**River Story by Makar Zbiec**

All rivers have a beginning

The river crashes into rocks

Sputters under a bridge

Thunders down a waterfall

Plops along the riverbank

Drips by the road

Races out of the forest

Swooshes by logs

Bubbles by sticks

A small shining stream

Racing down mountains

Meanders left and right

Looping round logs, rocking to its destination

The river races down the mountain

Pulling in little streams

Deafening the silence whilst it charges at bridges

Digging up earth and hoarding its pebbles.

Lean on the bridge and peep down at the water

You can’t see the sharp glass hiding in mud

You can’t see the dirty trollies hiding behind logs

You can’t see hungry fish hunting for food

The river moves silently on to the city

Cars making traffic, boats making journeys

Children on buses going to school

The river is creeping and watching the crowds.

Under the bridge it goes, still watching

The river is slowing

Fresh water turns to salt water

Blackbirds turn to puffins

The river loops through mud flats

The gulls are calling

People are happy to see the sea but for the river,

The journey is over