

# Clark Fork River

**I want to be alone in this place.**

The sky is cloudy. I smell the  
fragrance of the river. زه د سيند بوى

بوى كوم. زه د مرغانو سندرې اورم

The bright blue sky reflecting on the  
clear water. The smoke in the  
background is like me getting in  
trouble. The fish look as curious as me.

The car door closed. Question: is  
this a garden. I see a fox. Orange.

And fish. Every color. I see a forest  
bear. I see a river. The trees fencing the  
river, hiding its beauty from the bad  
town. The thick blue sky like Big  
Dipper bubblegum ice cream. You  
hear frogs croaking, woodpeckers  
pounding into a tree, an  
eagle screeching, and the  
reflective water sloshing

around. Suddenly, you become the  
river, and the river becomes you.

Very blue couple of clouds. I can smell  
fish poop and the water is a nice  
disgusting blue-green color. Rolling  
mountains and tall spiky cliffs all  
around me. Eating fried chicken on  
the sandbar. The crystal clear water.

The tiny gray stones. The clear water  
like another sky. Swim, swim. I feel  
good. Boat gets fish. The bright green  
grass flows with the way I move my  
feet. The burning sun on my already  
burnt skin. Smells like flowers.

by  
**Mr. Strothman's**  
**7th Period Class**  
**C.S. Porter**

