

Birds chirping, making a nice song for your ears. Floating down

a river of sounds. I see a big, clear, blue sky full of nothing but big blue. Mountains tower over me, but I am not scared. Clear water, clear skies, clear air, but not fair to the few green giants that stand watching every day, wanting to lay in the sun.

Looking at the green bushes surrounding the water makes me feel captured. The mountains are big but small in my view.

Some are snowy, some are green. All you can think about is the lazy ride in a tube back to the warm beaches. Pole in the water. Cold drink in my hand. Not a worry in the water. Life is good today.

The smell of fresh berry bushes. Trying not to spook the fish. The fresh, clear, cool water filled with trout dashing by. Not a cloud in the sky, with the wonderful smell of pine. And the horrible feeling of a mosquito bite. Slow moving currents, gliding me along. I hear the wind. It says *meditate to throw away your anger*. Rich brown mud. Reflecting water. The green bushes hugging the peaceful water. The olive brown rocks. Deer come through the bushes to drink. It smells like algae-choked rocks, a smell that is common in the mountains. A mouse washes its paws, and is wary of getting swept away. A piece of moss floats by a small fish. The sound of a paddle surfacing the water.

Smell of fresh air that just feels perfect. Lush green bushes on either side.

The clear river is cold, but when you dive in, it's like a refreshing bath. Water flowing over rock that could have been touched by dinosaurs.

by
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River Clearwater

