

McKenzie River

White water drives in
like a hot race.
Our van, the Red Bandit,
looks over the small cliff.

Tight images create sound textured dreams.
Therefore, I believe young children
must have mutual opportunities
for employment now.

Tones of the river draw in
with a polytonic scheme.
Perhaps modern iambic meter
may be the way to see and hear this river.

Tall green firs, hills,
and blue sky,
are a true mixed texture
that has all of the senses here.

A breakaway from the past-with a new creation
builds our distant galaxies.
The paradox of the dark night sky
gives shape to birth and beginning.

And more important
the daylight is brighter than it used to be,
therefore global clusters are larger.

The river points to a sharp attention
which we give it the liberty to do
what it wants to do.