

Honoring Our Rivers 2014



Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of the Willamette Partnership, sponsored in part by
Eugene Water & Electric Board, Port of Portland, Select Impressions, and Wildwood-Mahonia

Going With Her

let the sunlight dapple her and you
let her take you in her fingers
let her wash your grimy, iridescent feathers clean.
do not think her fragile
gentle- ha!
let her serpentine body flow
swift over all,
but don't be crushed
breathe, in her.
and if she were to extend watery tendrils
should I hold fast
and walk with her?
going with her?
and if I were to leave- were I
to be slammed in to her depths
or let her fill my eyes and ears till sunk?
and if I were to be pushed into the salt
at the winding end,
would we, as equals, depart this life
and tip toe to the next one?
her short tempered patience
her angry kindness
are they all not faults to love?
yet we think:
who is she to bury us
in all that has come to pass
and who is she to try
to even push us to the top?
who is she to even demand that
thing so precious to us-
breath-
and who is she to rob it of us?
but she is the one who
gives that stolen air to the trout
and the prehistoric sturgeon,
the bottom feeder
she is the one who gives air
to the little snails who
race the bubbles that pass by them.
and she is the one who
gives to the dainty heron
balancing on its gangly legs
picking its delicate way
in the water in search for a minnow.
so,
feel her polished stones underfoot
feel the sunlight dappling her and you
and go with her.

Madeline Moreland, Grade 7

Honoring Our Rivers 2014

Student Anthology

A project of the



Honoring Our Rivers was founded in 2000 by a group of educators and river enthusiasts in Salem, Oregon to provide literary, art, and place-based conservation resources to students around the state and to facilitate transformational outdoor learning experiences. It is the only statewide anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on rivers and watersheds and targets artistic, educational, and environmental goals simultaneously. This “trifecta” approach to environmental conservation makes a real difference in the lives of students by facilitating an authentic and personal investment in the natural world, extending the learning process beyond the classroom, and giving students a platform to better educate – and become leaders in – their communities. Honoring Our Rivers is an ongoing project of the Willamette Partnership, an environmental nonprofit based in Portland.

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Honoring Our Rivers:

Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of the



The Willamette Partnership is a diverse coalition of conservation, city, business, farm, and science leaders in the Willamette River basin who are working to shift the way people think about, value, manage, and regulate the environment. www.willamettepartnership.org

Sustaining Sponsors



Founded in 1911, the Eugene Water & Electric Board is Oregon's largest customer-owned utility. For over 100 years, EWEB has recognized that the health of our river systems is vitally important to the economic and environmental success of our community. www.eweb.com



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www.cleanwaterservices.org

Supporting Sponsors



Partners



Thank you to the watershed educators, writers, artists and community organizations who donated time and expertise to this year's anthology:

Invited Artists: Aislinn Adams, Mikkel Hilde, Michael Horodyski, Monroe Isenberg, Krista Koehl, Jonquil LeMaster, Michael Orwick, Lillian Pitt, Christy Wyckoff

Invited Writers: John Daniel, Brian Doyle, Charles Finn, Charles Goodrich, Richard Mack, Abby Phillips Metzger, Paulann Petersen, William Stafford

Senior Advisors: Bobby Cochran, Travis Henry, John Miller

Editors and Judges: Aislinn Adams, Laurie Aguirre, Quintin Bauer, Greta Blalock, John Femal, David Hedges, Jonquil LeMaster, Pam Levenson, Will Levenson, Joan Maers, Eve Montanero, Charu Nair, Nicole Poletto, Christine White

Special Thanks: John & Susan Miller, hosts extraordinaire of the annual judging dinner; Deb Cozzie, Wildwood-Mahonia; Disjecta Gallery; Karen McClelland, David Hillis, and Terry Waldron of Cleveland High School; Bill Monroe, *The Oregonian*; Zach Urness, *Statesman Journal*; Holy Names Heritage Center Peregrine Literary Series; Willamette Riverkeeper; Oregon Poetry Association; Oregon Water List; Intertwine; *Coos Bay World*; Clackamas River Watershed Council; Beaverton School District; Oregon English Language Arts Teacher Update; Network of Oregon Watershed Councils; City of Portland CityGreen; eNRG Kayaking; Columbia Slough Watershed Council; East Oregonian; *Bend Bulletin*; *Blue Mountain Eagle*; *Mid County Memo*; Marion County OSU Extension; *Corvallis Gazette Times*; Cascade A&E; Young Writers Association

Remembering William Stafford and Krista Koehl



Krista Koehl, watercolor. Used with permission.

The Port of Portland is pleased to sponsor Honoring Our Rivers, and is touched that this year's anthology is remembering our friend and colleague, **Krista Koehl**. Krista was an amazing environmental practitioner, attorney, mentor, friend, leader and colleague to so many in our community. Although she had just turned 40 when she was killed in a motorcycle accident while on vacation with her husband and love of her life, Ray Hendricks, she inspired so many and so much in those short 40 years. Krista began her career at the Port in 2004, first as assistant general counsel, then as the General Manager for the Portland Harbor Environmental Program, and finally as the Port's General Counsel. While at the Port, Krista was broadly credited for her efforts to provide education and outreach on issues facing the community on the Portland Harbor Superfund Site. Krista was a founding board member of Women in Environment (WIE), a professional development group for women in the environmental professions. Krista was also an accomplished artist, and was a proud member of the governing committee of the Regional Arts and Culture Council's Right Brain Initiative. Krista was inspired by the student work in Honoring Our Rivers, and the Port is proud to continue Krista's legacy of leadership through its sponsorship.



Reflecting on William Stafford

Many people know William Stafford because of his white knuckle-producing sonnet, "Traveling through the Dark". In fact, a group of high school seniors once bragged about neglecting their lit assignments, except this poem. Years later, I met the author of such deft and edgy writing about the Wilson River area when one of my university students invited Stafford to our poetry workshop. He generously commented on everyone's work, then taking a new poem from his back pocket, he humbly requested feedback. Later that year, I suggested he speak at Marylhurst's Business and the Arts symposium. Growing bolder, I next asked him to read poetry for two annual Lake Oswego Festival of the Arts programs. Each time, his yes was immediate and unswerving, even when more prestigious offers came along.

During 2014's centenary celebration of his birth, new books of Stafford's writing abound. Perhaps most representative is *Ask Me: 100 Essential Poems* collected by his son Kim.

Not a day goes by when I do not think of William Stafford or his challenge,

"...Ask me whether
What I have done is my life.
...What the river says, that is what I say."

*For more about this remarkable poet and educator,
consult www.williamstafford.org
Joan Maiers, Professor, Marylhurst University*

Climbing along the River

Willows never forget how it feels
to be young.
Do you remember where you came from?
Gravel remembers.
Even the upper end of the river
believes in the ocean.
Exactly at midnight
yesterday sighs away.
What I believe is,
all animals have one soul.
Over the land they love
they crisscross forever.

William Stafford, "Climbing Along the River" from Ask Me: 100 Essential Poems. Copyright 1976, 1991, 2014 by William Stafford and the Estate of William Stafford. Reprinted with the permission of The Permissions Company, Inc. on behalf of Graywolf Press, Minneapolis, Minnesota, www.graywolfpress.org

To William Stafford

Some would call it luck, I guess.
Stop to watch geese on the misty marsh
and something rises just beyond –
flash of head and tail, the great wings
shouldering slowly away. You said it
faithfully, with all your voices,
as you built the house of everything
your alertness could call forth –
geese on the marsh, the eagle rising,
it's a luck we can rely on
if we give ourselves to what's here.
Be ready, you said. Out of the mist
of all indifferences, the world speaks.
And that house of yours, the one
you worked on all those mornings,
the house of little things
we might have missed, the house
that stands by your allegiances
and walls nothing out – we're lucky
that you placed it here around us,
this home where you've welcomed us to live.

Reprinted from All Things Touched by Wind by John Daniel (Salmon Run Press, 1994). Used with permission.



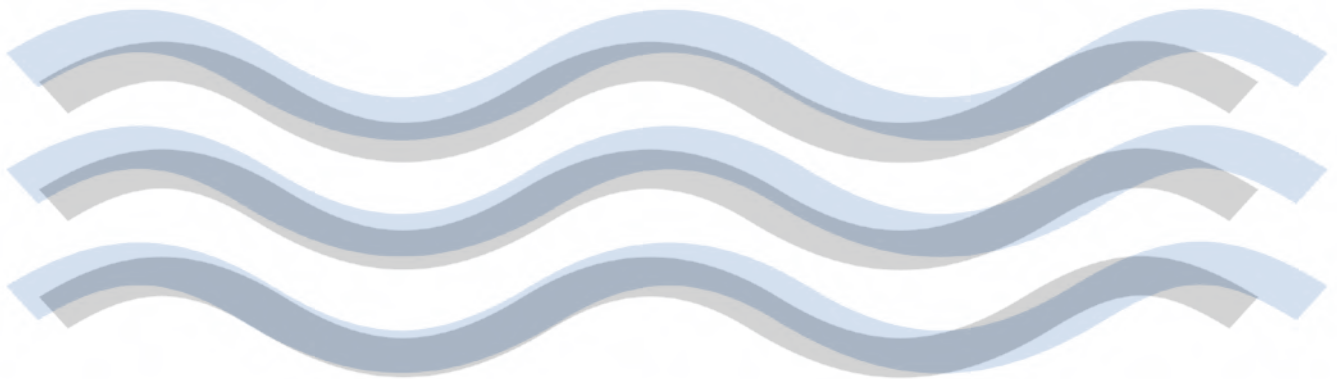
Rivers are the Best, Noah Price, Grade 2

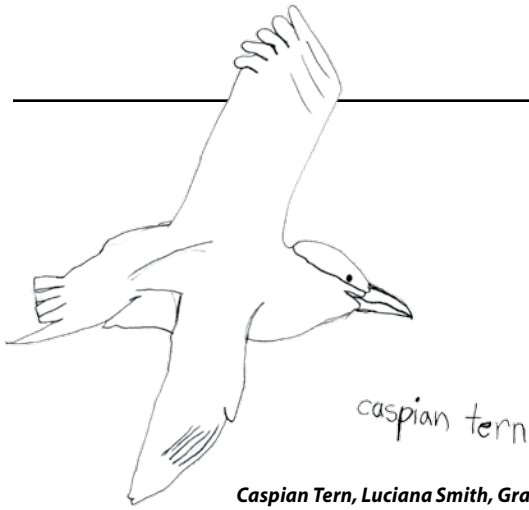


Participating Schools

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Adams Elementary
Athena Elementary School
Camas Ridge
Chapman Elementary
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Hallinan Elementary
Home School
Joseph Gale Elementary
Lake Grove Elementary
Llewellyn Elementary
Maple Elementary
Mary Rieke Elementary School
OLE Charter
Our Lady of the Lake
Peninsula K-8
Portland Jewish Academy
River Grove Elementary
St John the Baptist
St Thomas More
Swegle Elementary
The Marylhurst School
Valley Inquiry Charter School

Student Works: Elementary School





Caspian Tern, Luciana Smith, Grade 1

Seagull on an Island

Seagull hopping up and down
upon a little island,
across the river wide with pride
there stands a stump that's brown.

Avery Becker, Grade 1

Forest

As I walk through the lush green forest
I see all the life that I never noticed before
Even the stones in a nearby pond have a lifelike appearance to them
When I touch the calm still water it seems to flutter like a bird
And the insects all around me buzzing and jumping
Full of life
The birds sing wonderful songs around me
Full of life
And the squirrels playfully fighting
And the trees
And the sky
And the clear clean water of a nearby stream
The life that I never noticed before
Has just become my own

Michael Aaron, Grade 5

River

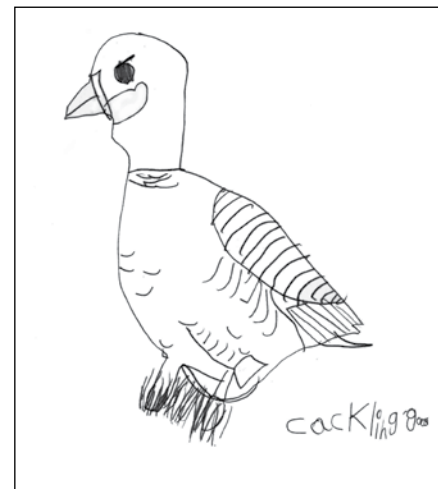
River
blue, waves ,
fishing, splashing, shining
water, cold, rocks, reflection
swimming, surfing, riding
blue, waves
Ocean

Jordan Lollar, Grade 2

Rain

The rain is pouring
A drop on my tongue
I feel cold
Winter's begun

Rebecca Prassas, Grade 4



Cackling Goose, Anthony Marquecho, Grade 1



Still

As I sit by the creek, I close my eyes
and feel peaceful, listening to the bubbles pop,
the water crashing down on the rocks.

