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## Dreamy Rivers Flowing Under Bridges

Josiah Zuiderveen

*Western Michigan University*, [josiah.s.zuiderveen@wmich.edu](mailto:josiah.s.zuiderveen@wmich.edu)

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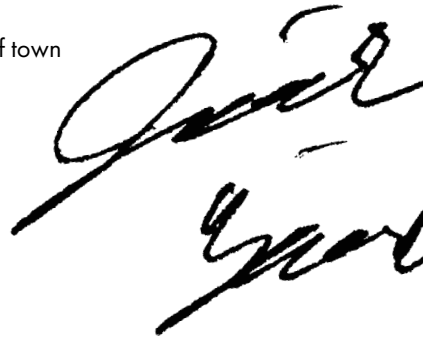
There is a place, small where the river runs under a bridge  
Where I dream, and see throughout time  
A glimpse of future deeds,  
A place where dreams shape themselves and are given life.  
This small place where all around you life is busy  
with the passing of cars, and people doing busy things

Here.....

A hidden nook in the world. To rest, reflect, and think big thoughts  
Quiet and clean, where Michael's and my bikes rest  
By the bench and we stare at the flowing water,  
Shaded by leaf-rich trees and ever-swaying reeds  
Not quite quiet, but never loud. Where the noise  
Of cars transforms to a dull hum.  
Pervasive and low like large dragonflies.  
Calm, and wonderful.  
We rest here, having reached the far point of our wanderings,  
And we talk sometimes.  
But mostly watch the flow of serenity.  
Then, when our breath comes easy,  
Bike up the trail to see the dam.  
Marvel at the rush of water.

Then we pedal up the hills and ride  
Through the only stoplight intersection in the center of town  
Back to familiar backyards of Temple Street.  
Back into the fray of living,  
Back to the heavy weight of growing up  
But back, that water calls to me still, and that calm,  
That flowing restful place beckons:

I will be here when you need me again.



JOSIAH ZUIDERVEEN

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