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Whispering Water

Michelle Russell

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WHISPERING WATER

by *Michelle Russell*

The water silently, swiftly passes
the dead, fallen tree that lies broken
across the water
trapping debris
from the crystal, sparkling stream.

The water curls, spills, and splashes
over the gnarled, broken brown branches
of the tree, speaking in silent
whispers
of the things it has seen,
the places it has been.

It flows from nowhere
missing the tired, thirsty little animals
that take their break at its side.
The crystal clear image mirrors birds in flight
in the clear ice-blue sky
dipping ever so gently to bathe
in the sparkling water.

The beautiful trees stand guard at its bank
carefully watching every move made
around the crystal stream.

The water speaks in a voice
that can be heard only by those
who listen.

The places it has been,
The things it has seen,
are silent, unknown,
to those who do not listen
to the voice of the water.
The swish,
the swirl,
the splash,
the gentle trickle.
They are the voices and whispers
of the water.
Listen. ■

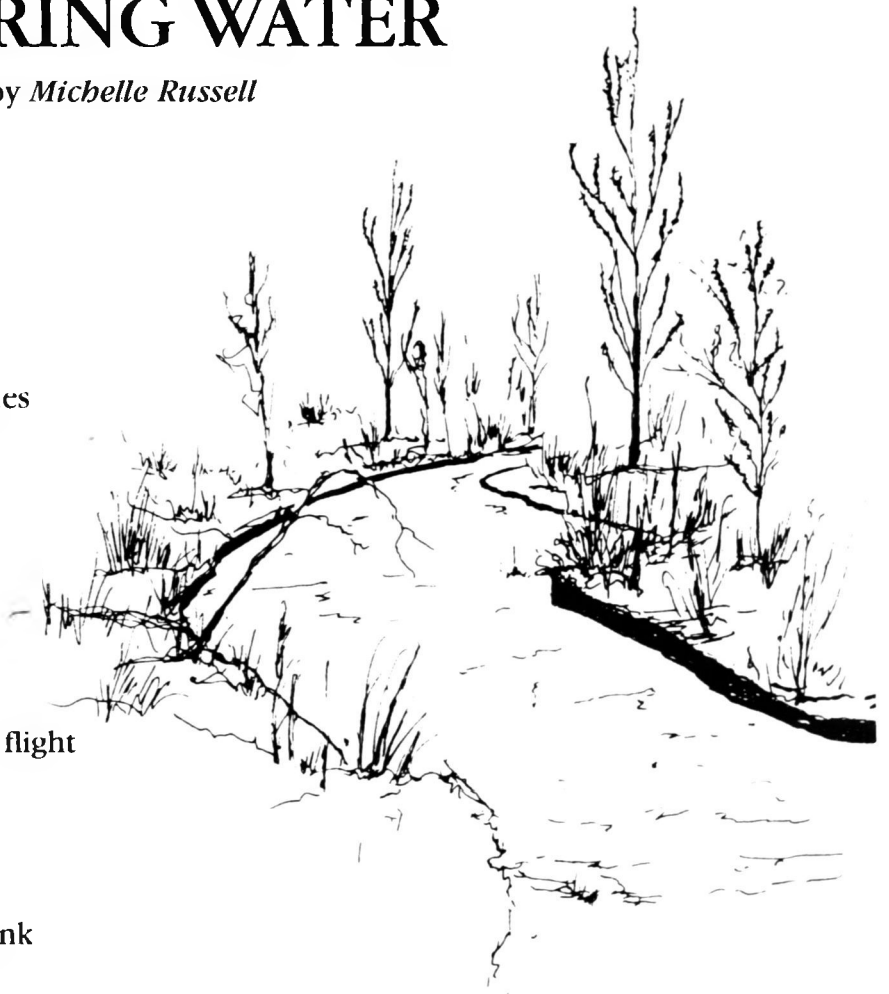


illustration by *Tina Price*

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