I open my eyes to see this happening around me,
comparing it with the stillness of the forest,
and I think, "How can the river be so alive, yet feel so
calm?"

Ethan Frager, Grade 4



American Dipper, Ava Tietze, Grade 5

A River

A rivers shape is
clear
and
slow
and it wisps
by a hollow tree

Loralee Van Londen, Grade 1

The Moon and the River

Reflecting the light off the moon
Like a mirror
The river flows.

As clear as a crystal
As blue as a sapphire
Alive with silver stars
That fell from the sky.

Katherine St. John, Grade 1



River in the Moonlight, Seamus Aguilar, Grade 2



My Wolf, Brianna Valladares, Grade 4



Chinook Salmon, Raul Hermosillo Vega, Grade 2



The River Reflects

The river reflects.
Here a salmon, now a deer.
The river reflects new faces,
new crossings, now more new faces.

Captivated by our reflection,
we made our homes along your shores,
And built our lives by your side—
Just as those before us did.

The river reflected them too.

London Mahaley, Grade 5



A River Otter's Experience, Amara Evonuk, Grade 3

Our Rivers

Our rivers, our rivers, down they flow,
So pretty, so pretty, but where do they go?
Bigger to bigger to bigger then ocean
And there, water does a lot, of motion.
But, before water goes to the ocean the rivers just go and go,
And all that way, and all that time, the rivers just flow and flow.

Owen Schlimgen, Grade 2



Grossbeak, Desmond Stewart, Kindergarten

Untitled

Water bugs in there
Watching the river flow by
Love the water creatures

Aurora Walden, Grade 1



Dip In, Shai Blattner, Grade 5





Owl Moon, Belén A Chávez Valencia, Grade 4

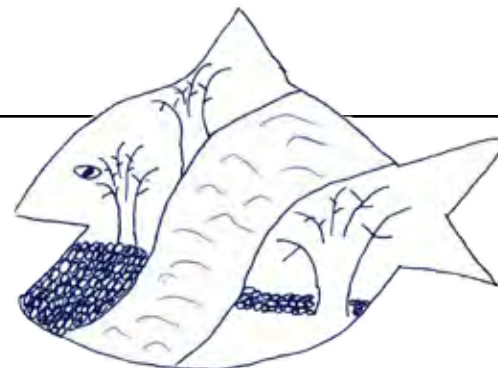
Our Lovely Rivers

Rivers are lovely. The sound of rushing water makes me relax. The clearness of the beautiful fresh water makes me think clearly. Just the beauty of water is powerful.

But rivers aren't all so beautiful anymore. Some are being polluted. The fish can't survive and neither can plants or other beings. Even we can't survive without our rivers.

I personally, think that humans can shape up. I believe we can make our rivers stay clean. So the next time you throw your trash on the ground think about our lovely rivers.

Josephine Chatkupt, Grade 4



The River of Life, Tali Joy Rubin, Grade 5

My Backyard

I hear the creek in my backyard.
It is true beauty,
I wonder who lives down there.

The church bells at dusk
and the crickets chanting me to sleep.

I feel like the river is talking to me
and leading me down
a new road.

Sophia Stoeber, Grade 3



Eagle, Charlie Rucker, Kindergarten

Cover me

Cover me in the warmth of the sun's blanket,
Give me a puffy cloud to lay my cold head on at night,
Bring me nature's smile in the light of a cold winter day,
Toss me water from the shallow rivers,
Pack me with letters from the animals saying "look
around we are all here,"
Surround me with the sound of rabbits and deer coming
to wake me up.

Avery Ray, Grade 3



The Moon and a River, Katherine St. John, Grade 1



Pileated Woodpecker, Michael Hinsz, Grade 3

Watershed

Water
Mountains and lakes
Fish and bears and animals and fox
Trees and frogs and vapor
Grass and rocks
Plants

Anna Catherine Sgroi, Grade 2

Fish Haiku

Rivers full of fish
Swimming up tall waterfalls
Eating insects, yum!

Salmon and steelhead
Taken from streams, brought to seas
Diving in water.

Fish are our heroes
Most super seafood of all
Rivers are their home.

Diego Moylan, Grade 4



*Quail, Joselyn Acosta-Tovar,
Kindergarten*





Dragonfly, Sarah Watkins, Grade 2

A River Remembers

A river remembers
 Salmon jumping through
 the waves
 A fox fishing for
 trout
 A sailboat sailing with
 the breeze.

A river remembers
 A group of
 eggs,
 A school of
 fish...

A river remembers
Rohan Yamin, Grade 4

Owls

Hoot hoot
 guiding the light
 carefully through the dark
 gently flying past the river
 softly.

Mila Kraljev, Grade 3



The Night of the Owl, Alexis Bravo, Grade 4

Oneonta Falls

The day grew hot
 The water cold
 My friends were freezing
 I was bold
 I swam out deep
 They stayed ashore
 As the day went more and more

I was happy
 They were not
 The weather was just too hot
 My friends were starting to get bored to the core
 As the day went more and more

Annie Davis, Grade 5



Fun Day at the River, Evan Jones, Kindergarten

The Beautiful River

The river flows around me. Sometimes it glows like the sun. And I wonder what if I could flow in the soft water like a fish. But sometimes I wish the river could swish through my toes, and my nose would smell the beautiful river. And my ears, they would hear the beautiful river flow toward me. And the sun would sparkle on the river and make a reflection in the sky.

Haley Hawkins, Grade 3



The River, Kaiden Aikerman, Grade 3

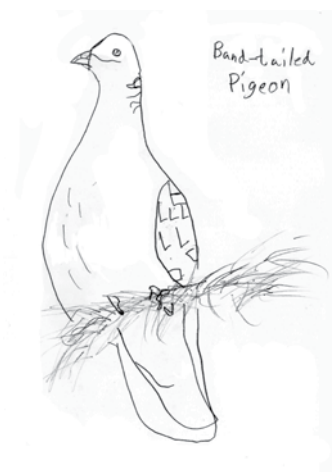
The Glow of the Moon (Haiku)

Cold crystals falling
On a moonlit river glowing
As they rush away.

Noah Leger, Grade 2



The Glow of the Moon, Noah Leger, Grade 2



Band-tailed Pigeon, Vanessa Lopez, Grade 1

The River

The fish swim peacefully below the currents. The birds fly and perch on the rocks. But best of all about the river is how the water moves in the breeze and reflects on the sun.

Ezra Greenhill, Grade 3





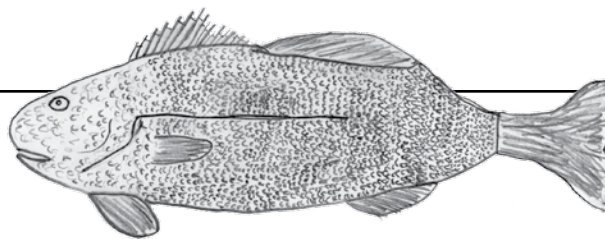
River Owl, Skylar Swinson, Grade 2

The River Of life

The tiny waves like diamonds
Sparkling in the sun
The tiny fish swimming by
Their world has begun
Their scales like a collage
Against the paper of waves
Their own life
Their own world
All in the river's lens

Moving into the distance
Fish going by
Going to where they started
The river as a guide
The river like a host
For eternity after eternity
Never dying or aging
Every single year
Moving along the water bed
Showing off its diamonds
Making the world sparkle and shimmer
Until the sky is dimmer
Then it goes to bed
Still moving on ahead
The river of life

Tali Joy Rubin, Grade 5



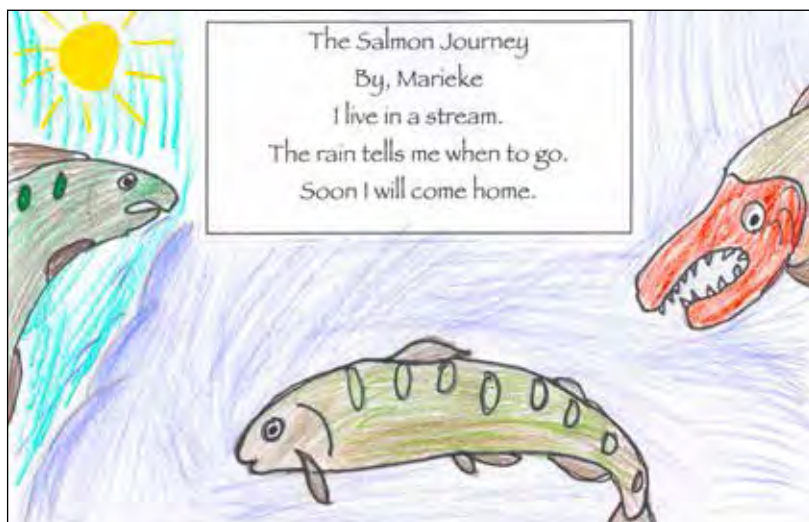
The Fish, Owen Price, Grade 4

owen price

The River and the Owl

The river and the owl,
Some coyotes howl,
Salamanders crawl on the gravel,
Salmon are getting back from their travel,
They lay their eggs there,
Kids are picking up garbage to show they care,
Bats and owls flying through the air,
The moon is shining way up there,
The river and the owl

Jana Everitt, Grade 2



The Salmon Journey, Marieke Johnson, Grade 3

Luna on the River

Luna
Lights the river
Smiling at her reflection
Shining its brightness on my heart
Peacefully

Rhianna Patel, Grade 1



Boats on the Water

Boats on the water
Sailing the seas
Dolphins ride the waves
People on the dock fishing
Fish bite the line
Whales spout
Everything in the sea is happy

Lyla Rogers, Grade 1



*Red Crossbill,
Maria Manuel Juan,
Grade 4*

Untitled

Rocks lying quietly
Fish rushing through the water
Rain falling lightly

McKenzie Wiles, Grade 1

Rivers Rapids

Rivers rapids and streams all shoot for
freedom as the dawn awakens the water
when the sun goes down the waves calm
with a soft goodnight

Jordan Bowermaster, Grade 2

Excited

I was riding my bike,
with no training wheels
in the park.

I saw two trees fallen across the path.
The roots of the tree,
seemed like long pointed anemone.

But they didn't fall into the sea.
Instead they fell into a river,
half covered in water.

The roots of the tree remind me of
a dark, dark night.

Going underneath the roots feels like
a dark, dark cave.

The sun was setting
in the dark, dark sky.

The crinkled leaves looked
like dark, dark petals.

Hanna Layton, Grade 1



Rainbow Trout, Victoria King, Grade 2





"Little Otter"

Little Otter, Delaney Otteman, Grade 4

Forest

Mountains stretch up to the sky,
Bugs and butterflies gladly fly,
Rivers flow, clear and blue,
Animals dart and dash by you,
The forest is a great place,
We should help it grow and live.

Mary Loeb, Grade 4



Thunderbird River, Gustav Colabella, Grade 2

River Poem

Look at that river, sparkling blue,
Look at the ocean that is like that too.
It shimmers in sight with such delight
Look at the sparkling blue

It is nice to see the fish,
And the coral and reef too.

In the river, in the sea,
A bunch of creatures depend on you and me.

Sparkling ocean, sparkling river,
Will you count on me since I am friendlier?
River and ocean so blue,
It makes me calm what about you?

So kind and so gentle,
It is a lovely place to be.
It is as clear as a sky,
Even with a fresh breeze.

The river is as soft as a baby's blanket with fluff,
It isn't hard and it isn't rough.
Long and stretchy, wide and fat,
That is an insult I despise that,
Instead of being puny the river is strong and long.

Rivers and oceans, all the same,
And they don't cause any pain.
They're nice and cool on a summer day.
Sometimes they come in handy in late May.

Emma Stephen, Grade 5



Salmon, Reef Wease, Grade 3

Going to the River

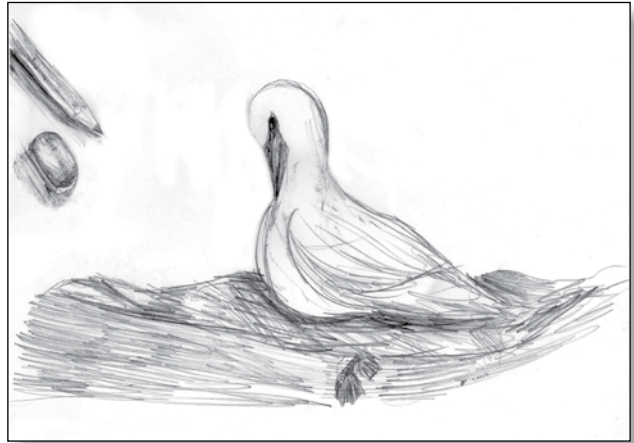
I am going to some water
even though I don't know
what it is. All I know is that it's
calling me to come. Even though
it's getting cold and the wind is
blowing through my hair. I know
I must go to that water, to that
water, and I am going there. Now
I can see what this water is, it's a
river, a stream or a pond, and I am
going to stay here as long as I can.
With this soft and beautiful water
splashing on the rocks.

