

MUSIC ON THE RIVER

There's music on the river,
 Aside from Flip and Mike --
The rhythm of a measured oar,
 Reverberating dike,

The croaking of a heron,
 The crying of a gull,
The warning horn out from a tug,
 The waves upon a hull,

The whistling of an eagle,
 and too a red-tailed hawk;
Mumbling, roiling, breaking waves,
 Discordant raven squawks,

The whining of a powerboat,
 The bells from off the shore,
The bubbling of a sweeping branch,
 A rapids' building roar,

The quacking of a mallard duck,
 The tapping when it rains,
The booming bursts of thunder,
 The calling of a train.

But at day's end, all said and done,
 Fore *Rumblers* go to bed,
Music permeates the air
 And sticks into their heads.

From out the tubs and U-Haul truck
 Guitars and harps appear
And fill the night with memories
 The same way every year.

G. Kittell
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