

HONORING OUR RIVERS 2017



Student Artwork and Literature from Oregon Watersheds

A project of Willamette Partnership

Major sponsorship from the Port of Portland, Wildwood | Mahonia,
the Gray Family Foundation, and Select Impressions

My Quest for the Unknown

Here I am, you could say I'm flowing, rushing, or even racing,
but what I am really doing is discovering..
Discovering new places, new surroundings.
I've been to many places;
I've seen many things;
I've learned many lessons
in my quest for the unknown.

I follow the mystical path that leads me onward,
rolling on forever, with no end in sight,
rumbling, babbling, spattering.
Do I even know what I am looking for?
I know not when my travels will end,
but I do know I see changes along the way
in my quest for the unknown.

I've discovered many towns and cities along the way
as I forge on ahead and everything around me seems to change.
People come to me and cherish the glory that surrounds me.
Along with them arrive some thoughtless ones
who pollute and trash my home,
and my eyes were opened to the sad truth
in my quest for the unknown.

As I roll on forward, people come with saws and axes
to take down acres of forest that protected me for so long,
while dashing the happiness of the gleeful fish in my waters
and destroying the homes of frolicking animals
that lived happily together before.
And I realize that I will never find my dream
in my quest for the unknown.

I get lonely and sad to see the only friends I have ever known suffer.
And the sounds and sights of the ones I love,
who lurk in the forest day and night, are no longer there to greet me.
They seem to have moved on.
I travel in pain knowing that we need to fight back.
My journey seems to have no destination, I learn
in my quest for the unknown.

I know there is one last thing I can hold on to,
HOPE..
Hope that the right thing will be done.
Hope that a new opportunity will arise one day,
even if it takes years of patient waiting.
So here I am, you could say I'm flowing, rushing, or even racing,
but what I am really doing is discovering
in my quest for the unknown.



HONORING OUR RIVERS

A Student Anthology

A Project of



WILLAMETTE PARTNERSHIP

Increasing the pace, scope, and effectiveness of restoration and conservation for both natural and human communities.

Willamette Partnership brings together the science, policy, and relationships needed to increase investment in restoration and conservation throughout the West, but with a focus here in Oregon. We help people understand the value and benefits that nature provides—for ecosystems, human health, and the economy. We work with farmers, governments, businesses, tribes, healthcare, conservation districts, environmental groups, and others.

To learn more about our work, visit
www.willamettepartnership.org
Or follow us on Twitter @Willamette_P

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Celebrating its 125th Anniversary, the Port of Portland's mission is to enhance the region's economy and quality of life by providing efficient cargo and air passenger access to national and global markets, and by promoting industrial development.

The Port owns three airports, four marine terminals and five industrial parks supporting nearly 27,000 jobs. Portland is one of the greenest cities in America, and the Port of Portland strives to make it even better.

For details about our award-winning sustainability projects visit:
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HONORING OUR RIVERS

A Student Anthology

Founded by a group of educators, writers, artists, and watershed experts in 2000, *Honoring Our Rivers* creates conservation leaders by connecting Pacific Northwest students to their watersheds and by engaging their creative capacities.

Through this anthology, and through supporting outdoor and environmental education, we work to promote an understanding of place and self, encouraging students and educators to reflect on their relationships to the environment through art and literary activities.

An ongoing project of Willamette Partnership, *Honoring Our Rivers* is the only Oregonian anthology of student writing and artwork that is uniquely focused on watersheds and works at the intersection of the arts, education, and the environment.

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR FOUNDING SPONSOR



Wildwood | Mahonia is a family of companies with a diverse range of activities: agriculture, urban planning and development, watershed restoration, and international ventures. Our commitment to sustainability includes actively supporting community programs, especially those benefitting children and the environment. www.wildwoodco.com

With special acknowledgement to John Miller, President of Wildwood | Mahonia, a founder and supporter of *Honoring Our Rivers: A Student Anthology* for the last 17 years. John has been a tireless champion for the anthology's blending of art, literature, and environmental education for students throughout the state.

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Select Impressions is an established printing company highly involved in local initiatives and partnerships that strengthen the community. As an environmentally responsible company, we can help you advertise your care for the environment while meeting all of your printing, mailing, and website needs. www.selectimpressions.com



The Gray Family Foundation is founded on the belief that fostering an understanding and appreciation of our natural world is a crucial part of a child's education.

A supporting organization of the Oregon Community Foundation, we work to encourage greater civic engagement in Oregon through investments that promote environmental literacy. We believe that studying not just *about* but *in* the out-of-doors has a profound and lasting impact on a child's learning as a whole. www.grayff.org

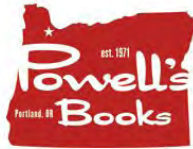
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PARTNERS



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

Invited Artists: Heather Fortner, Christopher Mooney, Roger Peet, Marilyn Stablein, Charlie Tellessen

Invited Writers: Aranya Dong, Paulann Petersen, Marilyn Stablein, Susan Strauss

Senior Advisors: Bobby Cochran, Travis Henry, John Miller, Chris White, Rick Bastasch

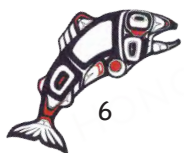
Editors and Judges: Laurie Aguirre, Nancy Bales, Quintin Bauer, Michelle Crimmins, Travis Henry, Joan Maiers, John Miller, Charu Nair, Leah Stenson, Chris White

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WORKING RIVERS



"Untitled," Haley Monaghan, Grade 7





Here at the Port of Portland, we are celebrating 125 years of travel and trade. This anniversary inspired us to reflect on the long history of humans living and working with rivers, including the thousands of years that the river was used and cared for by native peoples. The infrastructure created by our community for shipping, trade, and transportation on rivers continues to connect the Pacific Northwest to the world—from Oregon’s first shipment of wheat to Liverpool in 1868, which began our strong grain trade market, to Portland’s unique bridges that connect a city across the Willamette River. Hundreds of thousands of people depend on our working rivers every day.

To commemorate the Port of Portland’s long-standing connection to our community, *Honoring Our Rivers* asked young artists and writers to consider the ways in which we depend on our rivers for transportation, livelihoods, recreation, and for bridging communities of people. The following “Working Rivers” section of the anthology features their perspectives on this coexistence.

In addition, *Honoring Our Rivers* presents the work of Christopher Mooney, a Portland painter of Oregon’s transportation architecture. Mooney has established a niche in the Northwest art community as an artist contributing to the visual documentation of urban landmarks.

From everyone at the Port of Portland, we hope you enjoy this celebration of our working rivers and 125th anniversary. We are pleased to support this important project and mission that showcases student environmental art and writing from Oregon’s watersheds.

Curtis Robinhold
Deputy Executive Director, Port of Portland





"Barge Workers," Oil on Canvas, 48" x 60"
CHRISTOPHER MOONEY

Christopher Mooney is a painter from New York based out of Portland, Oregon. "I felt privileged to be able to document a story about how shipping transportation is constantly maintained and about the workers who maintain it," says Mooney.

The Fremont Bridge (excerpt)

Looming in the mist,
swooping vaults,
stretching to the damp clouds.
Fog descends
around the twisted steel cords
like fishing lines
sinking into the Willamette River.
Gritty metal
holds memories of the lonely
etched in graffiti;
the untold story of Portland
described in neon colors.

McKenzie Compton, Grade 6





"Floating Down The River," Julia Dillon, Grade 5



"Untitled," Marianne Daubersmith, Grade 3

The Happening Place

My docks unite water and land.
My aircrafts unite people and places.
I bring happiness all around,
linking things together in an endless chain,
connecting people near and far.

As my wharfs creak and crack,
giant ships come and go.
With the water beside me, my constant companion,
we welcome goods from around the globe,
while sharing American wares with the outside world.

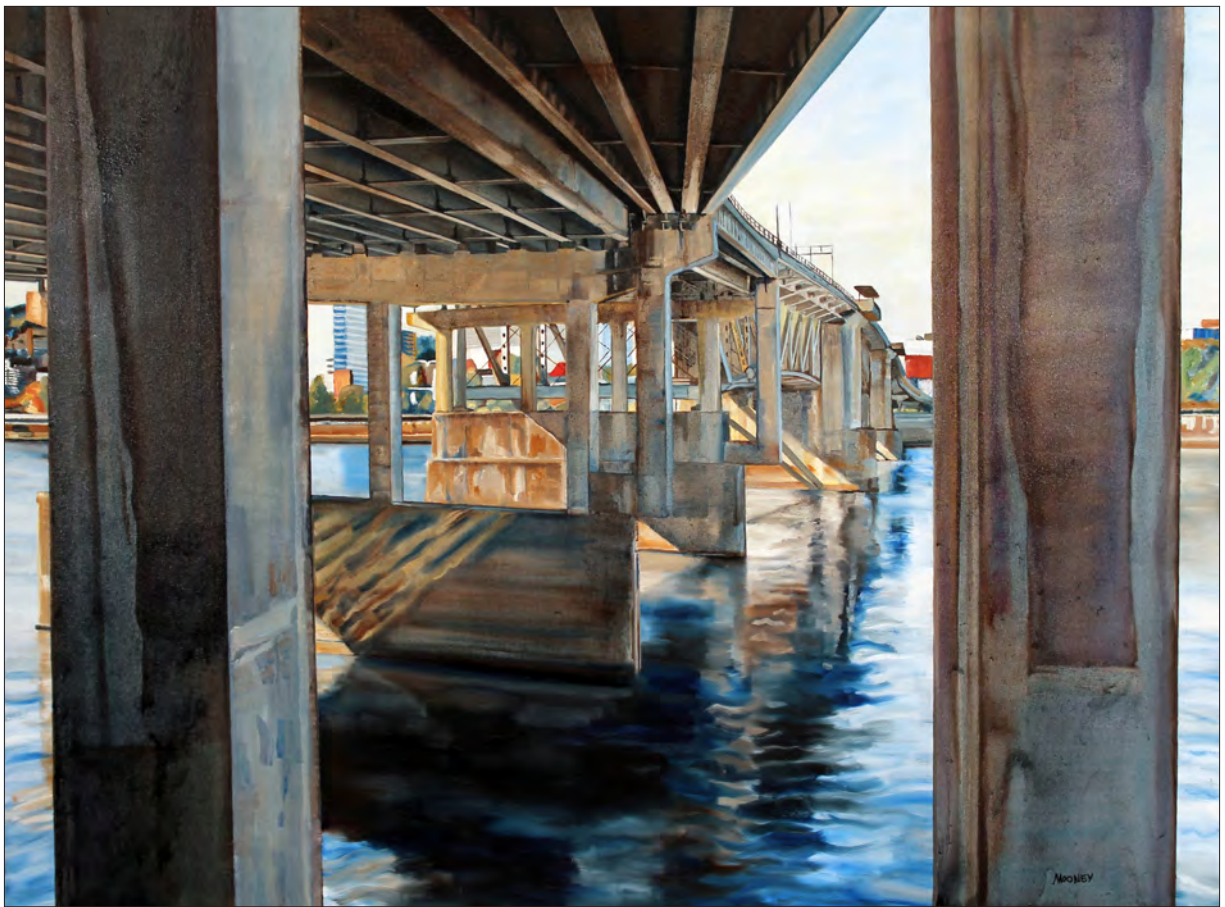
My jet ways get busy with people entering and departing.
You see smiling faces, and some teary ones too,
as families wait to say both hello and adieu—
welcoming their loved ones at their journey's end,
while others sadly wave goodbye to loved ones going away.

When everyone's gone I sometimes get lonely, although not for too long.
That is when I stand there listening to the rivers whispering to each other.
While I creak and groan watching them play around,
frolicking in the frothy waves so careless and free,
I sit and wonder, "What if that was me?"

I feel like I own the river around me and the ships that come on through.
Like a new mother bird gazing at her newborn with affection, I extend love over all—
where the rivers end and even where they begin,
as planes land and takeoff in every direction.
I am a happening place,
the Port of Portland!