Illia Yamin, Grade 2

Storm Through Sun

As you sit inside
you hear a Boom
of the rain on the window
the wind is blowing
all the sudden
Bam!
you see a
Flash!
you go to hide and
when you come out it is a new and great day.

Jackson Coder, Grade 3



Swan, Charlotte Cody, Grade 5



Creative Beaver, Elia Sanchez, Grade 5



All Water Does Something

Ravine follows lake
Lake kisses fog
Fog sits on thunderstorm
Thunderstorm sings to creek
All water does something

Creek hurts reservoir
Reservoir marries fiord
Fiord whispers to rain
Rain proposes to water spout

Water spout plays softball with glacier
Glacier gets mad at stream
Stream gossips about lagoon
Lagoon teaches bay to walk
All water does something

Ocean jokes with swamp
Swamp gets engaged with marshland
Marshland throws a party for spring
Spring swims with hail

Pond asks oasis to be his friend
Oasis loves estuary
Estuary beats ripple in a basketball game
Ripple has a baby river
All water does something

Jared Norman, Grade 5



Red-tailed Hawk, Asa Walker, Grade 1

Fall is Starting

Corn is harvesting
Crisp mornings rising
Colorful leaves falling
Rushing rivers slowing down
School is coming.

Sydni Harrell, Grade 2



Freely, Elsa Rogers, Grade 3

Gaia's Gaze

Mother Earth staring at the edge of the night.
Watching the waterfall shed a sweet light.
Watching the moon gaze upon the water bright.
Mother Earth staring at the edge of the night.

River Sweeney, Grade 2



The Magical Eagle, Otto Wardwell, Grade 2

The Things in the Forest

Water birds are calling,
The cold wind moves.

The wetlands move,
The water geese nest.

The long grass rustles,
A small bird gathers berries.

Liam Dubal, Grade 2



Untitled, Avary Arrayan, Grade 4

Immortal

A Great Green Giant That Watches Over Us It's
Secrets Beginning Before We Existed. Sees All Of History
As A Small Sapling To A Great Big Oak. Not Fazed By The
Course Of Time Or How Quickly Its Brothers
Have Fallen. The Guardian Watches

Over
Us
With
A
Keen
Eye

Benjamin Burk, Grade 5



Rushing Water: To the Tune of Clementine

Rushing water, rushing water, rushing water down the hill
I have seen them, I have been them, rushing water full and through.
She will roll down, she will roll down, she will roll down mighty mounts
She will comfort happy boatmen, happy boatmen rowing down.
Rapid rivers, rapid rivers, rapid rivers they will lead.
Lead their friends, and their people, and their people's family.
Rushing water, rushing water, rushing water to the sea.
As I watch and watch forever,
Rushing water, to the sea.

Natalie Vogel, Grade 4



The Wolf, Javier Piceno, Grade 5

River Wind

It came sweetly by a river wind,
The waves were still and silent.
The Midnight air, so clean and crisp,
And I hear whistles, in the forest.
From little fish I see are jumping,
To a chill throughout the air,
The river wind calls my name,
This winter day declares.

Lily McMullen, Grade 4



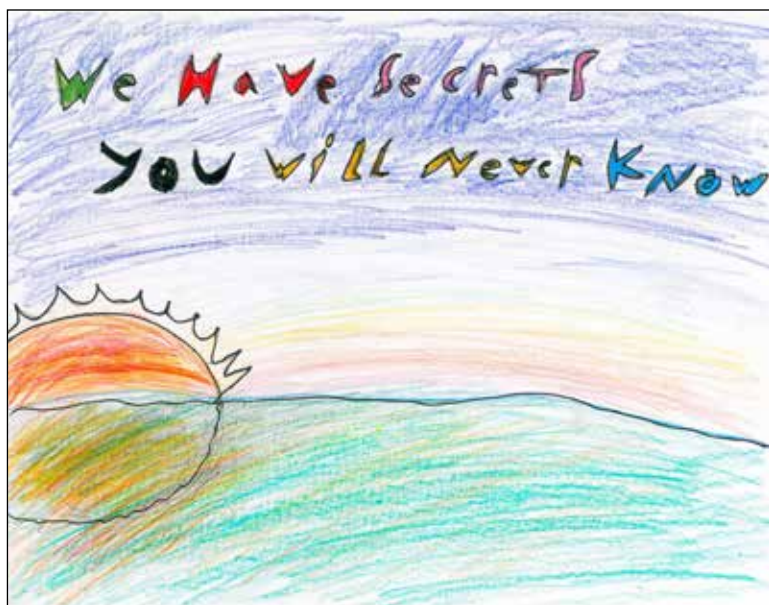
Untitled, Katrina Dovgoruk, Grade 3

Please Don't

I keep fish from drying and dying. I pass many mountains and foothills because I am long and skinny. Animals like salmon, trout, frogs, mussels, bass, and Chinook often pass by on top of me. Trying to stop people from putting oil, water, heavy metals, trash, and much more by skipping above the water, making sentences like: "PLEASE STOP LITTERING!" Birds, like bald eagles come by, flying above me and looking at me from the side. I rush back and forth, looking around for something new.

Tramanh Best, Grade 3





River Secrets, Danika DeLacay, Grade 3

Watershed

Wondrous
Amiable
Tenacious
Electrifying
Rivers
Streams
Hydrosphere
Environment
Diverse

Bailey Posey, Grade 4

Accidental Nature

It sounds like a whistle,
but birds chirp softly.
Grass roughly gets caught in the chilly wind.
water waves crash on the river shore.
I hear: It's all nature.

I look up,
Squirrels shiver from the cold.
Ferns grow slowly on bare trees so tall and
the blue ceilinged sky closes in.
I see: It's all nature.

Soft winds blow,
rough bark that shelters.
Lumpy, textured rocks and
stiff ground that makes my foot prints into evidence.
I feel: It's all nature.

Oliver Gaines, Grade 2



The Bat of Life, Cecily Evonuk, Grade 5



Water's Voice

From sky to earth to inside your water bottle
A conversation spreads throughout the world
Rivers are rushing to meet with the ocean
Who will later brag to the sandy shore about its freedom
Ponds and lakes are sleeping
And will soon be awakened by rowboats rowing
Making ripples in their still calmness
Glaciers are gossiping rudely about those lakes and ponds
But they are just jealous that they don't have as much of a majestic feel
The roar of a waterfall is an audience applauding
The crash of the ocean waves is a fight heating up
The pitter-patter of rain is the clouds crying
Disrupting the peace of springtime blooming

Rushing, Meeting, Sleeping,
Rowing, Gossiping, Applauding,
Heating, Crying, Blooming

Water's voice has stories to be told

Olivia Bendis, Grade 5



The American Eagle, Rosa A Flores Pacheco, Grade 4



The Duck, Jackson Dolan, Grade 4

Salmon Pool

Silver streaks flash by
Thrashing tails churn the water
Salmon end and start

Jonah Haberman, Grade 3



River, Celia Connor-Smith, Grade 5

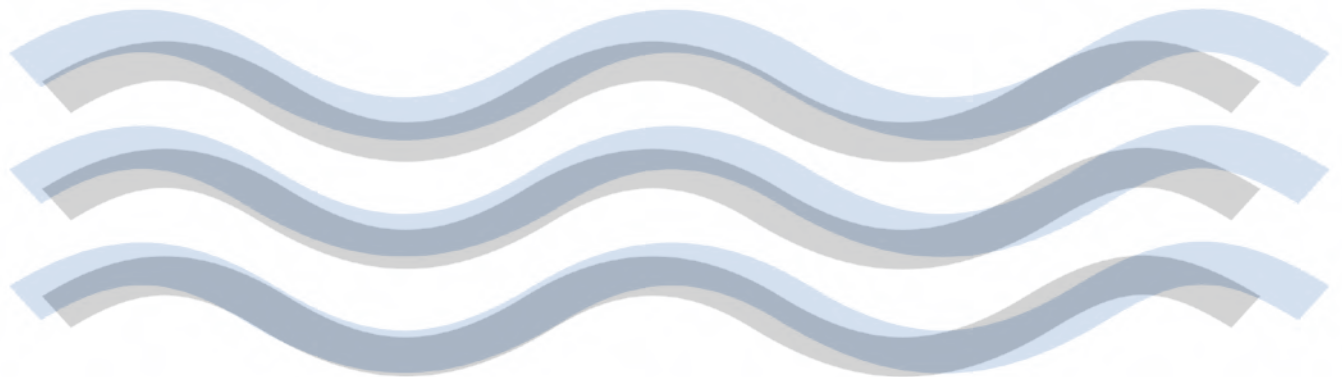


Barn Owl, Alice Welch, Grade 7

Participating Schools

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Ashbrook Independent School
Caldera Arts
Catlin Gabel School
Corbett Elementary
Corbett Middle School
Jane Goodall Environmental Middle School, JGEMS
Lake Oswego Jr. High
Peninsula K-8
Portland Jewish Academy
Rimrock Expeditionary Alternative Learning Middle School, REALMS
Stoller Middle School
Summa Academy
Waldo Middle School
West Hills Christian School

Student Works: Middle School



All I Really Need to Know I Learned from the Columbia River

Go with the flow-
Take one stroke at a time
It might be rocky at the start but it will be smooth later on.
Little waves will get you through
Don't let the temperature change your mind
Search, and you will find
Take a breath, and go
Treasure the little things
It may be rough, but persevere.

Sydney Downing, Grade 6

Kaleidoscope of Light

The two are similar but different
One calm, quiet, serious
The other aggressive, firm, playful.
Both speak and communicate in different ways.

One splashes against the rocks and speeds by alongside the shore
the mist rising from the sparkling surface
Its clean, clear cascade creating a kaleidoscope of light from the sun
Though dynamic, the narrow stream is calming as it rushes
by the rocks, by the bushes, by the sand
Its rough waves provoking thought, awe, and curiosity.

The second river is softer, tranquil
The deep blue waves lapping against the stones as it moves slowly,
as if it is enjoying the view of the city.
The river is vast, large, mind-blowing
Its silence empties the brain, leaving room to think.

Both rivers are essential to life
If they were people, they would probably feel protecting, beautiful, and loved
With the sound of their water, they speak from the heart with their little voice
Touching another heart with their beauty.

The quiet, larger river is the Willamette
Its slightly louder cousin is the Sandy
Both make beautiful scenes of Oregon
As they stretch out forever into the distance.

Andrea Bian, Grade 8



King of the Forest, Serena Stencil, Grade 8



Every Thing I Learned From A River

Wake up early
Sun is coming up
Going to be a good day
I've got the poles
Dad's got the backpack
Follow the path or you'll get lost
The river flows peacefully and quietly
It flows through the beaver dam like it isn't there
I cast my line just how Dad did
I wait to feel the line tug
Dad tells me stories
My bobber goes under!
I pull back and start reeling
I just caught my first fish
Dad smiles and gives me a high five
My Dad is gone, but our river will always be there
The river will always help me remember him

Caden McCowen, Grade 7

Untitled

River, river, roaring river
churning and crashing against the banks
then calm in the whispering wind
silent and still
persuading you to go in it
energetic, wonderful,
laughing in the sun
playing in the rain
wild and free
inspiring
happy no matter what

Grace Corpron, Grade 6



Everything I Learned from a River, Emily Goyne, Grade 7

Water of Eons

A liquid comes through the area, scouring the boulders
Running over rocks and dirt
A torrent, bursting through the narrow passage
Rapidizing over rocks in a giant passage
Providing a dangerous living place for gems of the river
Salmon climbing with desperation up falling water
Mystical mist filling the air
Putting a wonderful smell into the air
Smelling the air fills you with joy, a truly wonderful
experience
Nothing can stop the sheer force of the element of life
This is known as a river
A shape comes in, killing the beauty of the water
The shape is known as mankind
Taking the perfectness of the river away
Taking, without giving back
Taking the green away from the blue
Tainting the reflection of the sky with black
Killing the life in the element
Pouring oils into the beauty
Only caring for their own lives
Why not give back?
Give back to that of which helped you survive

Joseph Dronkers, Grade 7



The Sounds of the River

Flowing slowly through the trees
You can hear me from afar
Rolling over pebbles
Tumbling over rocks
Can you hear me whispering?
I'm calling you.
Come play with me!
I'll keep you safe.
Come catch the salamanders
You can feed the fish
Listen to the birds
Chirping in the trees
Listen to the wind
Blowing through the forest
Listen to my waters
Gliding over banks
Come play with me,
Come listen.

