

# What the River Senses

*By Bethany Evans*

Flowing water, that is a serpent of the deep, twists and flies like a dancer.

It sounds like leaves fluttering in the gentle wind.

It swirls around sticks and rocks.

The musty smell of wet dogs after they have stopped their frolicking in the river fills the air.

Violets are swaying in the breeze and I pick one and nibble on its delicate purple petals, savoring its clovery taste, as I sit on a bench, cool and hard, full of carvings holding memories of people who have sat there before me.

But though I may feast merrily with all my senses, the river is not happy like I am.

The river sees ugly bridges and buildings.

It smells car exhaust.

It feels the trash people have thrown carelessly and unconsciously into it.

And it tastes rust and old tires and hopelessness.

It is sad for the one who is providing me with a feast of the senses.

Must feel so downcast and have its own senses doused with sorrow.