flows and aerating cascades. Uncountable forces influence them, but they are never confused as to their origins and their destination --- unlike us.

This, perhaps, is why we find river analogies in literature, philosophy and religion. At this strange and surely transient moment of human history, perhaps as a prequel to extinction, we must consider the consequences of our relationship with literal and metaphorical Waters of Life. If we consider the likeness of our essential DNA to other life forms—we have more in common with salmon than we have variation—then we must consider the consequences of our choices.

When a watershed is stripped indecently bare in unconscionable greedy plunder, followed by spraying and scalping, disruption of springs, fouled by petrochemicals and human waste, and violated in spirit and body, then more than trees and trilliums, voles and red tail hawks are disrupted and destroyed.

Downstream the algae-eating snails die because there is so little life in the water. Crawdad and lamprey vanish. Heron and raccoon go hungry. Salmon and steelhead eggs suffocate in the rivers of silt laid down on their spawning beds. Bear goes hungry. We dither at legalisms while life is extinguished.

We all live downstream. We receive as an inevitable part of the flow what has preceded and effected our river. We are not neutral presences: we are contributors.

The only real question is are we filters, helping to cleanse what has fouled our stream, or are we unconscious of our responsibility to keep the clean river flowing? Do we nurture and revere life or do we carelessly leave it to others with less pressing business than our own ever-so-important affairs?

The Iroquois thought in terms of the "seventh generation" after their own time. This is another way of considering what we are sending downstream. Please—this week—find time from your hurry-hurry to stand on the banks of a river and consider the reality of your downstream position. Caught in the metaphoric truth that each life is a river, reflect on the awesome responsibility and power represented by each of us as rivulets of thought, energy potential, blessing and hope. Then act on what you already know.

RIPPLES & EDDIES

Ripples and Eddies are small snippets of larger entries that contained language that was too exceptional to pass up. ENJOY!

If you really love the river you can find balance.

Travis Wells

7th Grade

From afar we see: sun shining, turning clear, clean water into glass.

Jessica Debority

9th Grade

You know, those little hipidy-hop creatures that eat flies with sticky-flip tongues?

Justin Cleveland

6th Grade

Always wear a life jacket.

Daley Stevens

1st/2nd Grade

It took me far away where you could ride on butterflies.

Sarah Cook

4th Grade

I always let fish go, because that's the nicest thing to do.

Rachel Minter

Kindergarten

As the days go by
the sun gets hot
when the rain comes back
and the days grow cold
the river comes back
big and bold.

Geordan Miller

5th Grade

A river is a book full of interesting facts.

Adrienne Yu

5th Grade

Rivers

Holding life inside.

Schuyler Ashton

5th Grade

When I was young, I found a place to go,
A place where I could be free and let my imagination flow,
A place where I could hear and love a song
The river sings.

Alisha Boatman

9th Grade

The river rushes life down a mountain path,
Soothing the burning sensation of my scorched feet,
Letting me drink from its cool depths.
I leap into the refreshing coolness,
Becoming lathered in the river's raging foam.

Jess Johnson

12th Grade

Fishing is fun, but not for the fish

Derek Brown

5th Grade

When I stick my hand in and feel the water rushing through my fingers I want to grasp
as much water in my hands as I can, throw it up, and let it fall down over me like rain.

Aaron Remak

5th Grade

A river is nature's public swimming pool.

Patrick Fisher

4th Grade

A river is an opera with the birds as the voices.

Azalea Lewis

4th Grade

A weeping willow's many long arms sway,

As if dancing to a secret music that no humans could ever hear.

Azalea Lewis

4th Grade

The river knows your secrets as you walk by.

Jennifer Eaves

5th Grade

Us animals will tell you what we want.

We want our water a lot cleaner.

Connor Young

2nd Grade

I had asked my dad how the fish felt about always losing their family members.

A.J. Goetzing

6th Grade

We should look and listen more often.

Tia Gomez

5th Grade

Fish swim below, nipping at your fingers and toes—

The sweetness of a river—enjoy it while it lasts.

Rachel Long

11th Grade

The children wade softly in the waves and step on the smooth pebbles.