Chloe Snider, Grade 6



Snow Pack, Annika Holliday, Grade 6



Land and River, Isabel Rickert, Grade 8

The Awakening of the River

As the bright dawn comes
The river comes alive
Iridescent shimmers
Bronze
Crimson
Flashes of amber
Dart through the water
As if thousands of goldfish
Have fallen from the sky
From the sky comes
The fickle fog
Here for a minute
Gone the next
Wafting over the water
Like incense
Sensing the fog
The river begins
To darken
Matching the hue of the fog
Splashing up against the Seawall
As if pounding its fists in protest
And so begins the day
The day has begun

Grace Gibbs, Grade 8



Tumalo Creek

Spots of shade and sunlight flicker on the water
Above the spots of shade hang waving leaves
The shade keeps the melted snow so cold it's almost frozen
In this icy river, salmon and trout thrive
Connected to those waving leaves are the branches of alders, willows, and many other trees
Below these trees you can glimpse bark of dogwoods, turned brick red for autumn

The leaves turn from green to the colors of fire just as summer turns into autumn
These leaves drift down and become food for those that live in the water
Many native grasses grow among the trees
I look at the bank where alders have scattered their leaves
The plants are losing their leaves in preparation for winter, but in spring they will again thrive
Before that can happen frost will cling to branches, snow will fall and the ground will be frozen

I drag my fingers through the icy water and my hands are so numb they don't feel frozen
I can't imagine how cold the river will be when winter takes over for autumn
Though the water feels like the arctic it is the water that makes so many fish thrive
Fluttering pieces of yellow interwoven with green drift around me and fall into the water
My fingers skim over the surface of the stream and the current pushes them into fallen leaves
The river and pebbles are claiming the colorful leaves, leaving the branches bare on the trees

A fire that burned more than twenty years ago has left scars on the trees
It's hard to believe a burning monster once charged through this area as we sit there frozen
Fiery orange, yellow, and red are now the colors of the leaves
The colors of the destructive fire are also the colors of leaves in autumn
The other bank was spared from the fire and protected by the water
Decades after the fire, the banks of Tumalo creek again thrive

Even in the dead of winter the spruces across the river will still thrive
But branches already hang bare on other trees
Their leaves long gone, rushed away in the water
Tumalo creek is almost never frozen
Even when it feels like it should be in the wintery feeling late autumn
The rushing river is surrounded by frozen red and yellow leaves

As I walk through the dense vegetation, my bare arms brush against leaves
The riparian plants give way to evergreens, and the bushes that also thrive
Across my face blows the crisp breeze of autumn
This breeze blows the branches of the trees
A raindrop lands on my cheek, ice cold but not quite frozen
Drops of rain splash into and meld with the river water

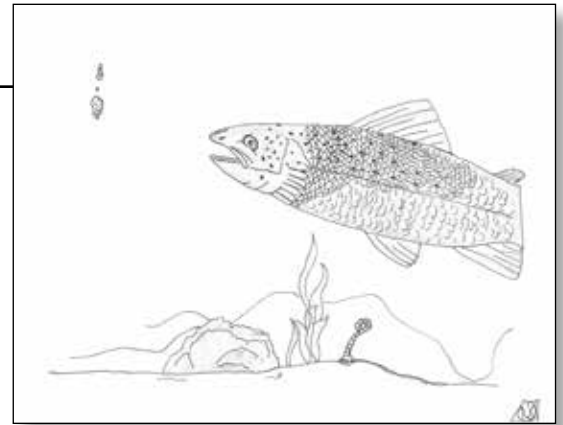
The leaves catch the rain momentarily then water pours down from the tree
The riparian grasses no longer thrive, as the ground is almost frozen
The colors of autumn reflect in the glistening water

Emmaline Fievet, Grade 8

The Rivers

Rivers are people.
Some of them rage like fire, throwing things against the rocks.
In the end, they shuffle out to sea, defeated.
Some of them carry the world on their shoulders.
All of the boaters, all of the swimmers, all of the people.
In the end, though, they walk out with their heads held high.
We could learn.
Rivers run around the world.
They give us transportation, they give us food, they give us water, they give us
entertainment, they give us trees, they give us gold, they give us life.
We give them pollution.
Do you think they think to themselves about that?
When we dry their beds with dams, they give.
When we start wars over them, they give.
When we take more than they give, they give more than we take.
Rivers do not sleep at night.
How can we?

Julian Dukes, Grade 7



Bait, Noah Burres, Grade 7

Rivers

What has a bank but no teller,
what has a mouth but's not a yeller,
what has a bed with no pillow,
and on its shore you'll find the willow,
at its start you'll meet its source,
at the end its run its course,
don't you think we should conserve,
something that our fish deserve?

Finn Russell, Grade 6



Lessons the River Has Taught Me, Rachel Maness, Grade 6



River's Journey

Meandering through the emerald trees,
Bright as the cold blue sky.
Flowing left, flowing right; taking on a long journey,
Diving down into the deep depths below.
The damp, misty morning and the chilly, cold nights,
Every fresh day holds a new challenge.
In the winter, I wear a cloak of ice;
In the spring, I have a scarf of blossoms.
In the fall, I sleep in a blanket of fallen leaves.
In the summer, I am free,
Running through the woods,
The canvas of the leaves painted yellow by the golden
sunshine.
Suddenly,
Engulfed in a wave of salty spray.
My journey is over;
I am home.

Felicia Tsai, Grade 7



Living on the River, Ruby Robison, Grade 7

Living on the River

When you are on the river there are no rules. You are free to do whatever you want.
When you fall out of the raft, float on your back and stay calm.
Scout a rapid if you aren't sure.
There is a split second of adrenaline before going into a rapid.
Feel the exhilarating rush of jumping off the cliff. Then the sudden calmness as you plunge
into the cool water.
There is so much wildlife. Sit on the sand under the shade of the one and only tree on the
beach. A herd of mountain goats maneuvering themselves around the cliffs. You would
think that they might fall but then they wouldn't. Sit and watch them for hours.
Falling asleep under a beautiful sky full of stars.
Listening to the white water churning over and over, a soft lullaby.
You live in your swimsuit.
Your hair always has the faint scent of the river, a mix of dirt and freshwater.
Campfires every night, the shadows playing off the canyon walls.
The river is your home. Treat it with care.

Ruby Robison, Grade 7

River Rap Snap

The River a part of life in the life and fight for a water sprite because its magical ma ma magical ye! We have salmon in the rivers whaaat, we also have have logs frogs and dogs yo! Birds of prey soaring in the skies diving down taking a fish by surprise. At the end there's a waterfall wa wa wa waterfall. At the bottom there is unicorns and rainbows, no wait rainbows are up high in the summer sky, shinin' down on the river he rides. The river a place for animals with a fate, rivers are the crazy 8.

Josiah Fisher, Grade 7



On the Rocks of the Riverbed, Sarina Carlaw, Grade 8

Destroyed

Dried up maple leaves
crunching underfoot
I hike down a narrow path
overgrown with sturdy sword ferns
towering
tall red-brown cedar trees
hundreds of years old
a small patch
of baby blue forget-me-nots
urging me to heed them
I can spot small Rufous hummingbirds
zipping about
their wings a blur
a trail of shiny red ants
leads into a green bush
I pause
a small swishing
gurgling
the sound of running water
a small stream
I tread closer
pushing away some leaves
reveals a creek
blueish green
small silvery fish darting about
brown twigs dancing in the water
green, wet, algae clinging to pale, smooth,
rocks
so much life
I cannot imagine
if this were gone
destroyed
withered away
by us

Liam Wang, Grade 6



The Meal

A salmon
swimming
and a lure
spinning
A bite
A pull
A reel
winding
A fish
fighting
A splash
A shout
A thwap
A smoker
A meal

Eamon Walsh, Grade 6



Untitled, Jada Fouch, Grade 7

Willamette River: A Memoir

What's that river called again? You're just that river, the one that reflects the tall skyscrapers, the one that holds Portland's boats. You're just that river, the one that contains the tiny little island that reminds me of Old Spaghetti Factory. You're that river, the one next to the science museum OMSI and also right next to my favorite amusement park, Oaks Park. Yeah, that one. What's that river called again? For some reason I know you. And I know your name somehow, so how can I even start to tell you how you've been a part of my life?

You're the best part of Portland. There's nothing really here in this city, in my opinion, so it always surprises me when I see the pink tour buses in downtown, or those fancy hotels next to your watery edges. In my clearer moments, I think logically about why you're such a big part of Portland: civilizations usually grow around a river or water source. (That's you!) But when I'm daydreaming, I think that you draw people in to come see Portland, since you're so beautiful. This is especially easy to believe at night, when we're rounding the bend and see the most breathtaking view of Portland, where the skyscrapers are glinting, lights are shining, and you are shimmering glossily.

You've been a solid rock in my life, also. I remember passing over you, seeing that tiny island, and thinking about the Old Spaghetti Factory when I was five. Then there's that time in the summer when I went to Oaks Park, and you were there, too. We went and sat at the picnic tables and I remember staring at your surface while eating a vanilla ice cream cone. And don't you remember that time at OMSI? We were watching as my mom walked on the sidewalk next to you. Joining them outside, I remember staring down at you, grey on that cloudy day, and shivering, thinking about what it'd feel like to drown in you.

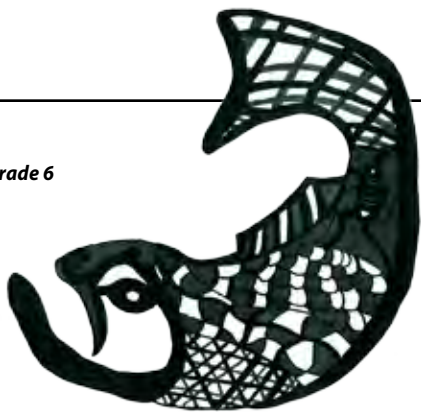
But I have to say it was magical with you when we were watching the fireworks during the Fourth of July. There was that boat parked in your waters that kept letting off beautiful pyrotechnics while we were clustered on the lawn next to OMSI, watching.

Oh, Willamette River, everything that's part of my childhood begins with you.

Jacqueline Zhang, Grade 7



Deschutes, Renee Shaw, Grade 6



Connection

I slither down a worn bouldered valley,
Flowing freely as I wish.
A tinge of excitement forming,
As I jump off both of the banks.

Children mimic me in a way I will always cherish.
Warm-hearted, plump, dimpled fingers merging with me.
I smile.
They may not see,
But I know they can feel our connection.

Sometimes I'm joined by Beauty who lives up the hill.
Troubled she is,
Hurt at home.
When the birds have woken, is when she arrives.
She swims with me,
Laughing.

As I age, her tears have helped me grow, as well as she.
Tears have disappeared from her face now,
A smile stands strong and proud.
I've met a lot of people,
Who cry to me like Beauty.

"I'll stand by you," I say.
For the magic of the universe,
Lies often in the smallest things,
Like the ripples that flow through me.

Gracie Closson, Grade 6

Deschutes River

She is beautiful
the way she flows through the wild
with no care.
Without help she cuts through painted rock
of vibrant colors and patterns.
Splitting it apart
just like the small
pebble tumbling on the
shallow banks of her mighty currents.
She is strong,
but elegant with the riffles from the
rocks.

How she moves,
like she is brand new
but she is old,
as old as the sand from the rocks.
I dive deeper
crystal clear, I can see the bottom.
Bubbles come up to the surface,
no matter how cold,
the way she flows is
poetry in motion.

Carly Kreamier, Grade 8



Untitled, Liam Wang, Grade 6.





Walking by the Riverside, Dylan Audley, Grade 6

Crisp-Cold Water

The crisp-cold water against my
Newly red skin. The old mud flows
Against my fins, and I smell home.

I rush at the rough current.
I struggle and push through it.
I taste home.

The soggy maple leaf
Cancels out the taste of the world.

I feel home. I feel the familiar
Twigs against my skin.
I see home. I am almost there-
The little rock I am now rested on.

I am home.

Sydney Madysen-Shea Rondot, Grade 7

Podemos ayudar We Can Help

Spanish

Azul,
Verde,
Blanco,
Café.
Brillando como una joya del río.
Naranja,
Amarillo,
Negro,
Rojo.
Contaminado, y repugnante, y tóxico.
Pero podemos ayudar,
Todos juntos,
Podemos ayudar.

Alexander Niehaus, Grade 6

Translation

Blue,
Green,
White,
Brown.
Shining like a gem of the river.
Orange,
Yellow,
Black,
Red.
Polluted, and disgusting, and toxic.
But we can help,
All together,
We can help.

Searching for Peace

Impatient is the river
Skating, sliding, sleek and strong
Skimming over the rocky bed
One goal in mind.

Ever racing, ever dancing
Skittering like a thousand mice
With a thousand cats on their tails
Brimming with anxiety.

