

A Stream Of Words

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Lying in a shallow stream,
thoughts pour over and through me.
Every emotion just below the surface,
visible to the eye, sometimes blurred,
sometimes acutely clear.

The sun filters through the canopy
as I lay down
upon the slippery rocks—
a sensation both pleasing and strange.

Lying down, my head rests
gently on the cobble between the slime
my hair blending
becoming part of the stream.

Water flows past my ears,
then rushes in, loud and icy.
The pain of the cold begins to numb my body,
but not my mind.

The stream spills over
my exposed body—
breasts, stomach,
arms and legs.

A tingling replaces
the ache of the cold.
I no longer feel any pain.

The sun beats
upon me and the stream,
now one.

And like the water flowing over my body
a stream of words flows from my mind
covering the pages of my soul.

Invigorated, I rise up from the water—
I must write.