

# Rivers, by Tim Boyle

Dipping our toes into the river of time,  
It overflows its oxbows and starts to unwind.  
They say we can't step in the same river twice.  
But if history repeats, do we take its advice?

For a glimpse of the hand creating this  
mysterious push,  
Making riffles of sand and causing this rush.

We dive deep into eddies, behind boulders  
of thought,  
And lie in wait to be ready, for what has  
been brought.

Our curiosity nibbles as ideas float past,  
Avoiding the heed of false lures that are cast.

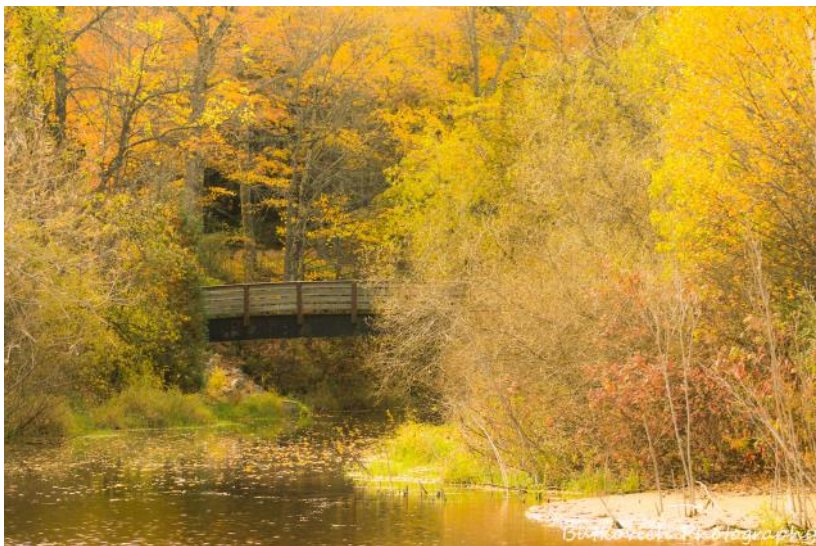
It seems very ironic we don't understand,  
How a bank makes a deposit of alluvial sand,  
And why fish never sleep— ever, it's said.  
Yet nor can they weep while swimming over  
their beds.

These cycles and systems and thalweg of flow,  
Keep tumbling and churning and moving so  
fast.

Why is the river in such a hurry to go?  
And are we or the river moving as it watches  
us pass?



Montreal River, by Philip Schwarz



Silver Creek Turned Gold, by Wendi Butkovich



Spirit of the Rivers Sunrise, by Nancy Gill