Josephina Cost, Grade 4





"Morrison Bridge," Oil on Canvas, 48" x 60"
CHRISTOPHER MOONEY

Painter Christopher Mooney likes to step off the sidewalks to get a different perspective of Portland's bridges. "I reveal Portland as a city of rivers and bridges, showcasing the character, function, and form of these icons," he says.



"St. John's Bridge," Ben Schindler, Grade 4

St. John's Bridge

There it is
shrouded in mist,
easy to miss,
surrounded by a lonesomeness,
this is the St. John's Bridge.
Built a very long time ago,
its buttresses beginning to turn yellow,
the sweat and spoil that went into it
bridged the Willamette's toil.
The bridge is green,
hard to be seen,
and the water under it is not very clean.
Named after a great saint,
it serves as the gate
to the magical world of Wildwood.

John Allison, Grade 6



"Top To The Bottom," Sebastian Kellogg, Grade 4



*"Dragon Boats on the Willamette River,"
Dylan Podrabsky, Grade 7*

Bridge of the People

Step by step
its concrete floor
glistens with luminous lights,
twinkling the water,
hues of flashing, brilliant colors,
striking turquoise, lemon yellow, grand magenta,
changing with the speed and temperatures
of the Willamette meandering below,
like a chameleon hiding in disguise.

Welcome to Bridgetown, USA,
our country's largest bridge without cars.
Truly old town and made in Portland
from where in the distant view
eagles soar and wildlife roams
with views of the splashing waterfront
and majestic city towers, small and tall,
connecting science on one side
with medicine on the other.

Shining metallic silver poles
reach into the sunlight
like a tightly strung harp.
Soaring steel cables
shaped like Mt. Hood in the distance,
three-and-a-half miles of which
lift beams while carrying
TriMet buses and MAX lines below.
Children savoring ice cream,
families taking selfies together,
dogs with tongues wagging in the wind
as bicyclists whiz by.

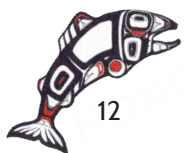
The people's bridge,
in respect for Chinook
and all natives who call
our green, donut-loving city home,
the Tilikum Crossing.

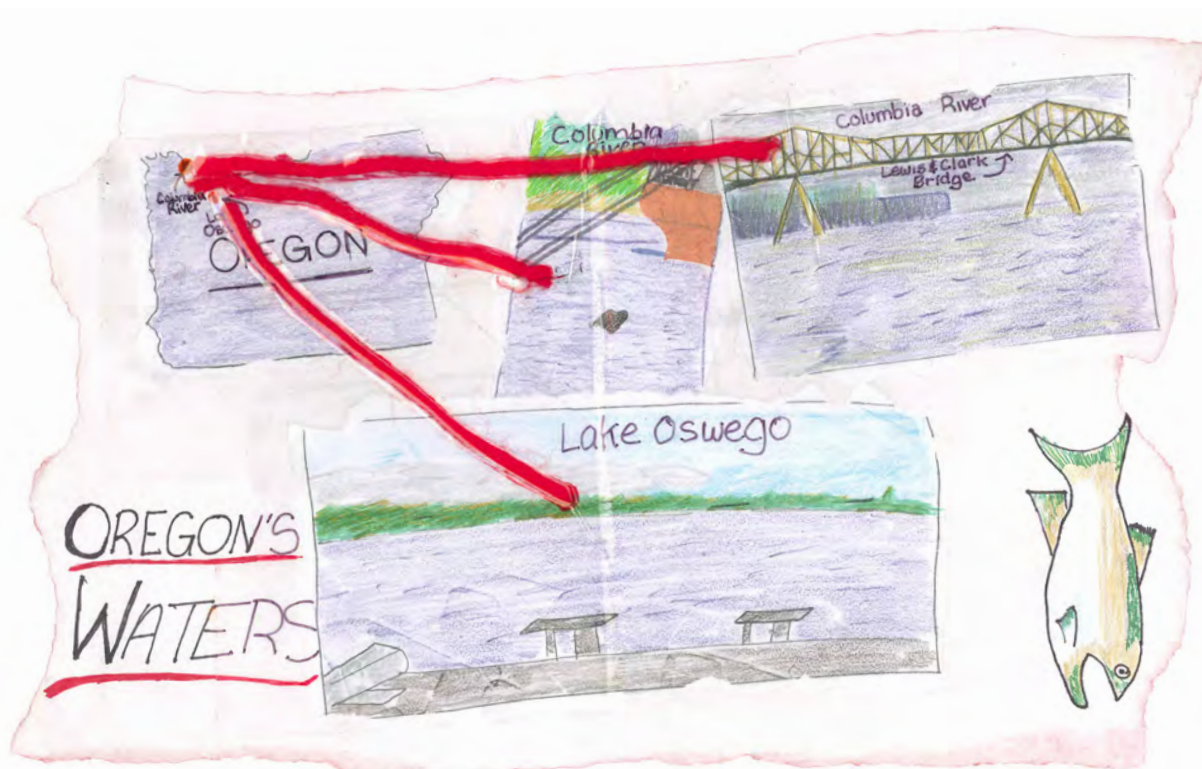
Annie Chang, Grade 6





"Starry Night," Lara Encinas, Grade 7





"Oregon's Waters," Julia Pinnell, Grade 7

The River and the Barge: A Poem for Two Voices

River
I work
I transport
I am a river

I work with the barge
Together
Apart
Collaborating

Making him float
I am a river
Together
Apart

Barge
I work
I transport
I am a barge
The river is my home

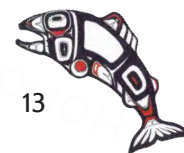
Apart
Together
Working
Collecting from the Port

I am a barge
Apart
Together

Sam Janes, Grade 5



"The Willamette River," Violet Levin-Greenhaw, Grade 4





"Untitled," Bjorn Graham, Grade 2

STUDENT WORKS:

Elementary School



Participating Schools

A Renaissance School of Arts and Sciences
Canyonville School
Cascades Academy
Crook County Library
Findley Elementary
Forest Ridge Elementary
Franciscan Montessori Earth School
Hallinan Elementary
Highland Elementary
Irvington K-8
Llewellyn Elementary
Markham Elementary
Marylhurst School
Menlo Park Elementary
Miller Elementary
Oregon Episcopal School
Rivergrove Elementary
Rock Creek Elementary
Southwest Charter School
Talent Elementary
Touchstone School
Village Home Education Resource Center



A Day at the Beautiful Rogue River

The salmon jump in the sparkling river.
Tall grass on the riverbank rustles in the breeze.

Mushrooms pop up from the green grass.

The sky is filled with puffy clouds.
The playful birds twitter and cheep.
The breeze touches my face.

The river is beautiful and I love and enjoy it!

Cecelia Lipp, Kindergarten



"Happy Fish," Ashlee Pennington, Kindergarten



"The River's Edge," Bryar Land, Kindergarten

The Sparkling Water

The sparkling water shines in the sun.
Salmon jump into the air.

Tall grass on the riverbank
rustles in the breeze.

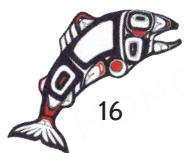
An eagle went gliding.

Bryar Land, Kindergarten

Moonlit River

Moonlight shimmers on the river.
Trees sway as the wind blows.
Clouds move slowly.
Salmon jump up and down.

Max Elliott, Grade 1



Willamette River

The river is deep.
Whoosh!
It quickly tumbles over the Oregon City Falls,
The water splashes over the rocks.
Old paper mills surround the waterfall,
the river flows through the old town of Oregon City.
Splash!
Past the elevator,
carrying salmon and great big sturgeon,
towards the Pacific Ocean.

Jaren Feuz-Krumm, Kindergarten



"Dragonfly and Mosquito," Silas DiNola, Grade 1



"Ripply River," Flynn Gorman, Grade 1





"Peaceful River," Isabella Passannante, Grade 1

Life in the River

The iridescent salmon leap toward
the red ribbon of dawn,
then plunge gracefully through the cold and clear water
as the algae welcome their friends into a soft embrace.
This is life in the river.

Oliver Leger, Grade 3

What Can You Learn From a River?

Shine and sparkle like a wave.
Looking at a river can be majestic.
The river is as blue as the waves that come and go.
They tickle my feet.
If you litter, if you litter you will hurt animals.
Not just animals, but the world.
So please don't litter.
See what a river can teach you as its sparkles and shines.
See what river can tell and teach us.

Chloe Smith-Wolfson, Grade 3



Good Morning River

Hello, I am river.

My flowers bloom behind you
like magic wands.

My hollow trees bend down
as a seat for you.

My rocks, smooth and water-soaked,
ask to be held and skipped.

We play hide and go-seek.
Your mom calls you,
and you say, "One second."

We have some bread and tea,
and you ask me
what my name is.
I sputter for two seconds.
You ask me, "Will you stay?"
I say, "Yes."

My name is river.
I wish you good thoughts
and safe travels.

Rosemary Murschall, Grade 2

The River of Secrets

The river runs as fast as a shooting star.
Flowers grow at the bay of the river.
The flowers reflect in the pool.
The birds fill the forest with music of love.
The sunset is a beautiful sight.
The river makes sounds of joy and love.

Gretchen Lindecamp, Grade 2



"Turtle Island," Colin Phillips, Grade 1





"The Bear Caught a Quick Fish Jumping up the Stream," Isaac Martinez, Grade 2

The Fiercest River

I am the mighty, fierce river.
I will eat you up!
You will not be able to get out of me.
My currents will take you away.

They are a strong whirlwind!
I am going to keep you --
'til you die!

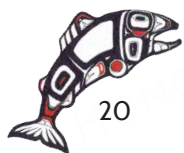
I do not want garbage thrown into my body.
My fish will drown
and you will go hungry.
I will make big waves to erode your towns away.
I will blame it on you.

Do you know anything about me?

Milo Ford, Grade 1



"Death," Sofia Pritchard, Grade 4



Wyachus Creek

I hear the wind, the whooshing through the trees making the leaves.
I feel the water from the river rushing through my fingers.
I taste the tapping rain on my tongue.
I see the fallen logs on the river creating a habitat.
I smell the moist, wet soil holding the beautiful trees in the ground.

This is Whychus Creek, a peaceful place.

Cash Earl, Grade 4

Blue Water Creek

Red, orange, yellow leaves float in the creek.
I see the blue sky's reflection in the gentle water.
Shadows play hide and seek in the trees.
The sun makes the trees and leaves glow.

Naveed Faheeh, Grade 1



"The Quiet Shy Stream," Ava Thomas, Grade 2



Traveling Rivers

Guiding fish along their path.
Helping explorers find their way.
Pushing kayaks down the current.
Leading the rainfall to the ocean.
Taking water to our faucets.
Traveling in a hurry.
Rivers help and rivers guide creatures who surround it.

Sophie Vervais, Grade 3



"My Vision of a Healthy River," Sophie Vervais, Grade 3

The Colors of Water

A single drop of water falling into a pool of water.
A pool of colors ice skating across the water like a dancer.
Watching the world grow into something beautiful, it stays there.
Then it climbs up and watches an amazing sunset as it sees the colors of the sky.
Watching the beautiful world, it falls down into the ocean.
The ocean flings the water up in the sky and into the spring.
As it rests in its last days, the water molecule sees something, something peculiar,
almost like a memory—
a tiny, tiny drop of water falling onto the earth.

Carmel Shriki, Grade 5



Columbia River's Song

A pastiche of Alistair Reid's poem, "To a Child at the Piano."

Play my song again, first *brios*
and then *presto*, recreating
my gravity and vitality,
feeling how I gather momentum,
tumbling into the Pacific ocean.

Play my song again, a little louder,
like I am on windy days, letting
vibrant mountains and bright green forests hear
and echo the magnitude of me.

