**Plight of the Steelhead**

*By Takaya Cole*

Through roaring river rapids, run,

Sneak through quiet lulling creeks,

Upstream to were my deed is done,

But journey’s path doth seem bleak,

Homeward bound, mother must go,

To streams o’ pure, unstained by salt,

For there, my hatched kin will grow,

But wait! Why must the matrons halt?

A wall, a fortress of some kind,

Turns forward flow to brackish dregs,

Swimmers stalled, caught in bind,

For where can mother lay her eggs?