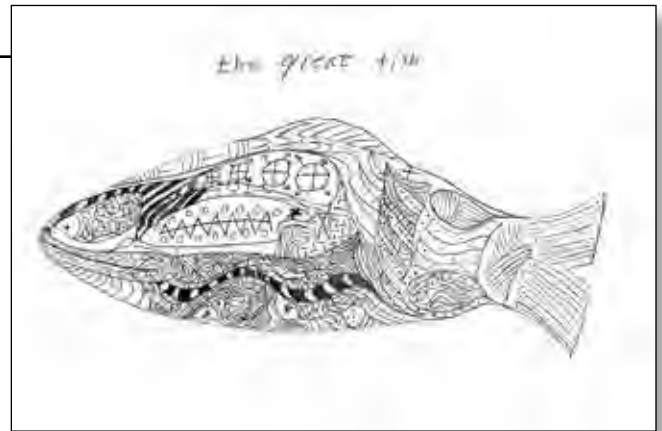
The ground drops away, falling, falling
Tumbling through the air, falling
A shot bird plummeting from the sky, falling
Forever falling.

A thunderous crash, and the water returns
A moment to regain control
Then pressing onward
Onward to the end.

And the end it is
When narrow passage becomes wide pool
A pool of brightest blue
Of dearest day
Of calmest night.

And with its task fulfilled
Its single purpose served
The river finds peace at last.

Sarah Kitten, Grade 8



The Great Fish, Nick Poffenberger, Grade 8



'Saille' forth Spring, Anushka Nair, Grade 7





Untitled, Faith McQueen, Grade 8

The Caring Hood River

Water blue and bright
Water that shimmers in the light
Water with reflections in the night

The first star of the night appears,
appears from behind the dark sky,
sky hovering me all through the night,
night that makes me shine so bright.

The cool breeze in the night
that shifts my waters side to side
feels like a sweet mist trickling down from the dark night sky
and landing in the water,
cooling me off from the warm evening air.

Splash!
One of my local friends throws a small pebble into my waters
I feel the pebble hit me.
The small pebble sends off a wave through the whole river's width
It is refreshing.

At least I know that someone still cares,
still wants to talk with me.
In response, I reach out my hand and give her a gift,
a key locket.
For her to unlock the rest of her life with.
Here was just the beginning.

Casey Kavanaugh, Grade 8

About the Willamette.

The Most Polluted River in Oregon.

Isn't it merely a river?

White waves, rolling across the velvet water, blessed with the gift of grace.
Tides roaring, crashing against the gravel riverbank, not so different from a roar
of a lion.

Isn't it merely a river?

Mankind, they drew pipes into my waters.
Flowing, the garbage and waste of all the peoples.
Into the waves, it crawled.

Isn't it merely a river?

Shattering art, morphing it into sweepings.
As if slicing through the flowing waters with a sharp, merciless knife.

Isn't it merely a river?

Brown sewage clashing with white waves.
Washing upon the once beautiful riverbanks, now brimming with filth.

But, isn't it merely a river?

If you listen closely, maybe you can hear the river crying.
If only nature had a voice.
After all, it is merely a river.

SkyCat Huang, Grade 6



Western Meadowlark, Tariq O'Neal, Grade 6

The River

Tonight, the sun sets, and the water keeps running
Through canyons, through jungles, it flows

The gleaming river runs rapidly,
but smoothly,
with deep aggression,
while it fills our hearts with joy

As we watch its glory
we see the fish leap
and the rocks tumble
and taking it all in, we feel
peaceful

Just like the stream and I are one

In the morning, the sun rises, and the water keeps running
Through canyons, through jungles, it flows

Dylan Smith, Grade 6



The River

Water moving slowly through the grasses,
Water rushing over stones
The wind whistles through the reeds,
Lying on the river bank, I listen to the music of it
Slowly the sun turns from a yellow glowing ball
Into a magnificent sun-set
The real world has turned into a fantasy world
The river comes alive
The reeds play in the breeze
Water moving faster and faster until
The last drops of sunlight hit the water – casting rainbows
On the water, wherever I look, I see the colors
So gorgeous, so stunning,
Slowly the fantasy world comes to an end
The sun is gone, time to go home
I stand up and look at the river
So beautiful, so splendid I hate to leave
But I will come back

Evelyn Merten, Grade 8



Untitled, Prestley Wright, Grade 6



Pollinating the River Banks, Benjamin Asbury, Grade 8

A Flower Growing From Darkness

The plastic bottle
bobbed
through the rushing river
over schools of coho salmon
and past green, brown, and blue wood ducks
until
finally
the drifting debris ran ashore
on a rocky bank

through the pines who should come
but a brother and a sister
going for a swim

just before the girl took the plunge
she reached down
and picked up the litter
tucking
it away in her bag

later that night
as the water lapped the stones
a brave
tender green shoot of wild lupine
inspired by an otherworldly urge
poked
its head out
of the cool moist ground
where the bottle had once lay.

Emma Latendresse, Grade 6

Tumalo Creek

The soothing sound of Tumalo creek.
The continuing wilderness cast a crystal clear reflection.
Trees are still scarred with the memories of the fire
that destroyed such beauty.
The rustling of the leaves make a memorable melody,
It flows and never gets old, it stays beautiful and wild, it is called a stream

There's streams
then there's creeks,
but together they create a Melody.
The soaring birds above the stream cast a reflection
of their beauty.
Hot, dangerous, helpful, and beautiful, it is called a fire.

These great fires
have created such destruction, but out of the flames, beauty arose in the stream
Tumalo creek creates a site of beauty.
The creek's
reflection
is like a song with a hidden melody.

The whistling sound of the birds create a harmonizing melody.
Fires
have a reflection
of such evil but it becomes an angel in the stream.
The deep winding creek
enchants you with its beauty.

Beauty
comes in all different sizes but the most encapturing is the melody.
Tumalo Creek
has come a long way since the destruction of the Bridge Creek fire.
As you stare into the stream
you can see your eyes staring back at you for it's your own reflection.

The stream is so clear that no mirror will create a clearer reflection.
No amount of wilderness will compare to Tumalo Creek's beauty.
The streams
create such a harmonizing melody.
The crackling leaves are like the flaming fire
that once destroyed Tumalo Creek.

Within my reflection lies a melody.
Within the forest beauty lies a hidden fire.
Within the stream lies an enchanting creek.

Denali Heinlein, Grade 8



Untitled, Nicholas Williams, Grade 7



The Salmon of our Rivers, Debbie Wong, Grade 8



Circles, North

You're a wild rebel with a sense of direction a laugh that synthesizes the birds' guttural song.

you move rapidly, the bare soles of your feet pounding wherever you go; as if being chased by a mongoose .

You're the epitome of full color, when you cry it flows out like endless rain into paper cups of tears behind your eyelids.

Trees get cut down and animals lose their home.

To my questions your answer is silence
that says nothing, and everything at once .
when I chase you , we run in circles that go North.
you're a symphony of ideas for the future.

I feel bone deep sadness when in your
tangled hair I see the breaking of the world.

I hear you crash against rocks. My eyes open and you're gone, my whispers fall into the wind.

Persuading the sun to set in direction, deep memories help me keep afloat in your eyes.

I'm pulled into your dance of light, as my mind whirls along us waltzing to the distant breeze.

You're a lifeline to multitudes, yet in spite can bring unimaginable catastrophes.

you have the power to take the sky from me yet, when I hear your song I forget -

Am I arriving or departing? My compass
always points in your direction. North.

Anushka Nair, Grade 7

Untitled

I dance. My silver feet flowing
over forest floors,
I sing. My burbling voice
greeting the night,
I laugh. My waters rumbling
over smooth stones,
I cry. My banks leaking
as I overflow,
I grin. My surface reflecting
the night sky,
I dream. Of days long past
and times forgotten,
I think. Of a future gleaming
on the horizon.

Isabella Mounsey, Grade 7



*A Life Lesson from an Eagle's Point of View, Jarett Graff,
Grade 7*

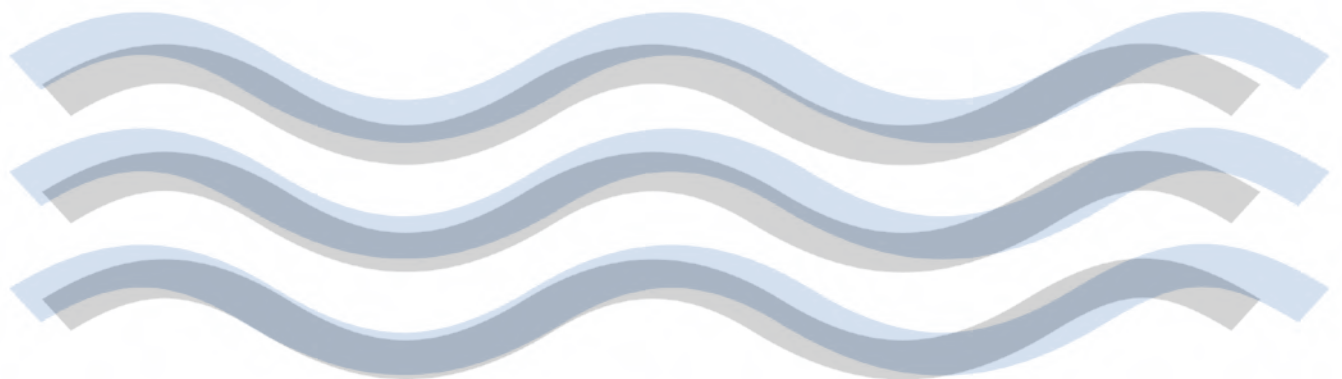


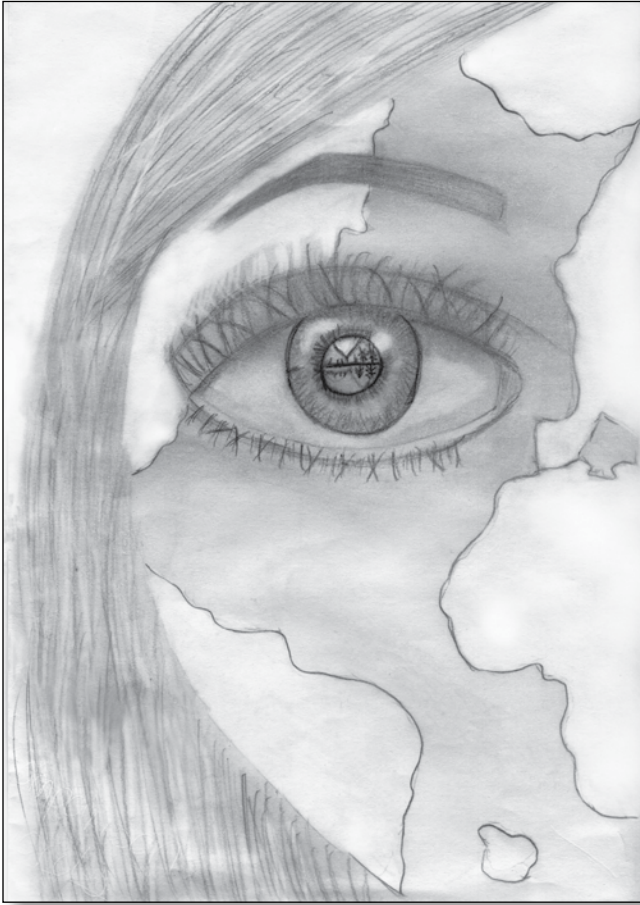
Willamette Runway, David Pritchard, Grade 10

Participating Schools

Cleveland High School
Corbett High School
Early College High School
Glencoe High School
Lake Oswego High
Pacific Northwest College of Art (PNCA)
Portland Lutheran High School
Roosevelt High School
Sisters High School
South Salem High School
West Salem High School

Student Works: High School & College





My World, Ariadne Rodriguez, Grade 11

Adagio of Ambiance

There's something echoing in the endlessness;
a soft call of cold dirt, beckoning the silver leaves
closer as wind rolls brush apart this stained glass
sanctuary, revealing cerulean as deep as the forest's
veins, lapping against pebbly shores and moss walls
where budding fronds, still tucked away, lay in a
state of rest.

And I, counting the flecks of primrose in this
unbound magnificence, hear the resonance
within and without.

Madison Cho-Richmond, Grade 11

Love the Rain

Oregonians love the rain
The refreshment of its sight
Starts blood pumping through pro-earth veins

Water droplets born to entertain
Give rhythmic jigs to our delight
Oregonians love the rain

Evergreens on a rough terrain,
To us, moist forest air excites
That blood pumping through pro-earth veins

A craving many deem insane
They don't understand in the slight;
Oregonians love the rain

A romance we can only explain
Cuddled up by fire's light
- its blood pumping through pro-earth veins

Cool showers rinse away all pain,
In nature we strive to maintain
Oregonians love the rain;
Starts blood pumping through pro-earth veins

Lauren Trevis, Grade 12



Shattering Glass

When Sara looked over at me, I knew right away what she was about to do. The sun lit her face, and she lit mine with her smile. It was a warm sun that day, one of those Oregon days that were separated by weeks of rain,

"What are you thinking?" I smiled back at my friend as we stood on the river bank. She smiled, and then it happened. She ran and jumped. She hung in the sun rays for a peaceful bit before shattering the glass surface of the Willamette River. They tell me if you break a mirror it gives you seven years bad luck or whatever. It's been years since my first grade teacher told me all those silly superstitions, not like I listened anyway,

That was what made me and Sara so much alike; we didn't listen, right down to jumping in the river. Logic told her she couldn't fly, but her free spirit told them to watch her try. She told me months previous that she couldn't swim, but I had forgotten, and frankly I don't think she remembered that she wasn't invincible.

