

Give me a mountain stream

**Big rivers are not for me.
Instead give me a mountain stream,
A stream bathed in shifting, dappled light,
Leaping and shouting, running and gurgling
Amid logs and boulders.**

**Show me a mountain stream
And I will sit happily upon its banks
To watch the mystery of currents,
the play of light and shadow,
The sound and sight of water's youthful ventures.**

**Small streams are activists intent on change.
Moving sediment, cleaning gravel, rearranging boulders,
They carry constantly the detritus of mountain and valley
Toward the unknown river, the widening estuary,
And the hidden sea ahead.**

**November 2012
Klamath, California**