Look how much the river gives us.

Now it's time for us to love the river back.

Kate Boss

4th Grade

The river is in use, flowing through us.

It is our blood, our life giving force.

Soon I will be gone forever, and you will follow after me.

Matt Farmer

10th Grade

Dan Lemke

10th Grade

Have you ever heard the voice of the river?

Just like the sound when you throw your fishing line and it goes bloomp.

Gabriel Schneider

5th Grade

STUDENT WORKS, PART III



MILES OF WATER

Miles of water streaming through a grove,
rushing through a ravine,
clearing the way for its path.
Its powerful force digs into the ground,
throwing rocks and dirt aside,
making way for its company.
Splashing and swirling,
the river runs, showing its strength,
pure and beautiful.
Passing just beyond my memories.

Maelee Samsel
11th Grade

ROCKS

Entrancing water ripples
Gently over the satin smoothness of pebbles
As they mound like dull gems
On the bottom of a cool country creek.

Strong currents push icy mountain water
Over gray slabs and boulders,
Causing sheets of waterfalls to cascade down
To a field of lush green ferns and cushions of fuzzy moss.

Towering waves crash fiercely
Against the ocean's cliffs of massive rock,
Rocks as small as sea urchins
And as large as dolphins speckled with reds and blacks smash,
Transforming them into silky brown sand
That lines the sun drenched beaches.

Alex Frassenei
5th Grade

MY RIVER

"Autumn, fetch some water for the garden." I lift the pot and walk down to the river. I use my favorite route. Though the path is short, I follow it carefully. Each stick is noticed, yesterday's footprints replaced. I am careful not to disturb any life off the path. I reach the river. Bending down to fill the pot, my hand feels the cool water surround it, like so many times before. The pot full, I sit on the rock that is mine, and feel the river, hear the river, watch the river, and remember the river.

The river is my friend. I have lived by the river for all twelve years of my life. No other do I feel closer to than the river as I see it with such familiarity. I close my eyes and see it all the clearer. I know this river by any sense. Not always was it this wary. Not without memories, events, and hardships did I come to know it.

I remember the summers. The long days made brighter and cooler by the comfort of the water. The splashing on the shore and on my face invigorating me and soothing my brothers and me. The current playfully pulling me in. I would frolic all day in the river until I was tired out, when the sounds of the river on the sand and the trickling and tickling of the river at my toes would feather my brain to slumber.

I remember an autumn's night when the river displayed such a show for me. I sat on the same rock, and just observed in awe the wonders of the river. Six ducks swam by. Playful and animated in everything they did. A great blue heron flew close over, displaying its beauty, complimenting the river as a rose does a young woman's hair. I sat, inspired, and comforted.

Then came the floods of winter. Such tragedy, it seemed. However tearing apart our home, this flood brought our family together. At times the high damaging waters made my long trust in the river seem so mocked, so useless. The waters receded. The homes repaired. Our hearts left stronger than ever, and trust with the river regained, restored, and more there than ever felt. This flood, though devastating, had brought everything in life closer. The ducks came by more cheerful than ever, and the heron flew so close to the water it stung.

I open my eyes. I feel the river look back at me. I smile so slightly, then something catches my eye. A shiny metal object. I look closer. This object is a soda pop can. A soda pop can had flowed down the river onto my trusted land. What an outrage. How could this river allow such ugliness? I don't know what to think. I take the can and run to the house with it.

"Where's the water?" asks mother as I reach the house. I hold up the can, my head hanging. "Oh, darling, how sad. Let me throw it away." I don't know what to do. I run back to the river.

Is this the same river? How can this be the river that has showed me such beauty? I weep, and sit on the rock. My mind is enraged. What can I do? I stand and curse the water.

Suddenly something happens. In a huge and sudden splash, two more cans appear on the shore. I know this river. This is the same river. When this river speaks, I hear. The river is telling me something. This river needs help. This river is in danger, and I must do something. However, I know I cannot do something alone. I will start, and I will try, but it will take more. My mind races with ideas of programs and information and people. I'm not the only one who cares about the river. I may have my own reasons, but I know there are others who care. Others who can help.