When she met me I was playing baseball—*Throwin' heat* as I would tell my friends. I was an eight year old Hot-Shot...so I thought. Sara was looking on from the stands, and couldn't get enough. Slowly she got closer to the bull pin.

"This is baseball, what is she doing?" my friend asked the next game when, to our amusement she came in uniform. Girls play softball. Guys play baseball. That's how it was. Girls didn't play baseball; girls who can't swim don't jump into rivers. I think she forgot she wasn't invincible.

Here I am gazing at the bank of this mighty river; as she begins diving into things again. She surfaced up with a smile, then with a struggle fell below the surface. The sun caught my eyes, leaving rings in my vision. When the spectacles subsided I saw her on my hip.

"Why, do you do that?" I looked down at her damp stupidity.

"I love this place, Have you heard a sound as beautiful as this?"

"What? What sound? Wait you can't sw—"

"Sh, listen."

Sara has a habit of diving into things. Sara isn't invincible; I think she forgets that sometimes the way she talks, she uses words like forever and ever, whenever she shatters the glass of the Willamette.

Kendall Marlia-Cooper, Grade 10



Links to Our River, Pierson Conklin, Grade 12

My Life River

My life is like a river of loss
Lost friends, family
Love, respect,
Hope, faith,
Trust.

Everything I've ever known

My life is like a river that was filled with joy,

People used to watch as it flowed

With pride, happiness,

No care in the world.

They wished they could be a part of it

But not anymore.

I'm on my own.

Moving around all the time, trying to move forward,

Sharp rocks keeping me from a steady flow.

Flowing through a crowd of people without being noticed

I'm trapped between two borders

Two traditions that contradict themselves,

Living on one side, but with the lifestyle of the other.

Not belonging in either.

Water falls,

Like the times I've let myself fall,

Times I've allowed words to put me down,

People to let me down,

My life is like a forgotten river,

Broken down and changed for the good of the people, but not the good of me.

My life river ran with fresh, pure water,

Over time the clean water has been polluted, filled with death, hurt.

People only come on my sunny days, rarely on my rainy days.

People only see the surface of who I am,

Not what's underneath the surface.

Many can't reach me,

And those who do are special to me,

But then they become memories.

Something of the past, buried.

I drown the pain of memories,

Memories are drowned so deep

I'm beginning to forget them.

Even if they are the only thing keeping me company.

The sea is something everyone wants to reach,

A place of sanctuary,

There used to be another river that was connected to me,

He was important to me.

He was my guide to the sea,

But people built a dam between us.

The wall was built too high to get past,

Too thick to seep through,

Never to be missed by them; they didn't hesitate to lock his current away,

Giving him absolutely no chance to reach the sea.

Everyone has a life river, all them have similar properties,

And we all have fish, so why wasn't he treated the same?

The dam was built because people believed him to be of no use anymore,

He was a damned river now. Maybe he's not the only one,

Maybe we're all damned, because we're all trapped in our personal

D A M.

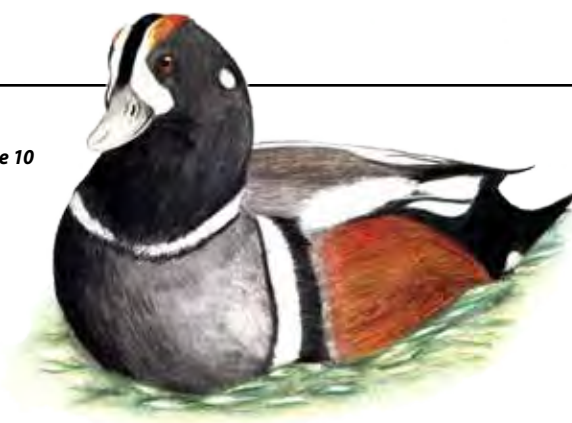


Salmon Can Tango Too, Elizabeth Larson, Grade 9

Angelica Flores, Grade 10



Harlequin Duck, Hannah McLaughlin, Grade 10



How We Were

River and I are best friends. We met when I was three. She was twelve thousand, six hundred and forty-three. She prodded my ankles with her icy fingers, gripped my shins. I stood as she investigated, caressing my skin with lazy ripples and counting my toes in the riverbed. And she began to warm. After some time, she let me in, and we grew close. Sometimes, we would dance wildly along the banks, splashing each other as we laughed over rocks and giggled under sunken logs. Other times we would float in silence. She would cup me in her still, green hands and hold me like a fledgling bird, suspending me above my own pride and ignorance. We talked sometimes too: she played with my feet under the verdant forest canopy while I braided fables, memories, and vine maples into something beautiful. We rough-housed; I threw stones and she tossed me around in her current. When she bruised me or cut my limbs, my mother would separate us for a little while, tend to my injuries, and send me back out. When supper ended I would run out and sit with River, watching the gilded sun kiss the horizon and paint the sky with warm, vibrant hues. At night, we counted the stars together, whispering wishes and secrets to the darkness. And every night, before I fell asleep, I would always say goodnight to River. Because that's what good friends do.

Abigail Winn, Grade 10

Weeding

A muddy battlefield
littered with cold bodies
their weapons reach towards the sky
and to the sun they yield
A bubbling song
mirrored and dark green
ignores the victory gained for it
As it coldly laughs along
The conquerors were merciless
Havoc wrecked with steel and hand
but they left hope behind
among the turbid mess
The invaders have been cut down
Their fortresses uprooted
And in their place are nascent leaves
The natives are back in town.

Ian Lortz, Grade 11



Tears of the Willamette, Anya Corwin, Grade 11

Blue Heron

Blue Heron appears.
No one knows where she came from.
So, why is she here?

Blue Heron wades in.
Calculating every step.
She stands there, frozen.

Blue Heron observes.
She'll never make the first move.
Smoke before fire.

Blue Heron claims all.
Taking all that is not hers.
Under smoky wings.

Blue Heron, time's up.
The time has come, you must leave.
Please do not turn back.

Blue Heron stands still.
Not fazed by the life around.
Depends on no one.

Blue Heron flies off.
But she keeps a watchful eye.
Always attentive.

Blue Heron shuts down.
The mill is done polluting.
Goal: Restoration.

Ana Meng Canseco-Spiers, Grade 10



Xanthocephalus, Hayden Hopkins, Grade 10



The Bridge, Shea Keeley, Grade 10

Untitled

The trees know all
They see all that is to be seen
Their mighty limbs hide the secrets of man
In the leaves are whispered the loving words of the wind
and the soothing warmth of the sun is stored within.

Claire Murphy, Grade 9



A River Is Life

Contemplating a river, one might be inclined to regard it simply as a running body of water; a river however is made up of a vast number of elements, unique to the geography that it exists in. Animals and people alike were able to settle in the majestic landscape of the Pacific Northwest because its rivers provided both water and food. Beneath the ever-changing surface of surging water, schools of fish and other aquatic animal life make their homes. Riverbeds give rise to plant life, some of which climb out of the river and spread across the land. Simply put, a river is Life.

The Northwest was forged by the multitude of rivers and creeks that spread across the land in a watery web of vitality. The forests, mountains, meadows, and wetlands all receive sustenance from the rivers that wind through them. In contemporary times it is difficult to look at the environment without seeing evidence of humankind, but it is the rivers that built civilization. Communities of people have thrived in the local geography for thousands of years now, constructing homes, towns, and cities around the wild waters of the Pacific Northwest. It is unfortunate that the people of this land have not been able to reciprocate life to the rivers.

The consequences of industrialization have depleted much of the natural resources provided by rivers. Man's selfish desire to harness the power of rivers has threatened the way of life across the land. Dams have dried up precious waters where fish spawn and animals drink. Where there were once wetlands there is now relatively barren earth. Waterfalls adorned with historic art have been buried and rivers have been polluted, contributing to the extinction of animals, plants and histories. Rich bodies of water have been transformed into aquatic highways, littered with trash. But there is hope.

Through storytelling people are able to share the stories of our rivers and awaken others to the perils they face. Without continued efforts to preserve rivers and restore other water systems, our own perseverance is dangerously threatened. The people of this land must band together and stop others from extinguishing life from our rivers. Otherwise rivers may one day not represent life at all, but rather death.

Kris Clouse, PNCA



Chinook-2, Kris Clouse, PNCA. Ice sculpture made of water from the Columbia River and pieces of plants gathered from its banks.

I am Una Rejka

My life is like Una rejka.
Full of clear water steps that drop high and low,
Erratic currents tossing sediment as old as the trees around me,
Full of crystal clear water that will never stop its flow,
Full of beautiful tributaries that will one day help me reach the sea.

My life is like Una rejka.
It has its highs and lows like Una's crystal water steps,
It hits grey sharp and jagged rocks that lay at the bottom,
But with the help of its strong currents,
And floppy green vegetation it stays alive.
The river that is my life continues down its path.

My life is like Una rejka.
It's tossed, turned, and slammed, breaking off age old sediment.
There will be many dams,
Many factories that try to pollute me and end me,
But with the great power of my currents,
And the push of my tributaries I continue,
I must continue after all so many wait for me to someday succeed.

My life is like Una rejka.
I will never stop flowing,
Running down beautiful native mountain villages,
Slithering by bright happy orchards,
My blue and green water will always stay mighty.

My life is like Una rejka.
From my mountain high bathing waters,
To my blue and green heart in the city,
Una and I are the best around.
People gaze and bathe in our glory wishing they could be us,
But unfortunately for them they will never be like us,
Our clear, colorful, strong, and never ending waters are unique.

Tarik Ibisevic, Grade 10

Untitled

A scramble for boots
Then we are out in a rush
The second we leave, the door slams shut
We're out for adventure, we're out for fun
We're out to make our world a better one
We act as a team, a force unstoppable
We fight for our future, our path is wrought
With perils like ivy and poison oak and more,
Working with SOLVE is never a bore.

Claire Edington, Grade 9



Whychus, Haley Zadow, Grade 12



Our River

There may be plastic bottles roaming down the stream
and fish swimming different directions
and rapids around the corner.

Our river is unpredictable.

From rigid rocks
to smooth slimy ones
and unexpected sinkholes,
laying salt beds within.

Our river is murky.

The wet oily top coats the river.
Tributaries made this sleek river,
which reeds swayed and grow.

Our river sings its sweet melodies
as it rages through the land.

There may be carcasses and shabby shoes,

But it will forever be

Our river.

Madison Bowser, Grade 10



Equity, Dakota Easbey, Grade 10



Swimming City, Piper Everson, Grade 10

Ripples & Eddies

Small snippets of larger entries that contained language too exceptional to pass up

Untitled

A river goes fast, a river
goes splash, a river bash, lash
and poor little fishies come
down with a crash.

Mc. J Ward, Grade 4

If she had a name,
It would be Resplendent.

Alina Connolly, Grade 9

The river is a knife
Cutting through the forest
The forest does not fight back
As the river is mighty

Dawson Fryer, Grade 7

Cold water bubbled its
words of wisdom over
the aged rocks.

