

Columbia River

Clinton F. Larson

The sunstream river wends below Cascade Locks
Between green mounds of shoreline whose sable
Pines rectify slope, verge, promontory, and rock,
Upward pencilling the windwaving sills of blue.
Ages of sunmist sheet and fall, resonant in palms
Of morning where gleam green and yellow as rue
Of night. Flashing, spiring, windbreaking over
The vibrancy of waves, the weather moves in calms
Of light, surf of it beyond, reviving. The cup
Of harbor, inlet, farms arising, wheat of land
Will mark randomly where farmers found arable
Soil between golden mounds of desert Oregon.
Run of wind riffling the river mounts windrows
On the far shore as a skiff turns, yielding
And tipping in a bend to find the shadowy wharf
That teems with sail and gear: tenor of days
In the sweep will pay the fare for green turn
And bend on that river, greening to Portland,
Beyond which the water spreads and calms in
Pacific blue. O angelus of capped rounds
Of sound and bays of the coastal rock, I lock
The skiffs of cirri in and keep them wavering
Sunward on the stream!

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