

***GREAT RIVER RUMBLE 2010***

***Part I***

Damning came the heavy rains  
And troubling were the floods,  
The *Rumble* nearly was detrained  
Due sunken lily buds.

But God bless Home Security,  
God bless the Army Corps,  
The DNR and powers that be,  
For off they pushed from shore.

On August 1, from out Mud Lake,  
Dubuque, into the fog,  
Replied the strokes they'd last year take,  
Recounting Linda's blog.

One-fifty souls, 100 boats,  
Pressed out about the lock,  
Which dropped them undelayed of note  
And flushed them out the rocks.

Then riding on the river's flow --  
The Mighty Mississip',  
For lunch at Miller's Park they'd go,  
Their paddles deftly dipped.

'Twas heavy traffic, stickly hot,  
The wind was in their face,  
But were there grumbles? I'd guess not,  
Then Massey was the place.

Then August 2 to Bellevue --  
Some 18 *Rex-ster* miles;  
Spent most the day back in a slough  
With crocs and such reptiles.

Before Bellevue again locked through,  
By tractors they were met;  
The city park were driven to,  
Then pizza supper et.

And here they met a pouring rain,  
The ice cream store was closed,  
Illegal was a whistling train,

In boats their needed clothes.

That night it rained from 2 till 5,  
They woke to Carole King;  
For *Music Jim* each dawn arrived  
And brought his music thing.

And Tuesday morning they broke camp  
And folded up wet tents  
And rode the tractors to the ramp  
And not a penny spent.

They stopped at miles 3, 18,  
Now many rest stops gone;  
Now **water** -- had been sand and green,  
Sebula they pushed on.

'Twas hot and humid, with a wind --  
So that a tent could dry,  
And then some Rumlbers waded in  
And in the slough did lie.

G. Kittell  
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Aug 2010