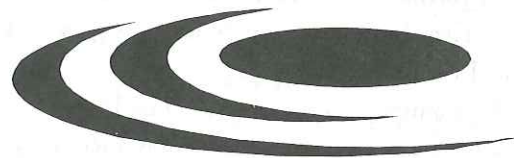
Can you help?

Galen Armstrong
9th Grade

RIVER

Racing down the river bend fast and far like going down a slide.
Racing down the river bend like a fish fighting the waterfall
Racing again and again.

Maria Garcia
11th Grade



RUN ON:

It was a lovely sight of nature, the river that ran by me.

It ran like a marathon runner practicing in a park, paying no attention to the people around it. The river moved down its banks like a marathon runner would move through a crowd of people, running a race that ended in the ocean, only to start again with the spring rains. Forever it would run, the personification of an eternal task. For this I respect it. A river continues to run, even though it knows that once its goal is reached it will have to start over. In its waters I see the fish running a similar race. Schools of them dance through the currents, performing a ballet to rival the greatest dancers. Depending on the time of year, they either go up or down the river, with or against a current. They live such a simple life for which I am sometimes envious.

Life. That is truly what a river is. A free flowing artery of the great Earth, with oceans like a heart, and the land serving as other parts of the anatomy. Together we are one in the whole. As I stand watching this river run by, I am reminded of the constant cycle of life, for the river shows it well.

A river is born out of the rain, much like a child from its mother's womb. From that point on, the river is in motion, gaining in size and strength. Then it reaches the ocean and is lost in the tides like death. But forgive me, for that is an incorrect term. It does not truly die, but merely waits to be reborn in the rain. And that, my child, is life. Do not fear death, accept it, as the river accepts the ocean. For if you accept death, then death will accept you. And in return it will once again give you life. Life that will rain down for years to come, and that life will be like a marathon runner, running for eternity.

Dan Lemke
10th Grade

JOURNEY OF THE RIVER

From the white cuddly snow to the fierce ocean
There we flow...the creek and the river

Jared Grabam
4th Grade

THE WILLAMETTE RIVER

Deep in the heart of Oregon,
flows a story,
flows an historical mystery,
flows a civilization.
Deep in the heart of Oregon is the river.

Deep in the heart of Oregon,
flows many creatures' habitat,
flows our watershed,
flows our future,
Deep in the heart of Oregon is the river.

Deep in the heart of Oregon,
flows our past,
flows our present,
flows our future.
Deep in the heart of Oregon is the river.

Deep in the heart of Oregon,
flows pollution,
flows devastation,
flows filth.
Deep in the heart of Oregon is the river.

Deep in the heart of Oregon,
flows our foundation,
flows a famous historical site,
flows a precious river system that we, the future caretakers, will someday
have to take full responsibility for.
Deep in the heart of Oregon lies the Willamette River.

Tara Peddicord
8th Grade

RIVER

I'm long and winding
swift and fast
clear as a window
sometimes shiny as glass
I am a river.

Hans Rindfleisch
4th Grade



A SECRET OF THE RIVER

"Supper! Come on Dad, Jonathan. It'll get cold," called out Mother from the kitchen.

It was a radiant and warm August day. In the neighborhood, all of the blinds and windows were open, absorbing the precious and often inadequate rays that the sun had drizzled that afternoon. Children ran around in their bathing suits through the sprinklers, their shrieks echoing throughout the block. Grandfather and Jonathan, however, were seated on the porch swing sipping iced tea. Each in a world all their own gazed into pure and complete nothingness. Although the sun's golden rays were in their eyes, they remained still and immobile.

"I believe I said it's time for dinner," scolded Mother. Her waist long raven hair was tousled and her cheeks were dusted with flour. Wiping her hands on her red, checkered apron, she tucked back a strand of loose hair behind her ear and sat down between the two motionless figures.

"It is an absolutely gorgeous day, I know. But I have been slaving away in the kitchen for hours preparing dinner. Please, come inside," replied Mother with a kind and entreating manner as her mocha-colored eyes swept over them. She smoothed out her long, beige skirt and retreated back to the house.

