**The River by Valerie Bloom**

The River's a wanderer,

A nomad,

a tramp,

He never chooses one place

To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,

Through valley and hill,

He twists and he turns

He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,

And he buries down deep

Those little treasures

That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,

He gurgles and hums,

And sounds like he's happily Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,

As he dances along,

The countryside echoes

The notes of his song.

The River's a monster,

Hungry and vexed,

He's goggled up trees

And he'll swallow you next.