

***ODE TO A RIVER***

The Mississippi sets its course,  
Moving to the sea;  
Dropping from a higher source,  
To rest it seeks to be.

Always moving ceaselessly,  
A least resistant way;  
It falls and tumbles trippingly,  
No stopping then today.

Determined to the final end  
Not to be denied,  
It wends and bends and transcend  
The land it overrides.

It builds and grows and grows and grows,  
It carries, pushes, pries,  
Growing older as it goes,  
No rest until it dies.

A conveyance for barges,  
For ships and rafts and boats,  
For short or long or small or large  
Is there for that which floats.

The lifeblood of a country,  
On which we all rely,  
Always moving to the sea,  
No rest until it dies.

G. Kittell  
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