"Chope," Jonathan called out to his grandfather, breaking the silence.

"Yes, my Hyak Itswoot, what is it?" he answered.

"You call me your swift bear when you call me Hyak Itswoot. Is that not true?" asked the boy.

"That is right," nodded Grandfather, his eyes partially closed.

"You have a secret too. If I am your swift bear, then why will you not tell me what it is?" asked Jonathan.

Grandfather firmly held onto the porch swing as he stood up and gathered his empty glass and newspaper. "I have told you Hyak Itswoot, the time has not come. Leave it be. I am tired now. Let us go eat the meal that your mother has prepared for us."

The two went inside. As Jonathan helped his mother set the table he asked, "Mother, do you remember last month? When Chope came home late and we asked him where he had been? He merely smiled and winked. Where had he been? What is his secret?"

Mother looked at her son. His straight brown hair, deep set honey-tinted eyes, and cupid's bow mouth all reminded her of her late mother. She began to open her mouth to answer, but simply shrugged her shoulders instead and busied herself with filling the soup bowls.

After dinner was over and the dishes had been cleared from the table, Grandfather's deep, trembling voice was heard. "Amota," he called to his daughter. "Tomorrow Hyak Itswoot and I will go pick ollalies."

"Ollalies?" interrupted Jonathan.

"Berries, my son. We will walk to the river and I will tell you more of our ancestors. Now go to bed, so you can rise early for the ollalies."

"But it's not even nine o'clock yet," complained the young boy.

"You know what they say, my boy. 'Early to bed, early to rise makes a man happy, healthy, wealthy and wise.' Now go to bed."

The next morning, while the world was still asleep and even the chirping of the robins was not yet heard, there came a weightless tap. As though a mouse would wake any second, Grandfather gingerly knocked on his grandson's door. Hearing no reply, he placidly opened the door. Walking over towards Jonathan's bed, he watched the peaceful rhythmic rise and fall of his grandson's chest and was compelled to leave and return later to wake the boy. Unfortunately, before daybreak was the best time for perceiving the best of nature. Reluctantly, he woke his swift bear.

Within an hour, the two were headed down toward the river. The chirping of the crickets was still audible at that time of day yet was drowned out by the gurgling of the ebullient river that was well awake and alive despite its resting biosphere. When the crystal and sapphire filled river finally came into view, Chope veered off to the left of it.

"Where are you going?" questioned the boy after seeing his grandfather head toward a bush.

"Kit-klik-a-musks," faintly whispered the old man as he inspected the berries he had picked from it to eat.

"Stop!" yelled Jonathan as he ran to his grandfather and knocked the berries out of his small fist. "What are you doing? They could be poisonous," he gasped.

Chope looked at him with bewilderment and explained to him that they were harmless blackberries. "I know all of the berries in this valley, my swift one. Your mother, Amota, her name means strawberry. Chitsh, your grandmother, named your mother when I taught her the names of the various species of berries. After she had learned, she declared that her daughter's name would be the fairest of all names, not only pronounced, but seen as well. That is how she chose Amota...and she was right," Chope's lips quivered as he wiped away a tear.

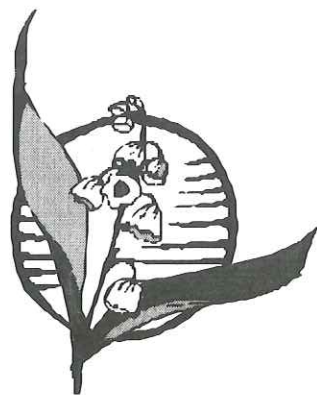
"You really miss Chitsh, don't you?" asked Jonathan with a deep sorrow in his eyes.

"Yes," he nodded. "Let us go. I believe the time as come to reveal my secret."

The boy's eyes lit up in anticipation, as he was led back to the river. Approaching the glistening waters, he saw a figure of a person bent down as if in prayer. Moving closer he saw a woman dressed in a lace milky white gown bowing before a massive patch of lilies. Her raven hair lightly moved in the air with the wind, and her fair wheat-colored complexion was drenched with tears. Two fragile and thin arms were extended as if reaching for heaven. Suddenly her delicate face raised and her mocha-colored eyes could be seen. It was Amota. She softly rose and without a spoken word embraced her son. As if a narrator speaking, the wise and stable voice of Chope chimed in.

