A WINTER FLOOD

Slow, yet with deadly purpose
Rises the winter flood,
Swift, o'er its banks overflowing,
Dark, with its burden of mud.
Swift, through the length of the valley
Races its sullen tide,
Changing the glistening river
To a torrent muddy and wide.

Now it seizes a brooklet
Hastening toward the sea, untoward north.
And swallows it deep in its bosom
To eternal anonymity.

Perplexed: the restless traveler
Watches the swirling foam
Anxious to hasten the journey
Eager to speed toward his home.

— Hal C. Rinehart — ’36

In more than nine out of ten cases, after all is said
And done, there is not much change possible.