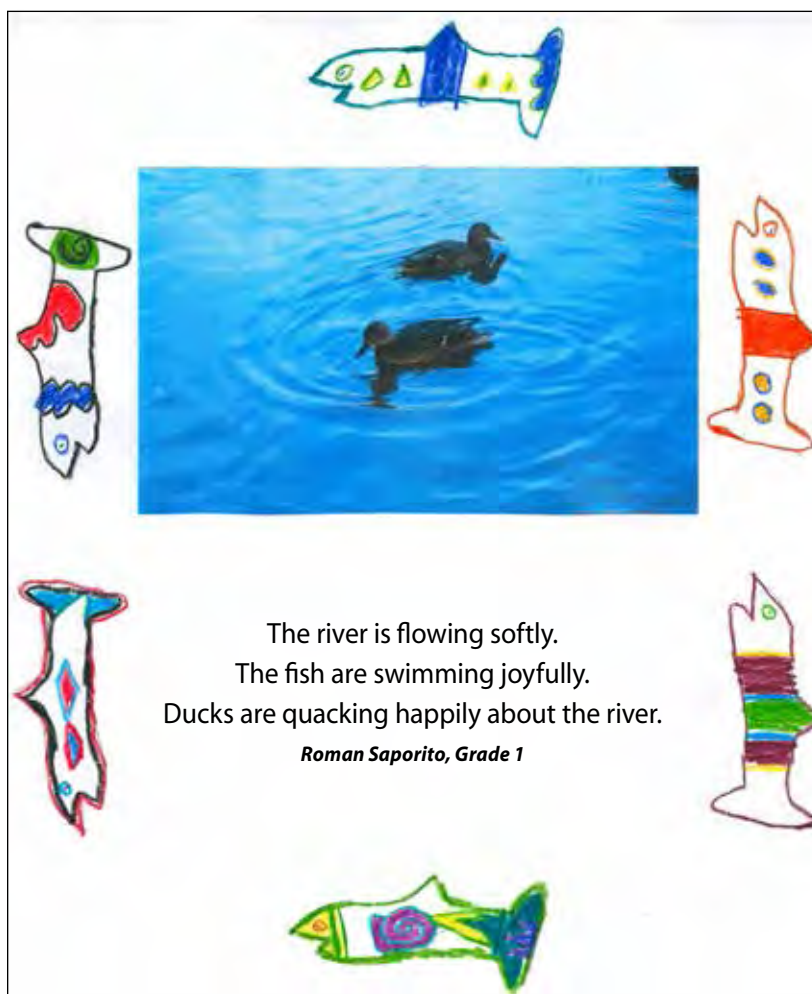
Zachary Rector, Grade 6

Oregon's rivers flow like blood through veins
They wind lazily through like big coiled snakes

Kimberly Li, Grade 8



Rainy Days, Olivia Dunn, Grade 6

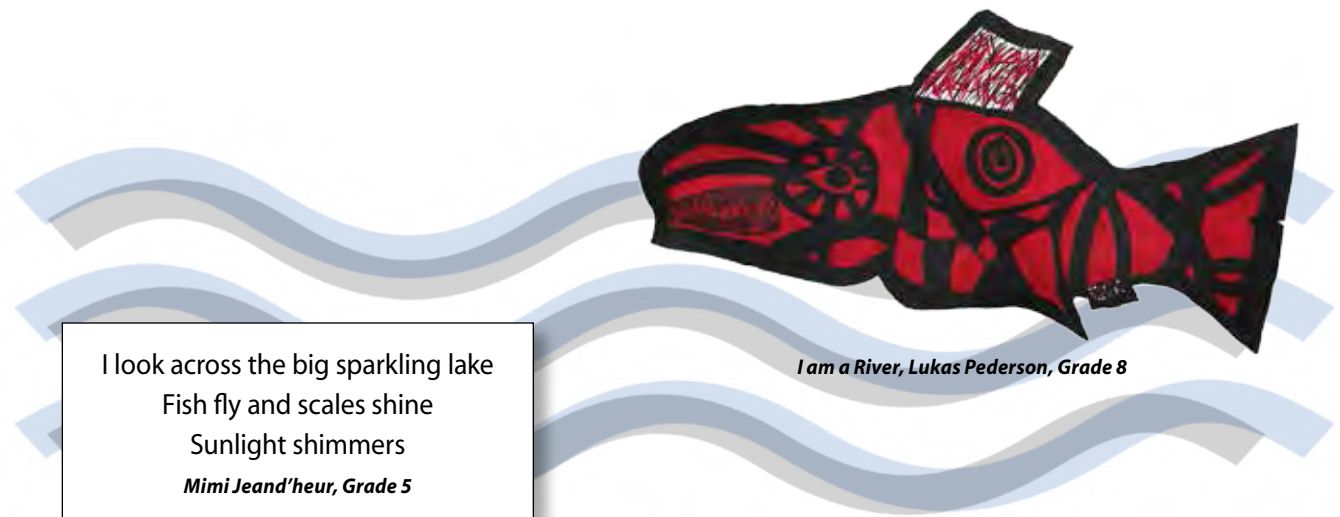


The river is flowing softly.
The fish are swimming joyfully.
Ducks are quacking happily about the river.

Roman Saporito, Grade 1

The Happy River, Roman Saporito, Grade 1





I look across the big sparkling lake
Fish fly and scales shine
Sunlight shimmers
Mimi Jeand'heur, Grade 5

I am a River, Lukas Pederson, Grade 8

All I Need to Know About a River

Never lay face down.
Know your strengths.
Watch out for rocks.
Keep moving forward.

Carter Larsen, Grade 8

Kids jump in the river.
I love rivers!

Sarah Watkins, Grade 2

I like the showing of the McKenzie
And the creativity of the Johnson Creek.

Conner Moog, Grade 3

Watersheds are basically life-givers. They guide all our excess water (flooding, rainfall, etc.) into one specific area such as a lake, stream, or river. They provide us our drinking water, our prized shower water, fountain displays, the ability to farm and manufacture goods, and diverse ecosystems. They are so important, yet so few people realize their impact. If they were left uncared for, the fresh, clean Oregon water that we take so much for granted would be gone.

Kelly Han, Grade 8

I see the river when ice puts its cover over it.
I see the river when mist's blanket tucks it in.

Gabriella Goldstein, Grade 5

Rivers are habitats for all sorts of animals. It is a chain that needs a clean river to survive.

Sage Hoffman, Grade 4

The water played a song with the wind that I did not know
The fish were shy and moved around like flickering ghosts

Kristofer Chiu, Grade 7

The Willamette
Deschutes
And Columbia too,
All have our love,
Memories
And our greatest hopes too.

Dommenick Love, Grade 11



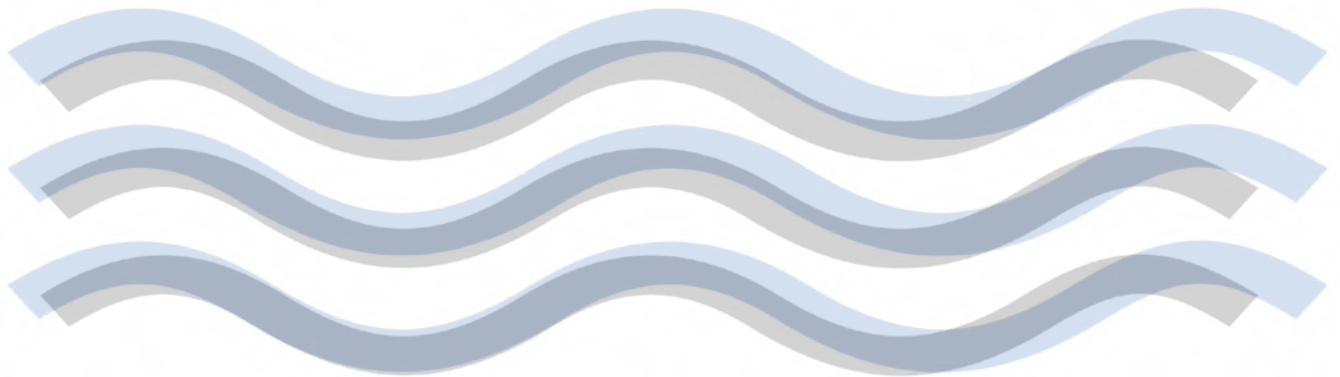
River by Lillian Pitt, Mikkel Hilde. Jim Carroll Photography.

Medium: Stainless Steel, Bronze, Concrete, Shotcrete. Dimensions: 16' x 41' x 4'. Year Completed: 2013.

Located in Eugene, Oregon on the I-5 Highway – between the north & south bound lanes at the north end of the Willamut Passage Bridge over the Willamette River. The sculpture was commissioned by the Oregon Department of Transportation Willamette River Bridge Project.

Aislinn Adams
Brian Doyle
Charles Finn
Charles Goodrich
Mikkel Hilde
Michael Horodyski
Monroe Isenberg
Jonquil LeMaster
Richard Mack
Abby Phillips Metzger
Michael Orwick
Paulann Petersen
Lillian Pitt
William Stafford
Christy Wyckoff

Invited Artists & Writers



Since Most Stars are Strangers

Let a white hoop
be the horizon.

Let fir trees
wimple and gleam.

Let wind set up a tremor
it never abandons.

Seven left eyes
of seven crows
wheel in a hubbub
of dark jabber.

Wings overtake the day.

Let an elk take the sun
away on its antlers.
But only for a while.

Let the coat of a fox redden berries
again, come summer.

Hope is that star whose place
your eye can fix.
You know it by name.

The largest room where you live
calls itself sky.

*"Since Most Stars are Strangers" from The Voluptuary
by Paulann Petersen, copyright © 2010,
Lost Horse Press, Sandpoint, Idaho. Used with permission.*



The Witness, Jonquil LeMaster, 40x30, Acrylic on Canvas, © 2012. Reprinted with permission. jonquil-design.com. A gifted artist, designer, and fabricator with 30 years of experience, Jonquil LeMaster creates unique artistic installations through Jonquil-Design, formed in Portland, Oregon in 1998. Inspired by nature and informed by years of experience working in a variety of media and settings, Jonquil's one-of-a-kind pieces are visually striking, serene, and holistically integrated into their surroundings.



Shade is a digital print depicting a tree's shadow as a ghostly presence cast across a river. Christy Wyckoff, pigment print on Mulberry paper, ed. 15, 17" x 34" plus margins, © Christy Wyckoff 2003. Permission to publish in Honoring our Rivers 2014. christywyckoff.com

Osprey

There are birds you gauge your life by. -Terry Tempest Williams

It is a good day—a great day. Seventy degrees and a robin's egg sky, the first buds of the cottonwoods appearing and, on the way here, tulips, gaudy as can be, painting the air with their primary colors. Spring has finally arrived and the river flows by at a stately pace, snowmelt warming to the occasion. I sit on the river bank: shirt off, shoes off, face turned to the sun. Swallows jet fighter above me, each one turning quick as a thought, and even the dower herons appear cheerful, a pair of them soaking their heels where the brown water eddies. Best of all, the osprey are back.

The osprey are back, pacing the skies, slanting into their fish-kill dives, collecting sticks for that monstrosity they call a nest. Not far away a pair nest high atop a platform provided, baling twine and bone woven into the mix. With wings bent at the elbow they leave on hunting and scavenging forays, traveling thirty feet above the water, periodically glancing down as if they have dropped something. Their savagely hooked beaks and bandit stripe of black across the eyes give them a menacing look, one that is not improved by their icy glare. Their white breast feathers act like camouflage, just a wisp of cloud passing by. When they spot carelessness, a fish too close to the surface, they stop in mid-glide, and backpedal—the largest humming bird ever seen.

Everything is as it should be. The fish, unseen, rises. The osprey, hunting, slants into its dive. Falling faster than any stone it boomerangs its wings, its black face mask perfect for a killer's. It doesn't matter how many times I've seen this, I am here to tell you there is no restarting the heart, not in this moment. The osprey slams into the water, talons open, wings spread—the afternoon, look around! It's just another flagstone toward forever. When the osprey rises it turns the fish forward, torpedo-wise, and flies off in the direction of the setting sun—victory clenched in its talons. The fish struggles in the burning air, tail fin waving like a broken rudder, and the osprey gives a shivering, shimmering ghostly air-dance, water shed in all directions.

Bird-fish-sky-water. Life-death-hunger-desire. You can have your movies. You can have your TV.

"Osprey" from Wild Delicate Seconds: 29 Wildlife Encounters by Charles Finn, copyright © 2012. Reprinted with the permission of Oregon State University Press.



Rhizocarpon Geographicum

(A lichen looks like a single organism, but it is actually a symbiotic relationship between different organisms. There are about 14,000 species of lichen on the Earth, one of which is the "map lichen" or rhizocarpon geographicum.)

i am alive
basalt is my bed and my refuge
the original siamese twin, i share this life gladly

sound is soft here where i live
the splash of rain and the trill of killdeer whisper
and wind plays in the grass like an aeolian harp

balsam root and wild iris scatter across the hillside
among boulders that repose like buddhist monks
a perfection of line and color

above me, gypsy magpies busy
themselves in brittle branches
building new empires of twig

i cling to rock surrounded by beauty
i take life from the sun and time is my strength
i am alive

"Rhizocarpon Geographicum" from On a Western Wind, by Richard Mack, © 2013, Mt. Emily Press. Used with permission.



Nature is in the little details, Aislinn Adams, © 2013. Reprinted with permission. aislinnadams.com. Aislinn Adams is an Irish born illustrator with a degree in visual communications from the National College of Art and Design, Dublin, Ireland. She currently resides in Salem, Oregon and now combines her love for gardening with native plants and environmental education with her design and illustration work.



Abiqua Falls, Michael Horodyski, 24x18, photograph, © 2013. Used with permission. mjhpdx.com. Michael Horodyski is an outdoor photographer living in Portland, Oregon. Michael specializes in photographing the amazing Northwest.

