

Thought Process of an English Nature
Poem Assigned 10 Days Ago
by Mackenzie Woodworth

9.30.2015

Lessons the river has taught me:

1. I hate the sun in my eyes
2. Nature is exclusive
3. The river reminds me of two lovers
4. Beauty is not the captain

10.05.2015

"I once heard a boy say he would like my friend,
Janey, better if he could cut off her orangutan face
and replace it with his own."

5. My enemy's enemy is my friend

10.07.2015

I am not

the tumbling of the river

fights the harmony of massive gulps as
 a log bobs and
 a rock uppercuts and the
 river undercuts the deteriorating wood

surface.

~~And disappear.~~

A leaf bounces on its stem
like a loose tooth
anticipating the slam of the door
with the string
the tooth
which is the leaf
SLAM.

Spinning with falls current.

10.09.2015

A crow beat the wind
his black body shrinking
analogous to Your dark shadows
still shrinking in me

I am not

we

killed bugs in the heated laughter of the blazing sun
reenacting You in the bloody mouth
You forced your finger into the gills of a trout.
You smiled
You made Me smile
You made the trout smile with the bloody finger in its mouth.

To write a poem
I write about You
but I am not
You.

10.10.2015

Yesterday I visited My river on Twisp Carlton Rd.
A heron flew adjacent to my bike
On his wings the dawn begins to yawn
shooting gentle rays of rose colored sun along the scalloped clouds.
It smells and feels like one

small window of rebirth
uncalloused baby
bursting with cries
I AM ALIVE I AM ALIVE I AM ALIVE.