Play my song again. This time varying
the time signatures to evoke
my temperaments: ecstatic, compulsive,
alacritous, irresistible,
turbulent, merry, soothing, soulful.

Play my song again. It should be easier.
Don't worry about playing some notes wrong.
You are still learning. I am still learning,
always improvising, revising my life.

Play my song again.
Do not let people urge you to play.
Play for your pleasure.
I sing for my pleasure, too.

Now play my song again.

Matthew Wang, Grade 3



"I'm a River," Isabella Saporito, Grade 2



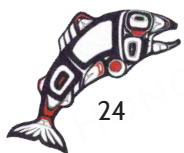


"The Woven World," Rosemary Dahlton, Grade 3

The Woven World

Mother Nature long ago
wove the world together
over, under, up, down,
this way, that way
into beauty.

Rosemary Dahlton, Grade 3



Tell Me

Tell me,
all your hidden thoughts,
enveloped in your silver
waves.

Tell me,
your past,
covered with fallen trees
and
broken down mills.

Tell me,
about all the footprints on your shore,
up and down,
in and out.

Tell me,
about your floating sounds,
woven in with the black reeds,
drifting away from you.

Tell me,
about the soggy paper coffee cups
and

yellow plastic shopping bags
littering your cool waters.

Tell me,
about the heron
that stands
holding its head with excellent
posture.

Tell me,
your fears of things you can't control,
tangled up garbage,
waste, and mills.

Tell me,
about the otters
that laugh and play
in your gurgling
currents.

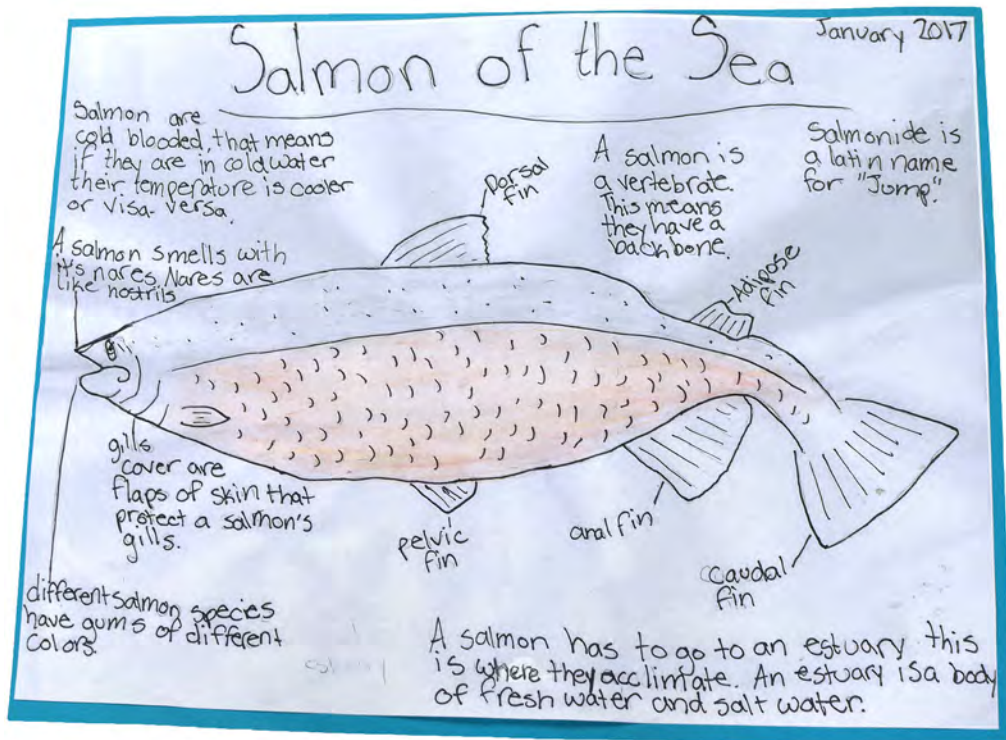
Tell me river,
tell me a little about yourself.

Claire Hunsberger, Grade 5



Untitled, Reese O'Brien, Grade 5





"Salmon of the Sea," Myla Dirks, Grade 4

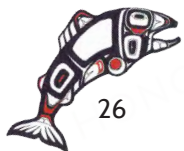
Just One Hope

Trees and nature show off their beautiful colors.

It is that time of the year when
hundreds and thousands of salmon
move through fish ladders,
over treacherous rocks,
through the river currents,
flapping their fins in the flowing water,
creating their own quiet music
in the cool waters of the Columbia
on their perilous journey downstream,
creating their own history.

I sit on the banks of this mighty river
with just one hope—
that we continue to see the migrating salmon
on their journey downstream
and back up to the spots where they came to be;
to create more of their own kind
by leaving their watery homes untouched,
so that they return to their birthplace
with each new season,
year after year,
and let their history unfold and continue on each year.

Holden Pajor, Grade 4





"Untitled," Emma Allen, Grade 4

A Second Thought

Wait! Before you throw your trash at me, give it a thought. You're killing the birds, the fish, the otters, and our dear beaver mascot! Just consider your actions to help our rivers from floating fish and a spoiled dish. So even if a couples lures in the water is okay, 50 fish nets in the river is naysay! Now here is something you ought to know when you say others will clean up after you: Be reminded that you are that other. So take that second thought and use it wisely, for you could help the earth a bit with that little second thought.

Annabelle Mason, Grade 5



"Bull Shark," Colleen Wigman, Grade 4



Our Precious Water

Our precious water
tumbling from the sky,
slowly seeping in the ground
and sliding down the hillside.

Our precious water
joining tiny streams,
following the flow
to very soon grow.

Our precious water
passing many fish
as they try to swim
against their dangerously strong currents.

Our precious water
crashing over rocks,
diving, turning, and churning,
making feared white rapids.

Our precious water
splashing into the ocean,
filled with many colors,
and squid, whales, and fish.

Our precious water
floating into garbage,
turning from clear pure blue
into brown, mucky, yuck.

Our precious water
polluted by us,
but nobody notices
it could affect us.

Murphy Bridget, Grade 4



"Ocean Sunset," Annie Dubal, Grade 3





"Dawn of the River," Luna Han, Grade 3

The Ocean World

I am Ocean.
Please, come to me little children.
I will tell you my secrets.

For years no one has come to sing to my waves.
You sing sweet melodies to me,
sweeter then the sun when it sets.

The secrets I will tell to you are deep beyond me.
They are more than me.
I am the earth's cloak.

I am home to the American Oyster Catcher.
He catches oysters nestled in my rocky bays,
the beaches' sand he calls home.
When I am alone, and no one is near,
he comes to me and offers cheer.

Rocks are my cliffs, covered in water.
Their tips touch the surface.
Their edgy points hide under the waves.
My plankton covers the rocks,
as soft as a blanket at dawn.

Secrets of me.
Well, I am as old as the earth.
Lean in children, very close to me.
I have a secret to tell you.
Some of me is dark, devious, and unknown.
I am darker then the night.
Unrevealed things float in me.
Not even I can say what they are.

Riley Swakon, Grade 1





"Bewitching Creek," Jia Slovic, Grade 4

The River's Emotions

The river is angry—
powerfully, forcefully rushing
as if trying to outrun the wind,
rushing past the rocks and stones.

The river is lonely—
meekly, longingly rippling
as if inviting the dragonflies to dance,
to dance in the lonely waters.

The river is scared—
silently, sneakily gliding
as if trying not to be found,
speeding to get away.

The river is calm—
the glittering fish jumping
as if the river is saying,
"All is well my friend,
all is well."

Lila Jones, Grade 5

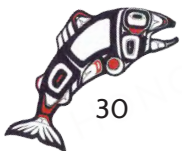
Clear Lake Days

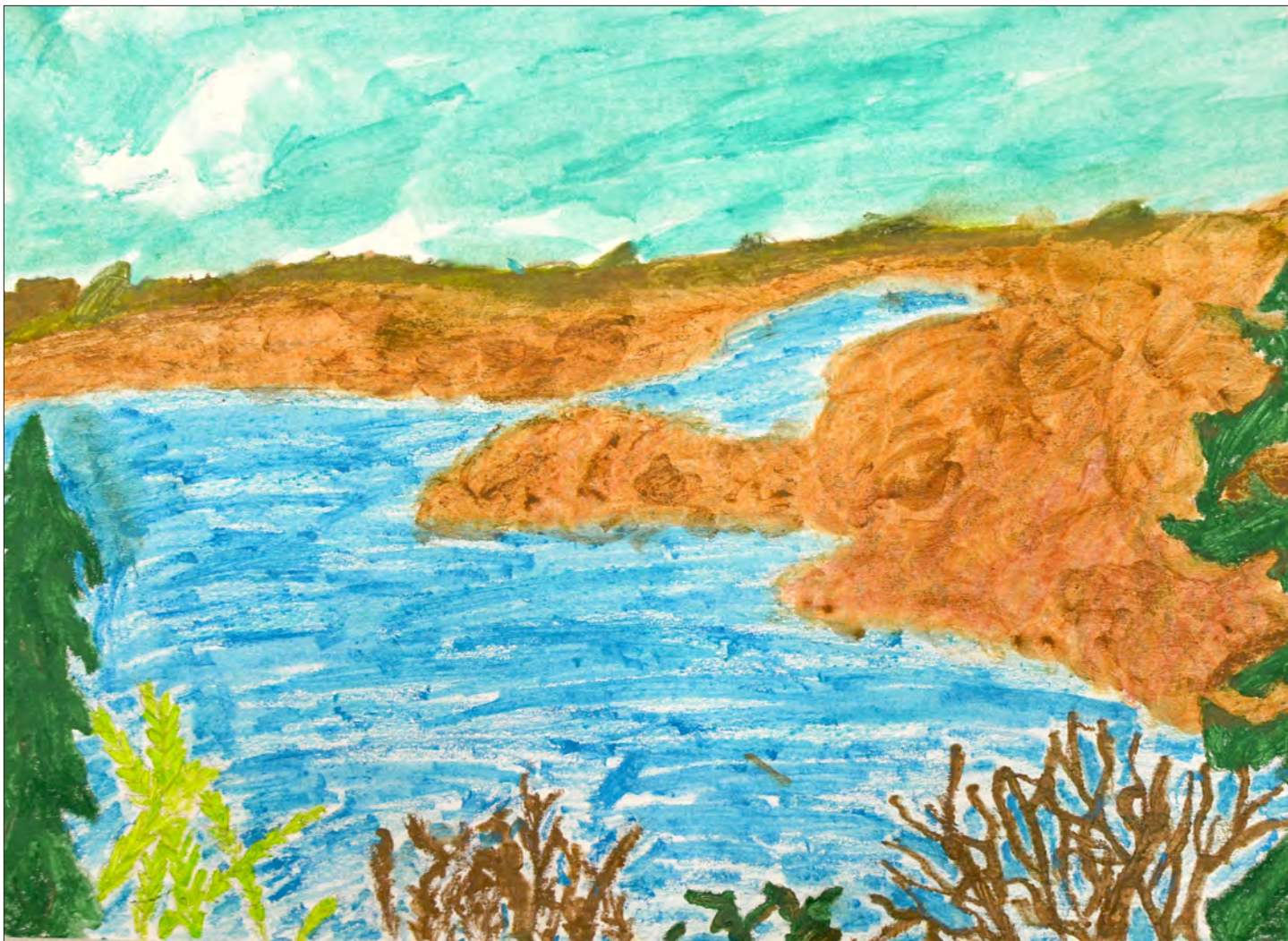
One winter, my mom, grandfather, grandmother, and I decided to go to Clear Lake near the east side of Mt. Hood. So we pulled out our fishing poles and threw our poles in the water. The year is was really cold.

The water is so clear because people don't pollute it. You can see your own reflection. My mom, my grandparents, and I love going there. The best time to go is during the weekdays.