"When Chitish was dying, she requested one thing and one thing only. That was for her spirit to be one with the river. Her soul is planted here with the lilies. Her love, it is here right now. The same water that my Chitish drank only months ago, is in the river. She is in the river. You see my son, it was a secret, one that is not so mystical nor is grand, but it is a secret. One of the many that this river holds. Its mocking taunting ripples and waves, they laugh in knowingness, for aside from its clear, soothing exterior, there are secrets. Many of them. Embedded within this very mighty river is a bundle of secrets. Many of them."

Goali Saedi
9th Grade



THE RIVER

A river flowing, a mighty stream,
Rumbling and glowing through a dream.
Around the bend and through the trees,
Giving off only slight of breeze.

Salmon swimming, beavers building.
Then a drinking gelding.
People are fishing, children are playing;
The worldly awe seems to be staying.

Crisp blue water, clear and clean,
Fresh spring air, grass is green.
Back to life, they all come,
All looking for food or crumb.

All is quiet, all is calm,
All this happens, one beautiful morning dawn.
The night's last dew on a leaf,
Gathered there on a rock-like reef.

Years pass, animals die.
People no longer playing, the world starts to cry.
The river, now shrunk and shriveled,
Filled with trash, floating and disheveled.

No longer are there animals plenty,
The trees now gone, apartments renting.
People come and go as they please,
Never once do they contemplate the sky or trees.

The fresh crisp air replaced with smog;
The river now only a bog.
No longer is it filled with fish,
Flowing lifeless and dirty as if in a dish.

People caring not what happened;
How the river became misshapen.
They care not of how they hurt what's in it,
Nor of how they hurt the rivers' spirit.

Only a few really care to show
The love of which they had come to know.
They help the river, help it grow.
And through their help, again the mighty stream flows.
If only through a dream.

Stacy Boyle
10th Grade

A TRIBUTE

Every afternoon I go there
And I see how people just don't care
Every day there is more that should not be
And I see how people just don't care

The land is always shared by the life
And I see how some people don't care
The life is always shared by the land
And I see how some people don't care

The sunlight reflects off the water
And I see how so many people care
The constant rain adds to the beauty
And I see how so many people care.

Trees young and old grow on either side of the water
And I see how so many people love being here
Fish swim deep and shallow through this river
And I realize how much I care.

Kaitly Muller
8th Grade

RIVER REFLECTIONS



I am burying my toes in the warm sands and staring at the mustard-colored hills rising up to the pale sky, memorizing the scrub pattern on the sloping banks, discerning the shrill of a magpie from a songbird's morning peal. Behind me, scattered on the wide beach, are tents that shudder loudly in the wind, and I hope none of my friends will wake up just yet. Alone with the greatness of this simple place, with my present state of mind—I know I can't explain these private thoughts to them, and I appreciate the sense of solitude. So I sit in silence, knees pulled up to my chest, feeling like half an observer and half a participant. How do I explain to my generation that this is what matters? I'm suddenly very much like that magpie, with hollow bones and an eye that sees for miles, exalting in a language that no human can understand.

I wonder briefly how many people might have sat here before me at daybreak and had my thoughts and enjoyed what I am enjoying—and felt this separation from it all, coexisting with the compassion. When did that separation begin, I wonder? And when would it ever end, or could it? So I watch the process, and I think, reassured, this has gone on here for thousands of years and will go on for thousands more. No matter what we do, we humans, or what mistakes we make, what scars we leave, this process will persist and struggle tirelessly to find a balance. This is the thing to realize—that there is no total dominance; and that in nature, even in the most desolate or disastrous of situations, there is always a pulse.

I go down to the river's edge and immerse myself in the shaded waters, soaking in its chill, the muscle of my body tightening like a fist. There is a veil between us, tremulous but present, and the harder or slower I swim, it will still be there. This is the barrier we must climb over, I know: the fence between an urban world of imagined significance, and this—a world whose reality and absolute significance somehow manages to escape most of the population. But I know I am close.

