

JUST THINKING

Just thinking
I can feel the wind on my face,
As I stand here in this cold swampy water.
The sheep are grazing quietly
As I think about the world and its beauty.
The trees rustle softly in the wind;
The grass moves silently in the breeze.
The swamp flowers blow across the water.
I can feel the mud between my toes.
Toad stools sit there in the wind, not moving.
The tree branches start to crack
As the wind grows stronger.

by Bradley Downey