



## The River's Gifts

Some days the river is a mirror.  
Its dreams are white clouds  
above and below me,  
till it wakes itself with  
the slap of a beaver tail.

Some days the river is a painter,  
each wave a brushstroke of  
blue, creamy white  
or a hundred shifting shades  
I have no name for.

Yesterday I tossed a stick,  
imagined a dog downstream  
find it, splash back to  
give the treasure  
to a boy who  
looked like me.

Every day the river teaches me  
to look for dancing light,  
to see that all things change  
and trust in beauty  
yet to come.

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**Donald B. Campbell** , 62, Saskatoon, SK

*I take long walks beside the South Saskatchewan River every day and never fail to find beauty that makes me smile. Those walks helped me emerge from a depression in 2021.*