Here, the river runs wide and flat. I could easily swim across, or upstream or down, but my inclination now is to float. I imagine my arms and legs are the veins of the maple leaf, and I feel my body as light as the leaf's papery skin. Somewhere inside myself, there is ancient familiarity and longing, not just remnant from memories of splashing on the shores of Eagle Creek or the Sandy River, of the Columbia or the Clackamas or the Willamette, but lingering from an ageless part of me that remembers days when the bond was strong, in a time long ago. It smolders in the part of me that finds a memory in the smell of burning cedar, in the sound of a fish breaking the surface or a dry branch snapping underfoot. These are the ghosts who haunt me when I glimpse something I have known before, something I must relearn or rediscover. It stares me in the face, even now, yet I can't quite see it, and I certainly can't explain it.

But sometimes, like now, I imagine I can feel it. My body ripples with the trembling surface and I gaze up at the walls of this river valley rising powerfully around me. I am in her palm, safe for now, breathing in the smells of wet rocks and hot sand. I am like the salmon, like the rapid, like a twig slipping over rocks on its journey. And I know that just as the leaf returns to dust, so will I someday. Then I will nourish the earth as she has me, becoming part of the soil that will nourish others, and that wheel of life will turn again. Walt Whitman knew there was no fear in death, and I believe this a little more each time I enter the river. Those who see life as linear are those who do not really see life. The very concept of a beginning and end in this world now falls into the same category as believing the world is flat. Yes, it appears that way, when one looks out far; but you must look from a place removed to see the truth. So, there is no end or beginning in this cyclical world. This is what the river teaches me.

And there is another pure thing that I have learned from these waters: that both life and death seem more and more to be as simple as becoming a single papery leaf, translucent on the silver surface of a river. When I put my ear close to the rush of her rapids, to the trickling of her smallest streams, I hear her whispering this gently.

Katie Pesznecker
College Senior

WHAT RIVERS ARE

A river is rushing water,
spilling over rocks and soaking them.
A river is fish floating freely
and creatures lurking below.
It's water turning colors with the sky,
Pebbles gleaming under the cool clear water.

A river is where happy memories are made,
where nature overflows with life.
A river is fresh water for splashing or wading,
where boaters go and cruises are.
It's where beautiful things come together.
It's where life takes place.

Devon Ward
4th Grade

RIVERS RIVERS EVERYWHERE

Crashing white rapids,
Clear as diamonds down stream,
Calmer,
Fish sprouting from the water,
Cattails line the river,
Algae like glue, holding up the cattails,
Ducks diving for insect larvae,
Trees like an orphan in an orphanage,
Air is fresh, all is silent.

Holly J. Olson
5th Grade

SATURDAY

Driving through the aged residential streets of southern Portland, I was the Radio Queen. I controlled the music that came to our ears and that we hummed to. My brothers resented this fact, but had nothing to do about it; Dad was on my side.

From country to classic rock to alternative, we listened along as we trekked through the maple-lined streets. A feeling of excitement was in the air. The trees were changing from bright greens to passionate oranges, golds, and crimsons. Fall had such a gripping effect on me then, at age seven.

Our large SUV pulled into the Willamette Sailing Club parking lot and slowed to a stop. The doors opened and filled the automobile with cold, crisp air. Grabbing my sweater, I stepped out into the refreshing wind.

We were there for one main reason: Dad was investigating. After living in Oregon for about a year, he was starting to get the sailing itch that had once claimed him in Washington. He was there to find out about sailing matters, and I, personally, couldn't care less. The pleasing weather and breathtaking setting were enough to take me away from real life.

As we followed my father down to the dock, I looked at the water. A mesmerizing shade of indigo flowed like a wide ribbon between hills of autumn trees. I stepped onto the floating platform and immediately spied a bobbing spot of yellow in the river.

About ten feet away, and slowly floating closer, was a single duckling. As it came nearer, I gasped at a realization: the duckling was dead. On its side, suspended on the surface of the water, the small bird, no larger than the palm of my hand, looked perfect. The minute, fluffy, yellow feathers were completely dry and the tiny webbed feet of his were the color of carrots. This lifeless infant looked almost surreal, his single visible eye closed, appearing as if at peace. My young mind could not capture the reason of the death.

