

That Journey to Superior

By Dara Fillmore

Crashing, thunders the St. Louis River current
Dashing, pounds the weighty fray
Through ravine, at times unseen, but heard

Used once for survival, and ever thriving
A birchbark canoe, a sandy beachside portage

That water is power, and creates it
The rock beside, cut for foundation, building industry

Bridges crisscross, shrieking trains rarely ceasing
The river leisurely becoming estuary, while hills hold it in

Up to that inland sea, Lake Superior
Where the seiche mixes, or clashes red clay against blue

A thriving port, because of that river
But over time dumping of excess, spilling of sewage

The fish floated in death; the birds ceased in song
The sounds then of industry, a mournful gong

Clean water, they cried, as they watched oily sludge churning
And that cry was heard, somehow over the din

The river was cleaned, as the water ran on
The life liquid clearer, impurities meticulously removed

And the port again harbored life, flocking and swimming
Vessels plying, food growing on water

That river, cleansing and clearing
Flows into Lake Superior, as for eons it has

Whether it quiets or crashes, if it roars or trickles
Those who look out to where blue meets blue, some horizon
Experience that vast expanse beyond, as wonder.