The Daily Braid

Introduction from the author:

The excerpt below is from an essay called "The Daily Braid." In it, I recall a four-day raft trip down the Willamette River with fellow graduate students as part of a course on restoration. We were engineers, scientists, policymakers, and plain citizens. For four days, we lived on the river, hearing inspiring stories from farmers and fish biologists alike. It was during this course that I realized restoration will take everyone working together—the rich intertwine of ideas, hope, and knowhow. Hence, the title of the essay, "The Daily Braid." Each day was like another strand coming together, weaving a complex tapestry of what restoration looks like. But like a slipknot, the strands can easily come undone unless we sustain our care and commitment to the Willamette.

We could easily undo the knotted strands, just by tugging the end and walking away. We could go back to being undone, calling the weight of loss too great and look with pity to the future, having never grasped the courage to imagine a world better than the one we inherited. It would be easy to do.

Or we could remember the fin of fish cutting upstream, the bone and beak of heron, the fertile farmland, the larkspur, turtle, fox, and the volunteer; the agency and the visionary, the engineer and the owl. We might remember that the world is woven. "When one tugs at a single thing in nature, he finds it attached to the rest of the world," says John Muir. How do we continue, then, to make this daily braid?

"The Daily Braid" from Meander Scars: Reflections on Healing the Willamette River by Abby Phillips Metzger, copyright © 2013. Reprinted with the permission of Oregon State University Press.

The Senator

Went for a walk in the woods the other day with my mama, holding hands and moving slow through the dappled riot, stopping every few moments to rest. The woods were moist and dense and thrilled with butterflies. Tiny lizards skittered among palmetto fronds and we saw a toad the size of a dime. My children galloped away on the wooden walkway through the mud but I walked with my mama holding her hand because her hand is all papery now and something about her amused voice in my ear made me so unaccountably happy that I could hardly speak.

We were going to visit the Senator. The Senator is a cypress tree more than three thousand years old. He might be the biggest cypress tree in the world. He has a trunk as big around as a cottage. He is more than a hundred feet tall. He used to be almost two hundred feet tall but a lightning bolt knocked off his head which is why he wears a lightning rod now. You can see the copper wire along his trunk like a glinting vein if you squint a little.

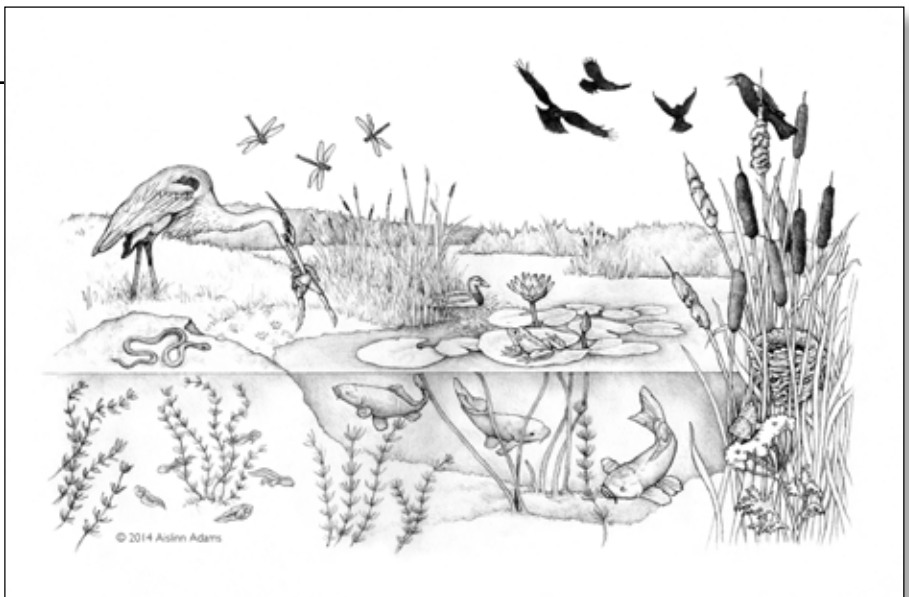
We sat together at the foot of the Senator, my mama and me, squinting a little, and she told me stories, and butterflies lurched by, and quicksilver lizards posed and sprinted, and my children rumbled and burbled, and we contemplated the Senator, who set his roots as the first pyramids rose, and was king of the woods when Shakyamuni attained understanding and Yesuah was born and Muhammed rode to heaven on the great horse Buraq, whose name means lightning.

Lightning had hit the Senator pretty hard, we could see, because his trunk, which is a truly stunning amount of wood, just stopped abruptly, waaay up there, and now the Senator is topped with a scraggly raft of eager branches like green dreadlocks. Yet despite the ravages of time the Senator has the sort of dignity taught only by endurance, and we sat quietly, my mama and me, and contemplated his story.

Storks and egrets and herons have slept in him, and owls and warblers and thrushes, and vast troops of exuberant insects, and around his knobby knees have been otters and minks and bears, and frogs and turtles and salamanders, and in the old days there were jaguars and sloths and armadillos as big as cars, but these days mostly there are children, some dismissive but some agape, and lizards. There were a lot of lizards on the Senator, we noticed, some brown and some green and one with a blue tail and really cool yellow racing stripes.

My mama is not as tall as she used to be, either, and a lot of wild children have lived in and around her over the years, and she has seen many wars and weathers, but she has never been hit by lightning yet, although she has had epiphanies and seen miracles, pretty much every minute if you are paying attention, she says, which is what she has taught me to do, among other lessons, so after we finished our audience with the Senator we attended to the children, and herded them up and sent them thundering back up the wooden walkway, and then we followed them slowly, hand in hand, my mama telling stories and me so happy that for once I could not speak at all, which made my mama laugh, which is one of the loveliest sounds there ever was or will be.

"The Senator" is from Grace Notes © 2011 by Brian Doyle, published by ACTA Publications, www.actapublications.com, 800-397-2282. Used with permission. All rights reserved.



Wetland diagram for Oregon Gardens 5th Grade Environmental Education Program, Aislinn Adams, © 2014. Reprinted with permission. aislinnadams.com



Ghost River

I thought I heard them again last night
hammering the Willamette,
walling it in and hooking up wires
as if the river were made of plastic and iron.

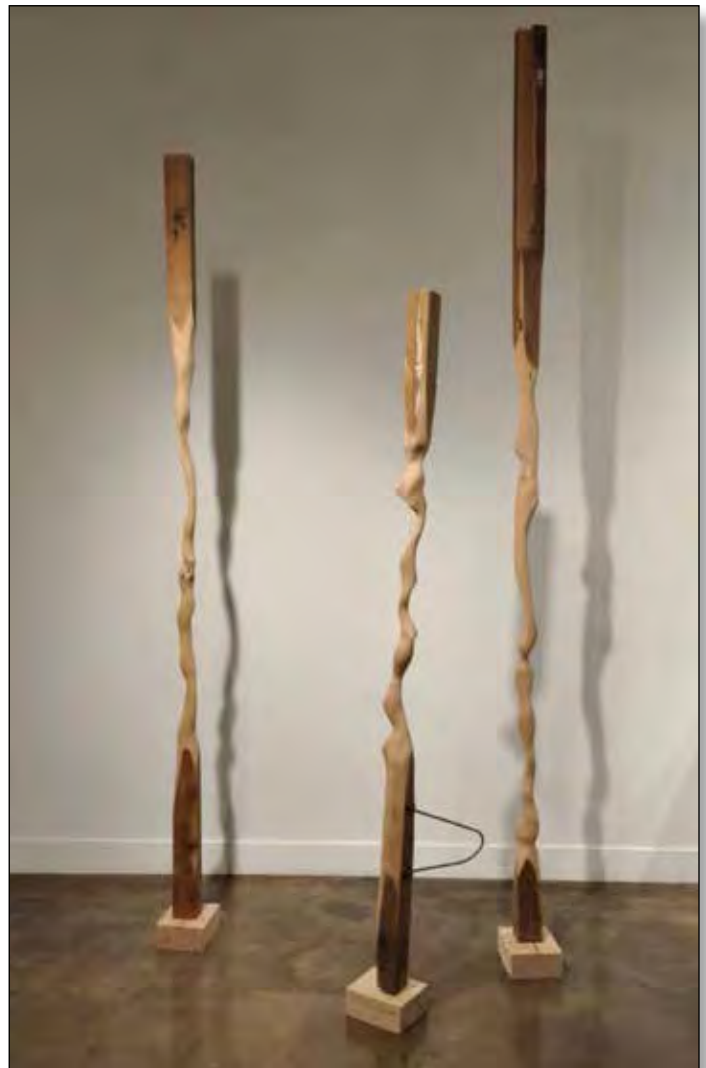
Through the fog of my dream
came an old steamboat
dredging the floodplain for gold
or wheat. Farmers, or maybe gamblers,

were shoveling coal into the firebox
along with Indians and wolves. In the pilot house
preachers and bankers, lawyers and swindlers
platted the prairies, forests and swamps.

Struggling to wake up, I turned on a lamp
and ghosts of salmon smolts poured out.
The light rattled like coins. The hammering kept on,
but it wasn't in the river now, it was in my head.

I went to the sink and opened the tap. Clear water
spilled out, cool and fresh. It had all been a dream.
The river was leaping with fish, muscled with joy.
I was so pleased. I was innocent. I was still asleep.

*"Ghost River" from A Scripture of Crows by Charles Goodrich,
copyright © 2013. Reprinted with the permission of Silverfish
Review Press.*



Safeway Redux, Monroe Eisenberg Dimensions, www.monroeisenberg.com
Artist Statement: Safeway, a mega corporation and hub of our consumer society. Upon its destruction, I scavenged its discarded old growth lumber and timbers destined for the city dump to use in my work. Consequently, our society's capitalist heritage inhabits the conceptual space in the wood.



Jim Carroll Photography



River

The sculpture honors the Kalapuya people indigenous to Eugene/Springfield and Willamette Valley area. The sculpture incorporates images of camas and cattail, staples of diet and livelihood, and the canoe, their means of movement along the Willamette River. The names of the Kalapuya tribes local to this area are inscribed on the base walls.

The sculpture is built in three sections, each section with three stainless steel plates. The outside plates on all the sections form a wave pattern the length of the sculpture and represent the river and the flow of water and life. The center plate on the north section depicts camas, a vital food source and trade item. Bulbs were roasted in stone-lined pits and pressed into cakes. The center plate on the south section depicts cattails, a year-round food source and basketry material and woven into mats to line the walls of winter houses. The center plate of the center section shows a canoe, the Kalapuya's principal means of travel. Their canoes were carved from trees. The canoe appears as if setting in reeds. On the reeds are bronze cast stars at the south and a cast bronze crescent moon at the north.

There are seven stars for the seven directions: north, east, south, west, below, above and within. The stars are four pointed: the four directions, the four winds, the four seasons and the four colors of the people of the planet.

The crescent tells the Kalapuya legend of the Coyote and the Frog Sisters. The Frog Sisters hoarded all the water. Coyote tricked them and released the water. The crescent moon symbolizes the first quarter, the rising of power and the triumph of Coyote (ascending), and the last quarter, the falling of power and the defeat of the Frog Sisters (descending).

River, by Lillian Pitt, Mikkel Hilde

Medium: Stainless Steel, Bronze, Concrete, Shotcrete. Dimensions: 16' x 41' x 4'. Year Completed: 2013.

Located in Eugene, Oregon on the I-5 Highway – between the north & south bound lanes at the north end of the Wilamut Passage Bridge over the Willamette River. The sculpture was commissioned by the Oregon Department of Transportation Willamette River Bridge Project.



For My Young Friends Who Are Afraid

There is a country to cross you will
find in the corner of your eye, in
the quick slip of your foot--air far
down, a snap that might have caught.
And maybe for you, for me, a high, passing
voice that finds its way by being
afraid. That country is there, for us,
carried as it is crossed. What you fear
will not go away: it will take you into
yourself and bless you and keep you.
That's the world, and we all live there.

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Little Creek, Michael Orwick, oil on Raymar panel, 30" x 40", © 2012. MichaelOrwick.com.

Artist Statement: There is a reason we are drawn toward beauty. It is the language of God and nature. Nothing is more provocative than beauty — it inspires deep reflection and motivates me to create.

Breath-Taking Rivers of Oregon

Oregon's rivers

The water that is as a fresh picked strawberry

It twirls and spins its wondrous dance

The rain falls so it may grow

When you listen very closely

you can hear

the river dripping with a plop- plop

It's bedazzling brilliance bumbuzzels even the best of us

It winds and turns through every corner

searching for a friend

The rivers are as loyal as a guardian angel

They protect every last fish

They fuel the ecosystem

They are lovers and protectors of us as well

As the ducks swim

our children play

each and every day

The rivers loves us

so we should love them too.

Harrison Winters, Grade 7

If you would like to submit art, writing, or photography to next year's anthology,
or to make a donation, please visit us at www.honoringourrivers.org.

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