



Waterfalls to Wheatfields

Saturday Drive: May 9, 2026

By Daniel Morris

*From Lewis & Clark the Porsches came,
Thirty-five bright in springtime flame,
With forty-two in cheerful line
Beneath the sun's warm golden shine.*

*Through Corbett curves and river spray,
Along the old Columbia way,
The gorge awoke in emerald light,
Its cliffs alive beneath the bright.*

*At Stevenson the morning paused,
A cruise ship docked, the drivers paused;
Then Burlington in thunder split
The groups apart a little bit.
Yet smiling still the engines purred,
Awaiting once more freedom's word.*

*With sunroofs wide and tops cast down,
The caravan rolled out of town;*

*Through Klickitat and canyon deep,
Past waters ancient mountains keep.*

*In Goldendale the children smiled,
Delighted by the Stuttgart wild,
While drivers gladly posed and waved
For every memory there engraved.*

*Near Wasco rolled the wheatfields green,
With towering windmills high between,
A meeting place of earth and sky
Beneath the clouds that drifted by.*

*At last the barge way welcomed all
With laughter bright within its hall;
And though the roads would homeward bend,
The day itself would never end.*

*For those who drove still hear it say:
"There are beautiful miles away."*



PHOTOS BY JOJO CALORA, LISA KENNEDY,
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