

The River

The River's a marathon runner,
He meanders through hills and
mountains,
Eventually wearied and tired,
He stops at the vast open mouth.

The River's a bullet,
Rapid and swift,
Scampering along with little fish,
You would be awed with its
promptness.

The River's a hunter,
Ravenous and annoyed,
Looking for food to tuck into,
He might devour you next.

By Tyrone

The River's a pearl,
Glimmering and glistening,
When the sun shines,
It's even more elegant.

The River's a conductor,
Directing his waves,
Escorting his fish,
He is more dominant than anyone.

The River's an investigator,
Observing for clues,
Searching for the ocean,
Looking for his homeland.