It is one of our favorite lakes. We sometimes catch a lot of rainbow trout. These trout thrive in water that is pure, fast-moving, and full of oxygen. Maybe next time we should bring a canoe or our rowboat! The most rewarding part is getting to cook and enjoy this tasty fish. The pure, unpolluted water preserves the fish's fresh taste.

Sincere Nathan, Grade 3





"Refuge," Reina Morales, Grade 4

The River and I

I like to watch the river go by.
Glaring and swift, we stare at each other.
I hear birds say, "Come. Chase me."

The leaves float upon the edge
of a waterfall, like crimson-green
and brown dots on a rumpled piece of paper.

The fish flow with the river to their nesting place.
Confidently they ask, "Who will protect our children?"
The shadows of the river reply,
"We will protect your children."

Mother calls to me. I start to walk away, then pause.
I look back and see the river.
Then I turn and leave.

Willow Wilson, Grade 2

Untitled

The sharp scent of sap fills the air with a piney
freshness. The trees of bright, beautiful colors cloud
my vision. The small ripples make their way up
against the land in a silent splash. The air is fresh with
a taste of soil. The breeze hits my face, and the soft
trickle of rain hits the ground... This is THE RIVER.

Sadie Lindermann, Grade 5



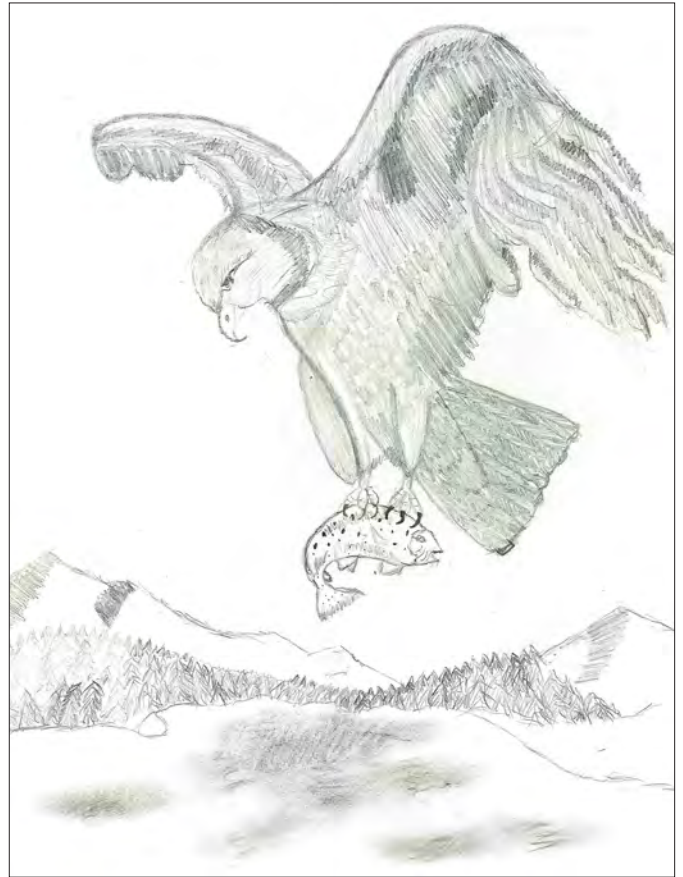
Thank You

Thank you, I thought as I was sitting by the river.
Thank you for the lesson that you have taught me.
That the past is the past, but the future can still change.
For even one drop of water or one tiny fish egg can change you,
the ever-changing, ever-growing, mighty river.
I hear the rushing water, the lovely birds, and through everything that I
have been through, I can find true happiness.
Through you, the wise, kind, wonderful river,
I dip my toes in the clear, sparkling water and think,
thank you, the beautiful, marvelous, amazing river.
Thank you.

Justin Rim, Grade 4

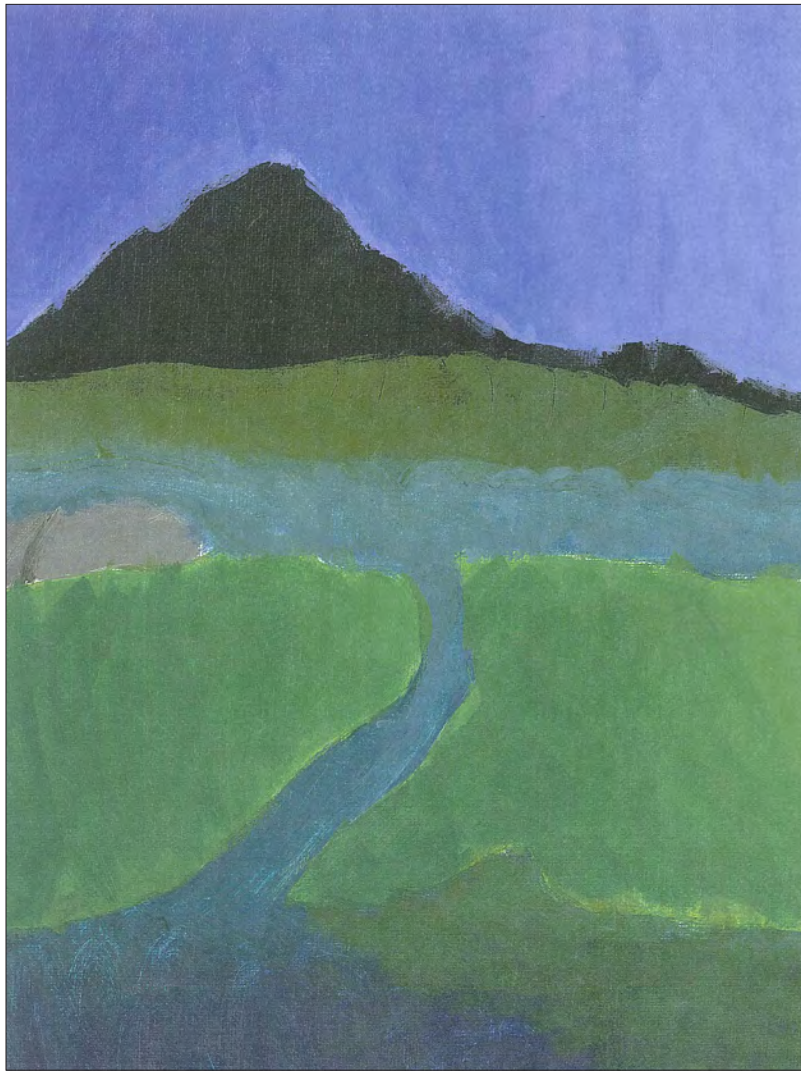


"Untitled," Kendall DuBose, Grade 4



"Talons Of The River," Thatcher Killian, Grade 4





"Over the Rainbow," Josephina Cost, Grade 4

Lonely River

I see a lonely river
drifting in the wind.
I hear the crashing of cold, wet stones
stopping the flow of the river.
I smell the scent of slimy salmon
leaping over the fall.
I taste the salty air
blowing through my skin.
I touch the round sides of a perfect skipping stone.
Beads of moisture spray off
as I whip it through the air.
Skip! Skip! Skip! Splash!!
It lands right at the shallow edge of the river.
An otter retrieves the stone

and brings it to his den.
I was startled by the chewing of the beaver,
sawdust falling to the ground,
the stump halfway chewed through.
A robin chirps with the breeze.
I see an abandoned raft.
I hear its wooden bed
splintering against the mud bank.
My mom suddenly calls,
"Jack, come back!
We will return to the river tomorrow."

Jack Fry, Grade 5





"A Day in the Life of a Pacific Frog," Devin Atalay, Grade 5

River Mornings

The fog rising
up in the air
like smoke on water,
curling up through the branches,
leaving an icy sting throughout the sky.

The river trickling through the rocks,
a babbling brook,
moving swiftly
like the heron on the other side.

Moving quickly, I cup my hands
and splash water on my face.
I feel the cold fluid on my face
until my face is stinging with numbness
and the sun rises in the sky.

Aidan Jacobus, Grade 5

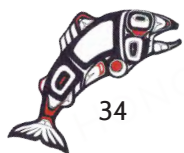
A River's Life

The river never sleeps,
day nor night.
When night comes
the moon sparkles
on her water.
In the day the sun comes
and warms her water.
She dances in the water,
graceful as a swan.
If she freezes
she will stand still.
When summer comes
she will dance again.

Lili Oberlander, Grade 4



"Life in the River," Oliver Leger, Grade 3



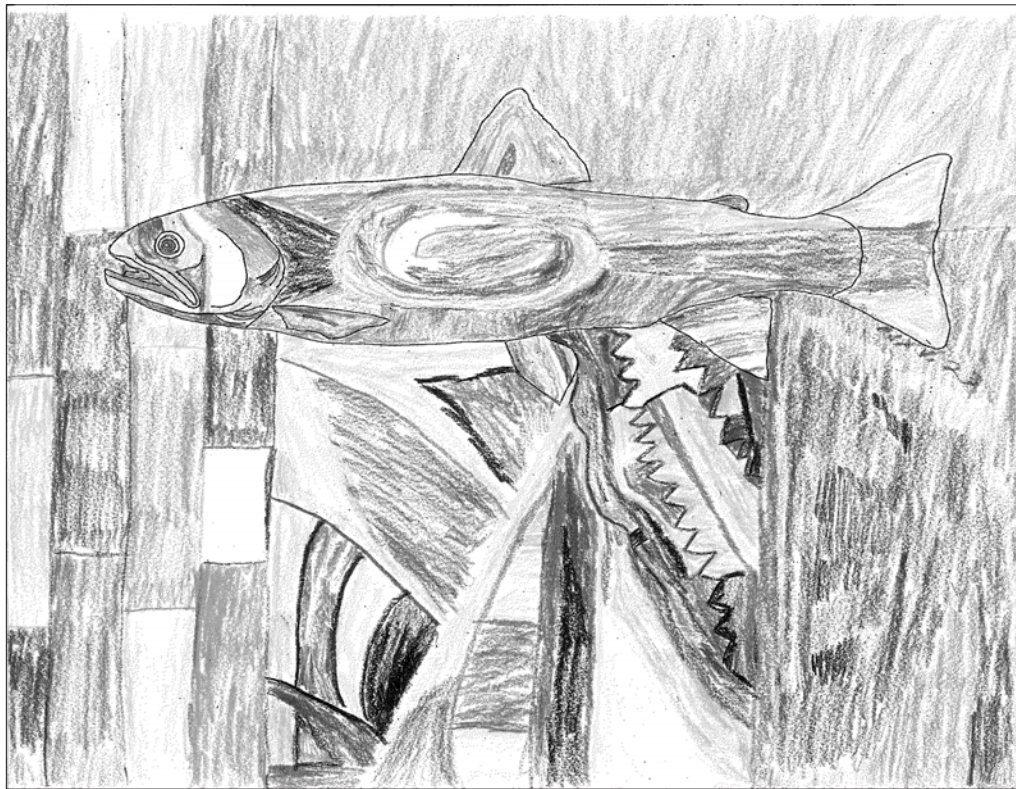


Listening to a Stream of Water in the Forest

Rippling slowly,
moving through the forest,
I wonder what it's like to be water
in a stream, moving through the forest.
It was at that very moment,
I realized,
there is peace and good in all of us.

Abigail Rogson, Grade 5

"Oregon Salmon," Marika Handa, Grade 5



"Rivers, Rivers, All Around," Max Van Ess, Grade 5



Streams and Rivers

Water, water swishes and sways,
down the streams,
down the rivers,
through the city,
through the woods,
giving life to all it passes.

Tabor Moro, Grade 4



"Under The River," Uma Kucera, Grade 4

Estuary

I am Estuary.