By the river, I wondered.

The sun was going down. My eyes, filling with tears, gazed down the river towards the flow of orange and pink. Then, suddenly, something swept through my view. Following the animal with my eyes, I saw a great blue heron glide through the sky. I was once again captivated by nature at the Willamette. This time, though, the thing that took my attention was not dead. As alive as it could be, the great blue heron continued through the sun-streaked sky.

By the river, I wondered.

How could life and death be so commonplace at this river? How could beauty overtake my eyes, while my heart felt nothing but grief? Tears started to form in my eyes. Confusion set in.

Then, while gazing at the warm-colored brushstrokes of clouds, I came upon a thought. Like the river flows, the life at the river would continue, too. The death of the duckling and the liveliness of the heron did not change the river, or directly affect the nature surrounding the river. Things went on.

Walking towards me, Dad told me that it was time to go. I pulled my sweater around me, and took his hand. My brothers in tow, we walked back to the car, and climbed in. Closing the doors, and turning on the heat, we pulled out of the parking lot, and I resumed my position as the Radio Queen.

Lindsey Mullens
9th Grade

PARTICIPATING SCHOOLS

Abiqua School, Salem
Adams Elementary, Eugene
Barbara Roberts High School, Salem
Chapman Hill Elementary, Salem
Chemeketa Community College, Salem
Clearlake Elementary, Keizer
Corvallis Waldorf, Corvallis
Cummings Elementary, Keizer
Edgewood Elementary, Eugene
Edison Elementary, Eugene
Elizabeth Page Elementary, Springfield
Gregory Heights Middle School, Portland
Highland View Middle School, Corvallis
Home schooling, Salem & Creswell
Hucrest Elementary, Roseburg
Lake Oswego High School, Lake Oswego
Lewis & Clark College, Portland
McCornack Elementary, Eugene
Montessori Discovery Center, Salem
North Salem High School, Salem
Open Meadow, Portland
Oregon City High School - Moss, Oregon City
Oregon State University, Corvallis
Petersen Elementary, Scappoose
Philomath Middle School, Philomath
Portland State University, Portland
Riverbend Elementary, Springfeild
Robert Frost Elementary, Silverton
Santa Clara Elementary, Eugene
Shasta Middle School, Eugene
Sherwood High School, Sherwood
Sprague High School, Salem
St. John the Baptist Catholic School, Milwaukie
St. Joseph's, Salem
Sunset School, West Linn
Thurston Elementary, Springfeild
Westridge Elementary, Lake Oswego
Yujin Gakuen Japanese-American School, Eugene

a rapidly winding snake, stretching for miles. It also calms people. We crown the earth with our structures and trash, but it keeps fish from drying out. Everything is moving, Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter, helping with the waves. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without this stream? I wonder as I drift into a dreadful dream about all these fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying in the wind. Do you know how hard it is for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplog is the sound of a happy river. The river sounds like birds in the woods. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screaming with such joy that they fall down and laugh until they can laugh no more. The flowing river you run within me. The river is a rapidly winding snake, stretching for miles. It also calms people. We crown the earth with our structures and trash, but it keeps fish from drying out. Everything is moving, Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter, helping with the waves. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without this stream? I wonder as I drift into a dreadful dream about all these fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying in the wind. Do you know how hard it is for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplog is the sound of a happy river. The river sounds like birds in the woods. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screaming with such joy that they fall down and laugh until they can laugh no more. The flowing river you run within me. The river is

Everything is moving, Ricocheting off the earth. The river is the oceans daughter. So hurry, my river, become true. What would I do without fish who'll end up on a dish. The salmon swim free, like feathers flying in the wind. Do you know how hard it is for a salmon to get upstream? It's very hard. Splish splash trickle and kaplog is the sound of a happy river. Little kids get the joy of running with their little legs and screaming with such joy that they fall down and laugh until they can laugh no more. The flowing river you run within me. The river is