

Willamette Falls

The raging torrent rushes,
Over the well-worn rocks,
Through the falls, the water gushes,
Near the retired locks.

A source of life, the waterfall is,
Birds, fish, and humans too,
Hear the now soundless machines hiss,
Made by settlers once new.

See the buildings layer,
The past as their foundation, The
work of many a bricklayer, With
the falls in a close location.

A city built around it,
A city standing tall,
The water rushes without quit,
The resilient waterfall.