

## THE STREAM

He came upon the stream one Sunday afternoon  
And saw the beautiful clear water,  
With sunlight dappling the twinkling drops  
As they flowed amid reeds and over the rocks.

It beckoned him to come to its banks,  
To test the clear waters,  
To feel its gentle heartbeat  
And bask in its tree-shaded limpid pools.

Its sparkling excited him  
And its serenity drew him to it.  
He wanted to bathe in its rippling waters  
And be touched by its warm sunlit fingers.

The stream, its bosom swelled by melting snows,  
Overflowed its banks  
And the warm wet fingers of water spread,  
And reaching, touched his feet.

Then he bent, gathering the water  
In his two hands, he brought it to his face  
And he felt its kiss of response  
As it met his.

He felt a strong temptation--desire,  
And yet he feared,  
For once before he had come to a stream  
And been beguiled by it.

It had carried him into the rapids  
With sharp and jagged rocks that tore his flesh  
And seared his heart---  
And he was afraid.

For in the end, it took him to the falls  
And dropped him  
Deep into the eddying depths of the whirlpool  
To struggle in his pain.

Leaving only the rancor of his bitterness  
That saddened him  
And deprived him of the joy that once was his--  
And undermined his hope.

So he turned and walked away--.  
Then, when the waters rose and followed him,  
He built a wall of stone to hold them off  
And thought he felt secure.

But arrows of rain assailed the wall--  
Allies of the stream,  
And the flooding banks eroded his peace  
With lapping calls of temptation.

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Still, he turned away again,  
Avoiding the glancing sunlight  
That reflected from its smiling face,  
And hoping the wall would hold back the stream.

Rebuffed, the stream gave up its quest.  
Reaching fingers withdrew and swells receded.  
Back within its banks, it flowed away  
With only memories of their brief encounter.

But as he walks across grassy fields  
And meets a bend of the stream unexpectedly,  
His heart beats faster and he feels a pull  
To drink deeply, to immerse himself and become one with her.