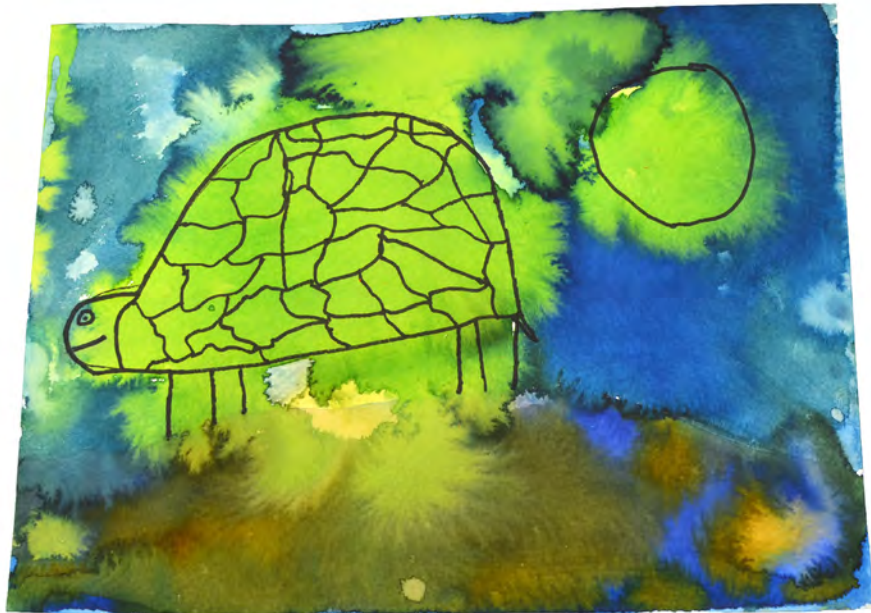
Brackish water,
a mix of salt and fresh.
Two things mingled together.
I am important!

One river flows into the ocean.
I live in the middle of
sea and
river.

I make the world interesting.
Two things become one body of water.
I am the birthplace of ocean
and the filter of dying plankton.

I move on to the sea.
Goodbye to the mountains
and to the rivers.

Akshay Shah, Grade 1



"The River Woods," Bronson Watts, Grade 3





"The Campfire," Mason Ford, Grade 3

Mayfield Lake

Ever since I started fishing at Mayfield Lake I have seen many fantastic sights: otters and eagles fishing for trout; loons racing on the Cowlitz River; and angry mother deer driving away coyotes from her fawn. Whenever I go to my grandparent's house I go fishing on the lake. Mayfield Lake is famous for its tiger muskie angling. But I fish for trout and salmon there. Grandma is our lucky charm—we almost never catch anything without her. I really enjoy angling with my grandparents at Mayfield. I have caught the tiniest bullhead to a mammoth salmon.

Patrick Barton, Grade 5



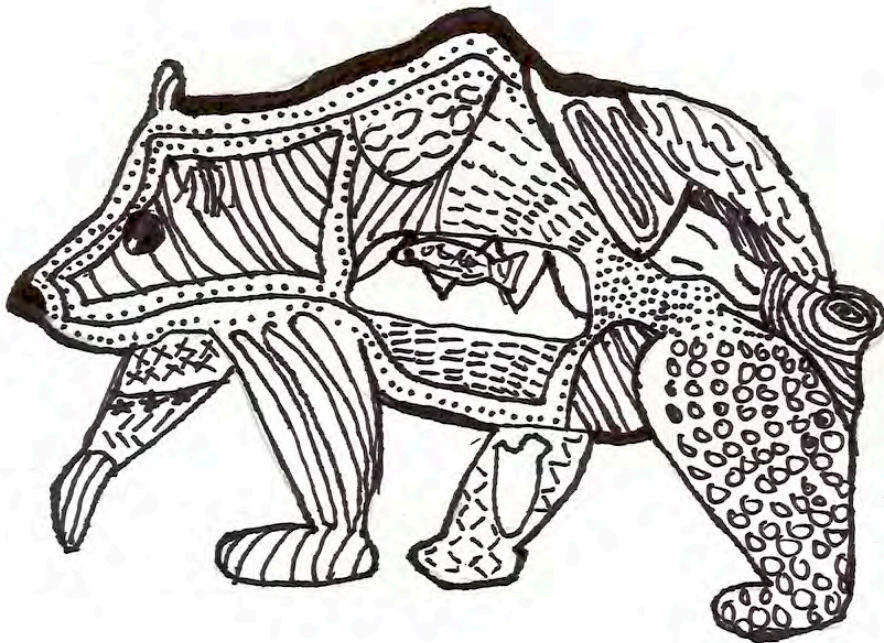


STUDENT WORKS:

Middle School

Participating Schools

Ashbrook Independent School
Canyonville School
Catlin Gabel
Corbett Middle School
Crook County Library
Harrison Park School
Holy Family Catholic School
Hudson Park
Judson Middle School
Lakeridge Junior High School
Meadow Park Middle School
Portland Jewish Academy
Rachel Carson - Five Oaks Middle School
Rainier Junior/Senior High School
Southwest Charter School
Summa Academy
The Marylhurst School
Touchstone School
Whitford Middle School



Above: "Swimming at the Columbia River," Matthew Stencil, Grade 8

Opposite page: "The River Animals," Eden Smith-Flowers, Grade 6



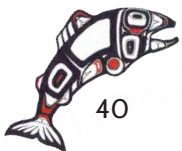
On

The river flows on. The water, the blood of life, moves on. From place to other place, the water flows, never lingering, to another place, another time. Whither the brook flows, be it through war, through strife, through places lacking in love, the river flows, never straying from its hope for, and belief in, a better place. And these places the river creates, for in its passing, in its flowing, it feeds those places with life, and leaves behind it, a better place. And still, the river flows on.

Ned Harlan, Grade 8 (at the time written)



"Green Forest River," Stephanie Haynes, Grade 7



The River's Message

(Translated from Vietnamese)

A river ripples blue.
A river waves at the trees
along its bank.

Thong Du, Grade 8

Tin nhắn của dòng sông

Một dòng sông gợn sóng màu xanh nước biển
Dòng sông sóng tại cái cây
dọc theo bờ.

Thống Du



Little Eyes

Accompanied by adjacent art

Little eyes watch the river run. Watch the sunrise and set, sitting with man's best friend. All life lives off the river. Little eyes sit, wait, and watch the river.

"Little Eyes," Nizhoni Nez Begay, Grade 6

Tapper Creek

The water is cold as snow but clear as a bright summer day. The sun reflects off the surface of the water, making it look like it trapped the stars. The fish flicker back and forth attempting to swim upstream. The water moves slowly where I sit but rushes past in small ripples in other spots. I watch as a periwinkle crawls onto a rock smooth from the many years of setting on the bottom. The rock is blue with white and purple speckles. I've never seen anything like it. The cool water laps at my feet, but the stone I sit on is warm from baking in the sun. I hear the trees rustling above me with the breeze. I breathe in the warm, sweet, fresh air and jump in the water. The coldness shocks me at first, taking my breath. As I turn to swim to the surface I see the sun, cracked by the trees. She is beautiful.

Savanna Aho, Grade 8



All It Takes

All it takes is one little drop
to make an ocean,
a river,
a sea.

All it takes is one little drop
to fill a cup,
a lake,
a heart.

All it takes is one little drop
to make a brook,
a gulf,
an ocean.

All it takes is one little drop
to heal the wounded,
make someone happy,
cure a broken heart.

All it takes is one little drop
to give life,
make life,
carry life.

All it takes is one little drop
to engulf you in wonder,
stream down thoughts,
isolate you in the cold, clear truth.

All it takes is one little drop
to make you live,
laugh
love.

All it takes is one little drop.
It may not be mighty.
It may not be prodigious.
But, put two and two together,
and you can get the biggest thing in the world.

All it takes is imagination
and
one little drop.

Lianna Lovett, Grade 7

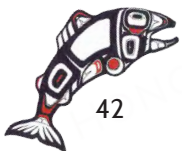


"Untitled," Savanna Aho, Grade 8

One Drop

I am one person,
one drop,
flowing aimlessly through the world,
swirling and mixing,
together, then apart.
I'm just one drop,
unneeded,
not wanted.
So I continue to flow,
swirling and mixing,
until I reach the surface
and I feel the sun,
its warmth seeping through me.
And at that moment,
I know
I am not just one drop of the river,
I am the entire river in one drop.

Ella Gunn, Grade 7



A Salmon's Home

In the sandy, gravel redd
on the small creek's floor,
I lie in my little egg,
me and many more.

But it's time to come out now,
and I love it when I do,
for every single side
displays a lovely view.

I swim along the creek bed
and on my birthplace floor.
I sway on all the currents
and pass right by the shore.

Then suddenly the time arrives,
I know I have to go.
I say goodbye to home so dear,
the small creek that I know.

I pass through the small rivers.
I swim through rivers large.
I fall down all the waterfalls.
I see a human barge.

Then the great ocean appears,
a giant expanse of blue.
I know it's where I'm meant to be,
I take in the whole view.

I live here for a second,
or so it seems to me,
thriving in the lovely place
that is the salty sea.

I can't believe it's time to go,
but I feel it deep inside.
It's time to go back home again
and fight against the tide.

Through the great rivers I pass,
the waterfalls I jump,
swimming through the great rivers
in one familiar clump.

But soon I find I'm back again
at the place I once called home.
Now I know I'll never leave
nor die in ocean foam.

I find a mate and lay my eggs
in the sandy nest.
I wish my eggs the best of luck
and then lie down to rest.

This is my only home,
for not even the ocean blue
can compare with the beauty here
and the love, dear creek, in you.

Alorah Rencher, Grade 7



"Streaming Sunset," Thiago Cohen, Grade 6



Journeys

The sparrow's nimble toes
grasp a twisted bough,
the beautiful oak reflected in the ripples
of water
while sunlight peeks through his leaves,
tinting the bird's wings auburn as she takes
flight into the dawn,
soaring on top of the world then

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Feather tips brush the iridescent creek,
babbling in her own language.
Summer.

Geese travel overhead
as the sparrow sits patiently
alone
on the mighty oak,
clouds concealing the bright sun.
Leaves now matching the bird's sharp brown feathers.
Without notice
her beak opens and calls.
Lonely sounds escape her small body,
shaking.
The river is suddenly alive with song,
the sounds of migration,
picking up the one left behind.
Autumn.

No birds remain.
The waters are barren.
The oak tree sags under the weight
of sadness.
The heavens cry,
sending sheets of cold, bitter tears,
inflicting pain on the world,
flooding the once calm river
with woes.
Winter.

The oak listens for the sound of his best friend.
Soon his ears are satisfied

by the call
of a sparrow,
in a rush of feathers,
the sound of talons scraping bark,
and family is reunited.
Sun returns from his journey away
and smiles down on the world
drowning in sadness in his own glory.
Spring is the season of coming home.

Every plant and animal
has a voice.
Every creek and river,
a song.
Just stretch your wings.
They'll set you free.
You'll know where you belong.

Hannah Bowes, Grade 6



"Untitled," Raegan Heffler, Grade 7





"Lazy River," Akira Johnson, Grade 8

The River of Dreams

This story is of a boy. This story is of a dreamer. This story is of how life can be rushing at one point but peaceful in the next. This story is of water, of the feeling of that cold, trickling water under your feet. This story is of that delightful river, the Illinois River. The boy feels cold water at his ankle. He holds some water in his hands and watches it roll off his palm all the way to the river. He seems to bask in this time of glory like how a cat gets cozy by a fire. It is a feeling of calmness where gravity is no more. If he feels like everything was blown into inexistence and he is the only object left. There is a moment of silence and peace where he gets to explore the depths of the river. He swims around and glances at a log at the endless cloud of dirt below him. He searches around and finds that many schools of fish in multiple colors of purple, green, and yellow. There were all sorts of bright colors like a work of art created to the utmost perfection. He looked around and saw that some tadpoles were growing like a blooming sunflower. He can feel the rushing water from a couple feet away. He takes a look at the fish and thinks to himself, "How do these fish survive?" He looks as far as his sight will carry him, to the end of the river, and he sees the rushing water and the fish as they swim with the current. He glances back at the fish near him and he wonders to himself, "Will these fish survive if pollution gets worse?" He starts to realize that these aquatic beings are very similar to a human. They are of this planet we know as Earth. And they express feeling, not through words, but they express through actions. He takes a look at the blazing sunset on the horizon and basks in the river for a while until he's called to return to the house. He will never forget that day. He will never forget that peace. He will never forget those fish. He will never forget that river, that calm and flowing part of nature that everyone once in a lifetime has to be in. He will never forget that place. Neither will I. Because I am that boy.

