

## Down Stream

Water flows briskly.  
I sit atop a bridge,  
feet dangling.  
The fast moving river  
calls to me. Beckons  
me. It would be so easy  
to disappear, let the water  
Wash me away,  
baptize me  
Once more.

Birds don't sing.  
The forest is silent,  
only the rushing water  
permeates my ear.  
Thunder rips  
calling for the water  
to come home.

Deep, murky water sings,  
luring me in. No fish  
or ducks dare to contest  
the ravenous waves.  
Dry, rotted wood  
drops into the stream.  
The river comes alive,  
biting, growling, gnawing,  
until the wood  
meets its demise.