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Mother of Rivers

Greg Hobbs

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Mother of Rivers

POETRY

SELECTIONS OF POETRY BY JUSTICE GREG HOBBS

In Volume 3 / Issue 2 and Volume 5 / Issue 2 of the *Water Law Review*, we published selections of poems by Justice Hobbs. In the tradition of updates to previous publications, we hope you enjoy this additional selection we have made.

MOTHER OF RIVERS

When I was young the waters sang
of being here before I am,
of falling sweet and soft and slow
to berry bog and high meadow.
And held me in her lap and cooed
the willow roots, the gaining pools,
and called me through bright dappled grass
and called me O, My Shining One;

And shaped a bed to lay me on
and played the flute so high and clear.
And shape the stones to carry me,
when I am young and full of fight
for roaring here and roaring there,
for pouring torrents in the air.
When I am young as mountain snow
in crag and cleft and cracked window;

I call the green-backed cutthroat trout,
I call the nymph and hellgrammite,
I call the hatch to catch a wind,
I call upon the mountain track;
I call the scarlet to the jaw
as morning calls her own hatchlings,
call Yampa, White, the Rio Grande,
San Juan, the Platte, the Arkansas.

(in celebration of the 30th year
of Colorado's instream flow law)