



*What's on your horizon?*

*Morgan*

*Chai*

“THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA RIVER”

The sun has set and all that remains of the hustling, bustling city across the darkness are orange lights dancing upon the mighty Columbia river. The city is now nothing more than orange glows that stretch out like luminescent fingers reaching out across to the opposite shores of the river. Are those eerie fingers what hold these two land masses together, silent fingers in the night? Orange fingers that weave tapestries of golds, oranges, yellows, blues and whites, tapestries powerful enough to hold the shores together in the darkness of night?

I wonder, if those golden fingers could stretch far enough, will they latch onto my own shores and arrest my drifting off into the night sky. Will they hold me back from levitating up into the night sky which is filled with similar orbs of light, similar fingers of light that beckon a dance with me in heavenly heights?

I feel the glowing, watery fingers of light beckoning to take me into the rushing depths below. There I see Neptune straddled across the bedrock, Oregon in one hand, Washington in the other, both tethered in place by his ominous strength. The watery wind rushes through his hair, illuminated by the stars surrounding him; stars of reflected light from the eyes of his loyal subjects, the fish.

Hum, I wonder what's the greater, the mighty Columbia or the heavens?

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