Joseph Fāaleava, Grade 7

A River's Love

(Translated from Vietnamese)

In its low voice, the river sings
the song that can make us go to sleep easy.
The river sounds like an angel
worrying about people who will pollute it.
When there is no more war,
the river is peaceful. I wish the river
were my human friend.

Bi Nguyen, Grade 8

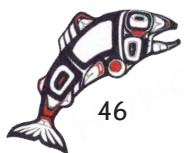
Tình yêu của dòng sông

Trong một giọng trầm dòng sông hát
một bài hát có thể làm chúng ta chìm vào giấc ngủ dễ dàng
Dòng sông giống như một thiên thần
lo lắng về mọi người sẽ ô nhiễm nó
Khi thế giới kết thúc chiến tranh
dòng sông có thể nghỉ ngơi. Tôi ước dòng sông
có thể làm bạn với tôi.

Bi Nguyen



"River Reflections," Aidan Pratt, Grade 8



A Sapphire Spiral

The rush of water
echoes in the golden walls of the canyon.
Its glossy blue,
its foamy white,
tumbles,
twists,
bounces,
spirals.

The stream
and the sensory details
that accompany it
encourage me
to reach my left
where the stone lies.
To grasp it
and to sit

on the edge of the chasm
where the rocks
crumple beneath my feet,
desperate to hydrate their ancient surfaces
aged by drought.

My grip loosens
and the stone escapes my hand.
I watch it descend
through the sunny abyss
toward the jagged rocks
that lie
within the rapids.

The water welcomes the small mineral.
Embraces it.
Replaces it with a splash.

And then snatches that as well,
finally consuming the last signs
of a disturbance
in the stream.
Acting stubborn,
as if I never saw

when it knows
I did.

A cherishable moment.

A disruption
in a sapphire spiral.

Gabe Korngold, Grade 6



"Blue Heron Mandala," Madalynn Abraham, Grade 6

The Sounds of Water

A knife slicing through a firm yet pliable surface.
The first rain crashing down on a metal roof.
These are the sounds of water.

A drumstick beating the tight skin of a drum.
The quiet pitter-patter of a spider's legs against the cold earth.
These are the sounds of water.

A thin piece of paper hovering and then
dropping,
slicing
through the air.
These are the sounds of water.

A snake slithering through the tall grasses.
All those lost, waiting to be found.
These are the sounds of water.

Water flows over my tongue,
and I taste the flavor of death.
I taste the flavor of life.
These are the sounds of water.

Sadie Drucker, Grade 6



The Moon River

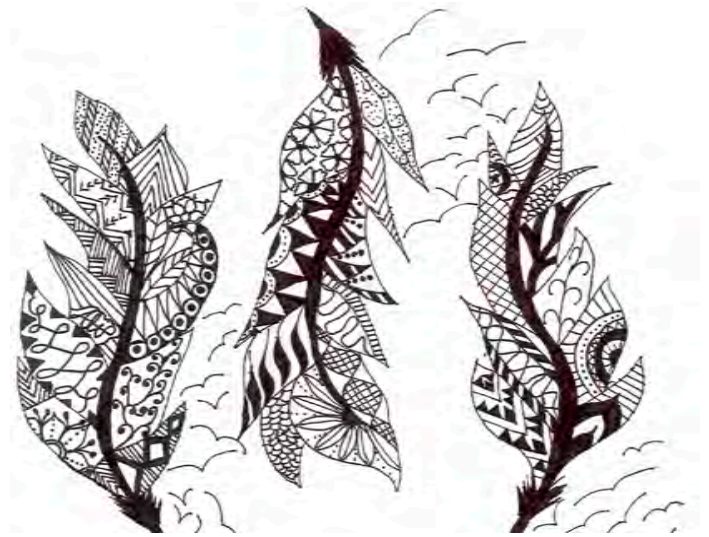
I went head first into the water. It was as cold as a popsicle, but I didn't care. The water was shimmering like gold. It was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen. It had cattails, long grass, sand, crawfish and salamanders. It was beautiful. The water sounded calm like it enjoyed people playing in it, and yet was still loud. The river was black in the dark, but in the light it was bright and shimmering. If I saw the Columbia without knowing its name, I would call it Moon River because, like the moon, it's always changing.

Faith Barbee, Grade 6

Crystal, Clear and Naturally Beautiful

Rain, crystal droplets falling from the sky.
Rivers, clear and natural, beautiful, calming.
Waterfalls, gurgling, babbling, perfect.
Water, crystal, clear, and naturally beautiful.

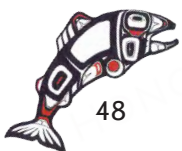
Kamira Harrison, Grade 8

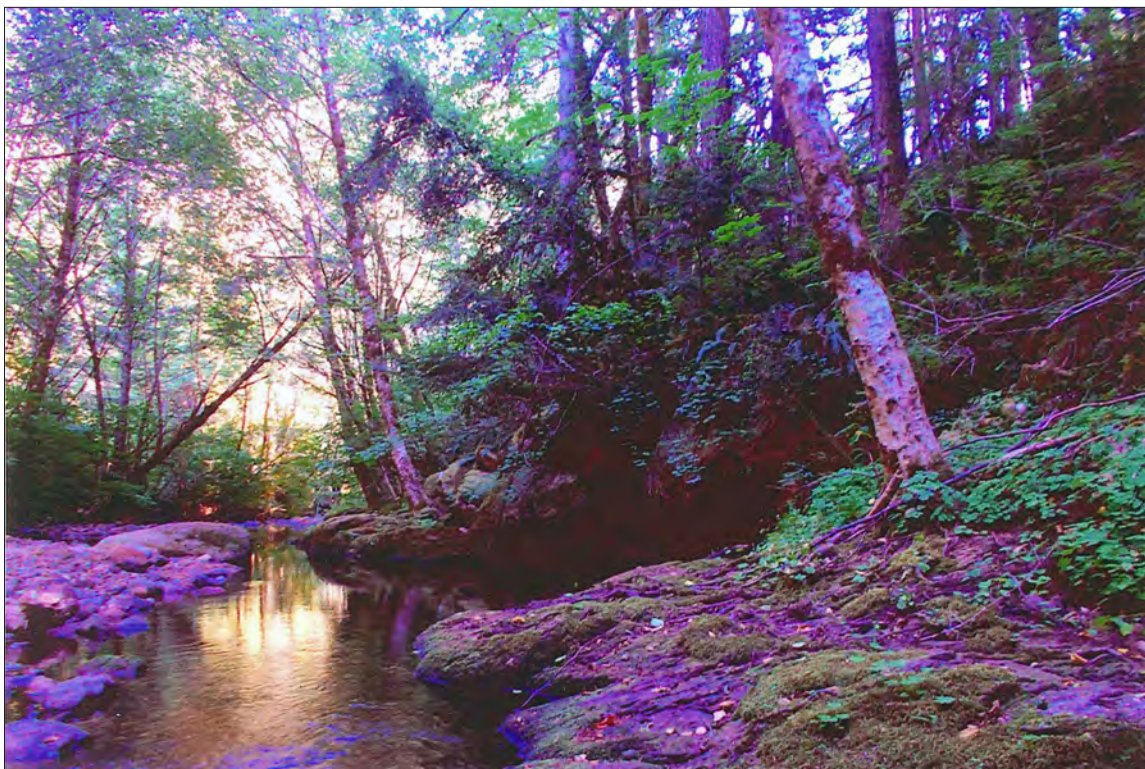


"A Bird's Final Gift," Alisa Mitchell, Grade 7



"Water Dragon," Emily Clay, Grade 6





"Cloudless Sunset," Morgyn Jaynes, Grade 8

Crystal Waters

The sky forms mounds of pearly clouds,
 raining down jewels in the distance.
 The dawning of a new day paints colors on the mountains, like a brush to the canvas.
 Trees bend and sway from side to side, beckoning in the wind.
 The air whistles a sweet melody, pure and true.
 Leaves dance over treetops, glittering in the rain.
 Ferns reach up to the sky, wanting to fly like the birds beyond the horizon.
 Flowers speak to the stones about the world around them.
 Soil rich and delightful softens the ground on which we walk upon.
 Water rushes over the land, crashing down a waterfall into the emerald shores.
 The sun darkened by the clouds casts a glare on the forest.
 Mushrooms tap out a rhythm to share with the slugs and snails that cross their path.
 Twigs tumble down from the mountain side,
 remembering the limb on a sturdy tree it used to call home.
 Dewdrops dance around a shrub,
 worshipping their joy and internal fire.
 Prey and predator seek out a way of life,
 connecting and relying on a water source.
 No matter where you are in the food chain,
 from the strong tree that stands beside you, to the caterpillar that inches its way through the underbrush,
 everything, everywhere has something in common.
 We all depend on life's greatest treasure, the crystal waters of our lovely, luscious home:
 the Pacific Northwest.

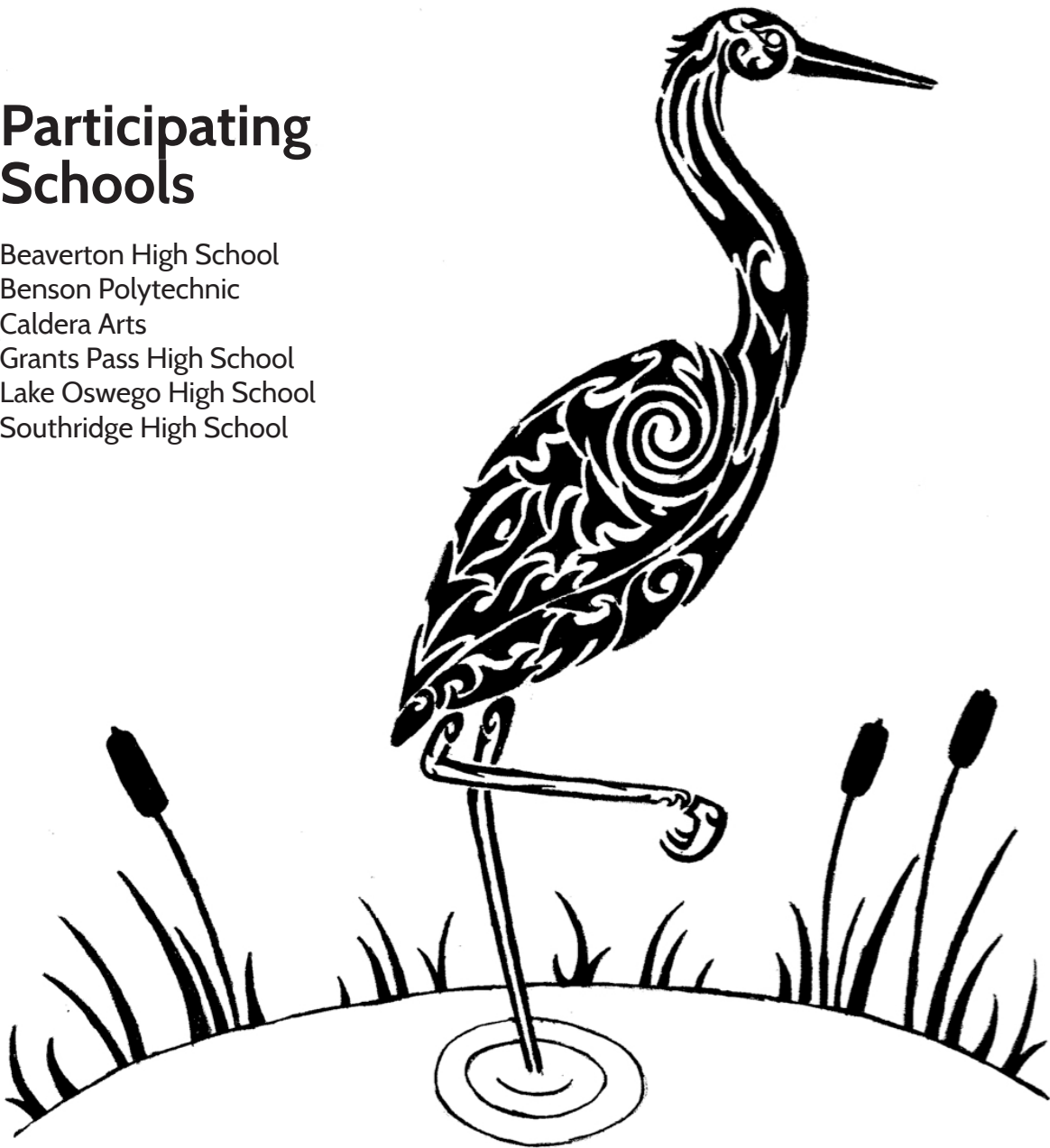
Thea Kapteyn, Grade 6

STUDENT WORKS:

