To Reno From The Truckee River

Emily Hess

I cannot explain how happy I am,
You decided to make me your home,
I was once alone
But you brought: love, light and people.
One of the things
That I love most,
Is when the weather gets warm
And people come and swim in my cool depths
Filled with rocks and fish,
People and families
Events and pleasure
And yet sometimes, clutter.

Sometimes I think you forget about me,
I am yet just a river,
Not a trash can.
Yet you let your people fill me with plastic

Clog my streams,
Make me sick,
Hurt my fish,
Make it hard to be light and fun.

So please, Reno,
Next time,
Keep me safe.
Keep me.

Love, the Truckee