

Bella frazier

Westside High School

10th grade

I Am the River

I am the river.

I am the water that flows steady and slow,
then fast and reckless,
mirroring my ever-changing emotions.

I am the river.

I am the rocks that stand in my way.

I am the crash of water
when I collide with the obstacle
the giant problems I face.

Yet somehow, I endure.

Just as water erodes stone,
I wear down what tries to break me.

I am the river.

I am the leaves and drifting debris
hundreds, thousands
of thoughts floating at the surface.

Some drift away,
fading into distant memory.

Others cling to the rocks.

They linger.

I return to them again and again,
trying to wash away what remains.

I am the river.

I am the fish beneath the surface

the feelings not always shown

but always present.

Sometimes they glide in quiet control.

Sometimes they leap without warning,

breaking through,

rising all at once.

I am the river.

I am the mud that clouds the water,

blurring what once was clear.

I am the storm that stirs it up,

turning calm into chaos.

But given time,

it settles.

Clarity returns.

I am the river.

I am the flood that creeps in slowly

fear building,

panic rising,

And I am the retreat,

the steady pull back to safety.

I am the river.

I am the riverbank that guides my course.

I am shaped by boundaries
that keep me from spilling over.

I follow the path carved for me,
moving always forward
toward something wider,
deeper,
greater than myself.

I am the river.