High School

Participating Schools

Beaverton High School
Benson Polytechnic
Caldera Arts
Grants Pass High School
Lake Oswego High School
Southridge High School



"Rihatsu," Alice Welch, Grade 10





"Honoring Our Rivers," Clare Clark, Grade 10

Voice of Reason

It's been many years
 but age is no matter.
 It's never too late.
 So I stopped by what was once a grand river.
 Out came a spirit
 in the form of a fish,
 tired and worn.
 It told me they have seen it all,
 rise and fall,
 wax and wane.
 "Ask a question," it enticed.
 So I asked, "Why?"
 Its response was a great sigh:

"But of course, anything wishes to persist.
 In the end we can still exist,
 but we were forgotten.
 Forgotten by you,
 forsaken by you.
 The rivers are people too.
 Our words ring true.
 Yet no one stops to listen.
 Yours is a closed world,
 you must understand.
 It'll all be ash in a flash,
 so don't blink.
 Look hard—
 look at what you've marred.
 Once beautiful,
 once bountiful,
 never again.
 Perhaps you have forgotten
 without us you would never be.
 We were your salvation.
 You could at least thank us,
 for when we dry,
 you will follow,
 and you will die.
 We grope at the hope—
 perhaps one day you would come to your senses,
 we could almost believe...
 Can you relieve us of this pain?"

What is forgotten can be remembered.
 What is forsaken can be returned to,
 but can I be forgiven?
 Things will never be the same.
 In the end, I can only try to give back,
 for I owe them everything I've ever had.

Kristofer Chiu, Grade 10

Carpe Diem Fluminis: Seize the River's Day

seize it
take it like it's the last one
like the last lollipop in the jar
you must have it
the way the clear liquid flows
over your feet like a cool clear blanket
the small fish swim around your feet
seize it
take the river's day like it's the last

yes the river has emotions
it has a reason to be here like you
carpe diem fluminis
make that river happy to be on this earth

Akasha Papke, Grade 12



"Untitled," Caldera Arts Students, High School





"Light in the Darkness," Maya Munroe, Grade 10

New Life

The rivers Flow with a power unmatched by anything in nature.
Unmatched by the wind,
as it blows the leaves out of the trees.
Unmatched by the rain,
as the clouds open up their floodgates,
and it pours down
and fills the rivers up,
makes them swell. Higher and higher they rise,
flooding the banks
where the trees with the leaves that the wind knocked loose stand.
With the leaves that are pushed down the river by the current.
They float down the river,
getting bumped, battered, and bruised by the precarious pebbles
until they wash up on the bank,
far from the branches that bore them,
and be part of something new.
A new life.
A missing puzzle piece in a brand new system.

Katie Jones, Grade 9

Hydrological

The air wraps vibrations around
the soft call of constellation-patterned bullfrogs
that echo over the star-struck river as it
laps gently over algae.

Textured toes
watch the trees lose themselves in the reverberating endlessness
in the dark crevices between cresting waves.

Watch the river shake as water runs down her back,
between the islands of her shoulder blades.
Hands cradling the burgeoning rosebuds of
twirling evergreen vines twining in the silence
as she waits for miracles.

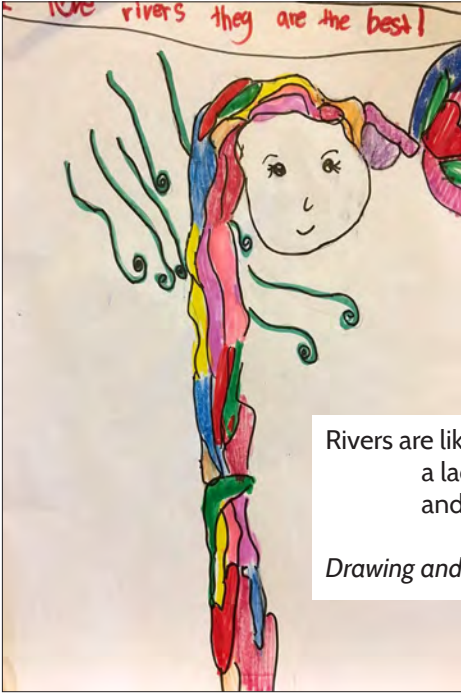
Remember that she is the air in your lungs
the blue
that floats through your veins
and pray someday the world will listen.

Anushka Nair, Grade 10



Ripples and Eddies

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



Rivers are like
a lady with curly, gentle hair
and wind flowing in the air.

Drawing and poem by Julia Tseng, Grade 2

I will always keep with me
the smooth grace of boats
that have floated upon me,
soft and silent as ghosts.

*From "A River Remembers,"
AnaKarinn Tracy, Grade 7*

I fly with the wind
to the edge of the river.
Underneath glassy water,
silver fish shimmer.
The moon glows in the sky
and I hear a wolf howl.
A breeze passes by
from the wings of an owl.

*From "I Fly With the Wind,"
Dalyn Rose, Grade 5*

An ecosystem built on the
diverse gift of life and beauty and freedom.

All mixing together into a
beautiful,
captivating,
stunning,
gorgeous,
graceful,
exquisite,
river.

From "River," Josephine Wortel, Grade 8

The water glistening
glory
glowing
gradually pulling
pulling me in.

From "The Water I Call Home," Audrey Hudspeth, Grade 6



"Untitled," Colby Granberg, Grade 7



Looking for water,
 a snake, emerald and gold, disturbs the sand.
 Seeing water,
 a withered ant glanced at the dry river.
 Searching for water,
 a lizard stalks the sky itself.
 Hunting water,
 dusk begins.
 The river runs with sand.

From "Unquenchable Thirst," Jadon Lutz, Grade 8



"Rough Skinned Newt," Parker Rolfson, Grade 6

Who can hear the faint, almost unspoken voice?
 A distant melody of euphonic notes,
 like swirls of mist that run through reeds.

From "River Notes," Gabrielle Kroepfl, Grade 5

The water is cold but it isn't ice.
 It weaves and crosses without hesitation.
 I know it is trying to seek out advice,
 but it doesn't know where to find it.

*From "Advice from a Creek,"
 Charlie Donnell, Grade 5*



"Untitled," Nadya Poisac-Nguyen, Grade 6

Soon the leaves fall
 and the birds will fly away,
 nature's silent call
 that fall is on its way.

A cool breeze will drift by,
 carrying along
 the memories of July
 and the birds' happy song.

The once calm, shimmering water, smooth as glass,
 now rises over the bank,
 covering the soft green grass
 and all the rocks you sank.

The river becomes a trap,
 no longer a relaxing place.
 One wrong step could result in a terrible mishap.
 But you can't help but wonder, what is the river trying to outrace?

From "A Cool Breeze," Kaylee O'Sullivan, Grade 8





"The Peaceful River," Kahlil Powers-Graham, Grade 3

The river, glossy and quiet,
like a window at night,
shiny and dark.

From "Silent River,"
Lily Ingram, Grade 5

Water is the beginning of all life.
All animals
insects and birds
and many creatures depend on the water to live.
All rivers,
creeks, and oceans
are home to animals of all species.

From "Water and Life," Kahlil Powers-Graham, Grade 3

Through the mirror, you see a person immersed in a beautiful song—
of the wind and the larks singing a chorus that flies over the meadows,
of the sparrows and the river echoing back through the trees,
of your own feet padding on the ground, falling into soft earth, and then the river.
The greatest orchestra you have heard, falling through the icy water and rising above the clouds,
singing of growth and of life, of sadness and death, of the energy within us all.

From "Mirrors," Eli Merritt, Grade 7

Crystals
of dense ice
cover the creek,
smothering its song.
Life
in a cold
crystalline
beauty.

Dusk
sundown
gives the creek its life back,
sets it shimmering,
whorls of pink,
orange,
purple
shapes of ancient patterns
the creek created.

From "Frozen Creek," Annabel Baskin, Grade 6



"River Talks," Kaden Digby, Grade 3



The icy winds of Oregon Winter occasionally have snow.
The overcasting sky always hides the sun's warm glow.

Now Spring is a different story, for now the flowers sprout.
The sky forms rain just like a waterspout.

From "Oregon Seasons," Jane Dakin, Grade 4

Raindrops that look like falling stars dance down from
the bright midnight sky.

From "River Flowing," Ella Holland, Grade 4

It is the kind of sunlight that fills you with laziness.
So I lie down in the thick, green grass,
drops of dew
slowly slide down the slick stalks.
They will be gone in a few hours.
I am the only one who knows about this swimming hole,
and I intend to keep it that way.
I come here every day. It is truly serene.

From "Letting Go," Lena Becker-Blease, Grade 8



"The Water I Call Home," Audrey Hudspeth, Grade 6

The animals who hibernate yawn and stretch,
refreshed from their long winter nap.
The birds who flew south last winter return,
one by one,
flock by flock.

The River, true to his word,
gradually unfreezes,
carving his way through the valley below,
while light rain feeds his flow.

From "Four Seasons," Megan Tian, Grade 6

But I—the otter—will always recover first,
alongside the heron,
the salmon,
and the beautifully painted turtle.
We have all face the river's fury
and survived to tell the tale.

*From "River Fury," Eden Smith-Flowers,
Grade 6*



"River in the Forest," Dane Klug, Grade 3





3/10/18

BRISBANE

Reggie Kent 7/18

INVITED ARTISTS & WRITERS

Featuring work from professional Pacific Northwest artists, poets, and writers.

Aranya Dong
Heather Fortner
Roger Peet
Paulann Petersen
Marilyn Stablein
Susan Strauss
Charlie Tellessen

Opposite Page:

ROGER PEET

"Embargo," Four-color screenprint from blockprint. Reprinted with permission.

Roger Peet is an artist and printmaker living in Portland, Oregon. "I made this while at a residency in Ucross, Wyoming, in the middle of an ancient seabed. I was thinking about the doom of capitalism, of what comes after all our bad ideas, when the waters we've summoned submerge what we've made. A better time, to be sure."



Willamette River

(Translated from Chinese)

How many years have you flown so quietly from east to the sea, Willamette?
How many years have you witnessed and are hidden in your heart?

How many people have cried beside you, Willamette?
Though they covered their faces with their hands,
their tears dropped in your breast.

How many lovers walked beside you with hands holding tight, Willamette?
They never hide their love in front of you.
They hug, they kiss,
to each other they say loving words.

