

Journey of the River

It starts in the sky, I gather.
Trickling, drizzling, pitter-patter.
The downfalls commence. Soaking into the thirsty earth.
I rise. Springing from below. My source is set.
Bubbling to the surface; the journey begins.

Racing, chasing, assembling.
Mustering strength and speed.
Springs become streams become flumes.
My meandering banks hold no currency,
I am on my way now. Onwards.

My relentless force.
Gushing, rushing, tumbling.
Wider I grow, my plains expanding beside me.
Tributaries join, bolstering my vigour.
My destination summons me, beckoning.

I can taste it, I take the shortest route.
My briny haven, the place I must reach.
Deltas form, I leave my wastes behind.
Wider, proud and glorious; my pilgrimage draws to a close.
Gaping my vivacious mouth wide, I arrive.



1

Find and **copy** one word which is a synonym for 'gathering'.

2

Compare how the river changed from the first verse to the third verse.

3

Why do you think the poet decided to write from the river's point of view?

4

What is the poet talking about when the river says **My briny haven**?

5

Give **two** examples of how the poet gives the impression that the river is powerful.

1. _____

2. _____

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