

TRIBUTARY

Doldrums

A slow, slinking state

My sluggish movement combined with my purity
allows other waters

To merge into me

Polarity at its finest

From an unhurried rate to a jaunty one

Sliding along the banks, hearing the wildlife clamoring about us

A truly pristine river, formed from a creek

But alas! Nothing that exists can hold perfection

Vile filth, litter, refuses of man

Dirt forgetting its place on the land

Merge into our symphonic rush

Our clear beauty becomes muddled and uncertain

We proceed forth, flowing with hopes held high

That one day, our beauty as liquid may return.

Buncombe
County Early
Edu.