People sometimes pour dirty waste onto your body, Willamette.
You are sad, but you just walk away silently.
You never protest for yourself, Willamette,
'cause you know useless protests can only make you exhausted.

You know they will pay for their stupidity, Willamette.
One day they will clean your reputation and give back your glory.

You have seen too many glories and failures, Willamette.
You have seen prosperity and poverty,
first lush and chopped, flowers bloom and fade,
tides up and down, geese away and back.

You are always like a wise mum, Willamette.
You let the wind roar over your head, rain pour into your heart.
On you flow, slowly and gracefully.

ARANYA DONG

Debut publication of "Willamette River."
Originally written in Chinese.

*Aranya Dong is a middle and high school
English teacher in Henan, China, currently
teaching Chinese at a middle school in
West Linn, Oregon on her sabbatical.*

威勒米特河

你已經這樣靜靜地流淌多少年了呢，威勒米特河？
你的心裏藏有多少故事呢？

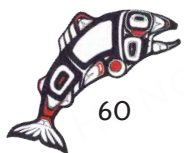
有多少人在你的身邊哭泣徘徊過呢，威勒米特河？
儘管他們雙手掩面，
他們的淚水還是濡濕了你岸邊的青苔。

威勒米特河啊！
又有多少情侶曾在你身邊幸福地攜手同行過呢？
他們毫不隱藏他們的愛意，
他們又是擁抱，他們又是親吻，
他們情意綿綿、淺笑耳語。

威勒米特河啊，你也曾經被愚蠢的人污穢過你的身體，
你縱然悲傷，
卻也總是默默承受，轉身離去。
你從不抗爭，威勒米特河，
你知道徒勞無用的抗爭會讓自己遍體鱗傷。
你知道有一天他們終會被自己的愚蠢報復，威勒米特，
他們終會還你的榮耀與清白。

你見慣了榮辱，威勒米特河，
你看多了興衰。
草木枯榮，雁雀往來，
潮漲潮落，花謝花開。

你卻似一個智慧的母親，威勒米特河，
你任由狂風呼號，大雨傾懷。
你只是不疾不徐，冷峻高傲，
且行且吟，嗚咽低徊。



On This Side of the River

--for Kyoko Nakai

Heading away from your funeral,
in the car I hear the kind of talk you'd expect--
memories of you, the dead-end questions
begun with There isn't really any answer,
but why, why? and I'm quiet,
thinking of your face leaning
into that magnolia bloom I'd brought
to my classroom, your beauty
a match for the sharply perfumed
cream of its petals.

Easy curves, and now
a straightaway where the little highway takes
its course a bit uphill of the river.
On the long stretch between bridges,
nothing crosses the river for miles
either way.

I'm mostly silent, and more so
when I look out my window at a mown field
stretching up from the river's bank
to meet the shoulder of this busy road.
I quicken, staring. A lone heron
stands in the grass. Neck stretched and straight,
head exactly still, near enough to eye me--
if it cared to. Close enough it's a shock to me
who's never seen anything
in these shorn fields but smears
of blackbirds.

Heron. This close
to streaming traffic, on this particular day.
The same Great Blue Heron who--
in oldest stories making their way,
through time, toward me--carries the dead
onto a farther shore, safely from this side
to the next. A psychopomp, a soul-guide
is here, beside this highway
I'll travel tomorrow, then time after
time after. Each day, I'll strain
for another glimpse, as I drive
the very route taking me away
from you now, speeding me
along

to a place of another crossing.

PAULANN PETERSEN

An earlier version of "On This Side of the River" appeared in *Clackamas Literary Review*.

Paulann Petersen, Oregon Poet Laureate Emerita, has six full-length books of poetry, most recently Understory, from Lost Horse Press. Her poems have appeared in many journals, including The New Republic, Prairie Schooner, Willow Springs, Calyx, and the Internet's Poetry Daily.



CHARLIE TELLESSEN

"Araumi," Fused Glass.

Charlie Tellessen is a fused glass artist working out of his home studio in Troutdale, Oregon. "There are many similarities between the fluidity of glass and rivers, trying to control both can be challenging and rewarding. As I was creating the glass piece, the imagery of a turbulent shoreline drew me towards the driftwood as a perfect combination to show the cause and effect of the image created within the glass."



MARILYN STABLEIN

"Cascading Waters." Altered book, hand-cut waves of vintage, handmade, and found blue papers, including Thai, lokta, yuzen, marbled, and antique topographical maps, 10.5" W x 8.5" H x 3" D. Previously appeared in *Bind, Alter, Fold: Artist Books (Book Arts Editions 2015)*, a monograph of artist books.

Marilyn Stablein is an award-winning poet, essayist, fiction writer, and artist living in Portland, Oregon. "This altered book with hand-cut waves collaged onto the scrolled pages honors and celebrates the Pacific Northwest bioregion and the element of water, which is essential to all life on Earth. This work is part of an ongoing series of written, performance, and visual works titled, Sacred Waters."

Poem on opposite page: Debut publication of "Cannery Pier." MARILYN STABLEIN





HEATHER FORTNER
"Big Buck Coho Salmon." Gyotaku Print.

Heather Fortner is an artist living in Toledo, Oregon. Heather Fortner first saw a fish print, gyotaku, in 1976 on the island of Lana'i in the Hawaiian Islands and has been printing and studying this art form since. "The sea is an elemental part of my life. The art of fish rubbing resonates with me as the ultimate blend of the artistic and marine realms."

Cannery Pier

Sea lions swim Columbia's
 gaping maw, gorge on salmon—
 largest run since Bonneville
 barricaded their ancient
 ancestral waterway.

Twice a day ocean tides
 rework Astoria's inland
 shore. Wavelets swell,
 thrust, jam rhythms
 of shallow descent.

Stalwart lions congregate
 upriver, cram every inch
 of rickety wood marina
 dock near Cannery Pier
 cafe where we grip coffee

mugs tight, inhale luscious
 steam, strong brew. Ceaseless
 waves below sway the deck
 like a gentle earthquake
 rocks my bones. Suddenly

streamlined whiskered snout
 pierces murky depth. Envious
 newcomer surveys the crowd.
 Satisfied he hooks front
 flippers on wood ledge

launches bulging hefty body
 atop the others. Arf! Arf! Arf!
 A chorus of mock raucous
 grouching subsides slightly
 as one more squeezes in.

Packed tight as sardines,
 a game I once played—
 shut your eyes. One player

hides. Lone hunter seeks.
 All others search, too, then

secretly cramp, whisper
 together, snug hideout.
 Loud barks audible
 a mile uphill. Do they
 yelp about rising waters?

Smaller anchovy runs?
 On and on late into,
 through the night. Barks
 jar the dreaming mind's
 worries, nightsweats.



Heyoke Brings Water to Sundance

A short story by SUSAN STRAUSS

It was in the fourth year of attending the Sundance ceremony at Mt. Hood that I experienced a Heyoka...a contrary...a sacred fool...for the first time.

Every year at the Sundance, the leading Medicine man let it be known that there were certain things that we should or should not do in order to support the prayers of the Sundancers. That year, we were not to wash ourselves with water.

Already, on the first morning of this four-day ceremony, I, a suburban girl, was feeling the sacrifice. Hey, I was used to my morning shower. I thought to myself, "If I can just throw a little water on my face." So, I carried a small bowl over to the kitchen tent to fill it with a little water.

"Hey!" Came a low voice from along the path behind me. I turned to look back and saw the gentle smile of an older man coming along the way. He spoke directly to me, "Not even for your face!"

This is how it began and this is how the days passed. We would go in and out of the sweat lodge ceremony without washing. It always seemed to be my luck that just as they opened the flap to the sweat lodge, a small gust of wind would pick up some earth and blow it into my face. This is how the ceremony got on me and in me.

For the Sundancers, inside the sacred ceremonial center of the arbor, things were harder. They drank no fresh water for four days. No fresh water for the four days leading up to the Sundance and no fresh water during the four days of the Sundance. They would die with no water for eight days, so they drank sage tea, bitter sage tea.

On the fourth day, my friend, Gloria, looked very weak. When the Sundancers came out from their shady rest under the arbor and danced in their various formations around the great tree at the center, Gloria looked weakly past the crowds of us who danced and sang in support of the inner circle from our shady place in the surrounding arbor.

On the fourth day he came. The Heyoka dancer, or should I say, the one who had a vision to dance as a Heyoka. He braided his hair tightly, like Pipi Longstockings. The other dancers let their hair loose in the wind. He painted one side of his hair royal blue. That side of his face he painted white, and the other half, royal blue. All of the Sundancers were bare-feet or wore



HEATHER FORTNER
"River Dreams Rainbow Trout." Gyotaku Print.





moccasins; he wore white Nike tennis shoes. The Sundancers wore ceremonial dresses or wraps, mostly made of red cloth; Heyoka wrapped his waist in burlap.

The Sundancers were all in a formation facing south when Heyoka came jumping and dancing into the circle. He carried a bucket of water and a small bowl. He danced wildly before them, flinging scooped up bowls of fresh water. The Sundancers softly kept their eyes and thoughts beyond him on the horizon. He spilled water out of the bowl before their eyes as he danced between them—sweet, clean, pure water. The water would fly up and hang in the air like a vision of clear glass birds, an ice sculpture of birds, taking flight before their eyes and then, sinking into the dusty, dry skin of Mother Earth.

By the end of the ceremony, by the time I had to pack up, get into a car and drive back to civilization, I had become quite fond of the dust and the dried sweat on my skin. Slowly, I began to pack my camp. Slowly, I moved through the air, the atmosphere of camp like just another leaf or particle of earth blowing about. Then, I began the drive home.

Down, down the mountain to Portland, leaving one world and entering another. I passed mini-marts, Taco Bell, McDonalds, Taco Bell, mini-marts, McDonalds, mini-marts. When I arrived home, I hung around a bit, not wishing to wash the ceremony off. I had to work the next day so, eventually, I moved toward the shower, slowly, reluctantly, undressing, slowly, like an initiate entering ceremony; and then, the first threads of clear, cool water rushed down my face and draped over my head and down my shoulders. My heart sank like an old woman kneeling before the alter.

My hands reached up to cradle the cascading flow like some monk feeling weight in his begging bowl. I opened my mouth and received the water like a thousand sacrament wafers made out of melted snow. Like manna from heaven, that water came for me. Imagine that, manna from a shower stall.

"Heyoke Brings Water to Sundance," originally appeared in Birds of Fortune: Blessing Stories from the Book of Nature. Susan Strauss is internationally recognized as a storyteller and keynote speaker and for her novel, Passionate Fact Workshops: Storytelling Science.



HONORING OUR RIVERS: A STUDENT ANTHOLOGY

**New Deadline:
Earth Day,
April 22, 2018**

Please submit your work at www.honoringourrivers.org/submit

Or, send your submission with this completed form 1 of 3 ways:

1. **Mail** - Willamette Partnership c/o Honoring Our Rivers
4640 SW Macadam Ave, Suite 50, Portland, OR 97239
2. **Email** - info@honoringourrivers.org
3. **Dropbox** - Visit honoringourrivers.org/submit for link

WHAT SHOULD I SUBMIT? Original artwork (drawing, painting, photography, multi-media, etc.) and typed written works, including those in foreign languages with English translation (no more than 500 words per entry). One art and one writing entry per student, per year. Please see www.honoringourrivers.org/submit for detailed submission instructions.

Entrant's Name (First & Last): _____ Grade (K-College): _____

Title of Submission: _____

I certify that this is my original work, which has not previously been published. By submitting this work, I am giving *Honoring Our Rivers* the sole right to publish this work, for this and any future print or electronic editions. This work may also be excerpted on a website or in promotional materials.

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Please circle type of work being submitted:

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Llewellyn Elementary
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"Portland River Skate," Oliver Opsahl, Grade 4