**To The River Charles (excerpt)**

River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!   
Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.   
Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
  Many a lesson, deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
  I can give thee but a song.   
Oft in sadness and in illness,  
  I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
  Overflowed me, like a tide.   
And in better hours and brighter,  
  When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
  And leap onward with thy stream.   
Not for this alone I love thee,  
  Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
  Take their own celestial hue.   
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
  And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
  And have made thy margin dear.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1842

**Definitions**

**Windest** Move in a curving path *(old fashioned)*

**Thy, thou** Your, you *(old fashioned)*

**Findest** Find *(old fashioned)*

**Bosom** Loving care and protection

**Mingled** Mixed together

**Strife** Struggle, hardship

**Gleam** Shine brightly

**Celestial** Related to the sky

**Dwelt** Lived

**Thee** You (*Old fashioned)*

**Margin** Edge

**Dear** Beloved

**Clockwork Stream**

**Definitions**

**Clockwork** Regular and repeated, like the working of a clock

**Sleek** Smooth

**Glossy** Shiny

**Mirage** The appearance of something that’s not really there, especially water

Great stream of energy

Where do you begin and end?

Where do I start to study you?

How will I learn

From your quietness?

Sleek stream of life

Glossy mirage that cuts through light poles and buildings

You allow me to see the come and go

To understand that I may not catch you in the morning

But I see you again before dawn

That I’ll have a second chance

If I don’t do it now, I'll do it next time.

Whooshing hushes my hurried words

I’m silent

I’m your student

-Yolanda Oliveira, 2023