

## Earth, Stream, Light

It does not matter which stream you sit by,  
nor if the mountains through which it flows  
are young and jagged, or worn and venerable,  
as long as the water flows freely over the rocks,  
then makes a sharp bend while it carves out  
a hollow place under the bank,  
where fish bask in the cool shadows.

Nor does it matter under which tree you seek shade,  
as long as the leaves overhead whisper quietly  
when the breeze rustles them; the sun's light  
filters through its branches and makes  
a soft landing on your unshod feet,  
then warms the earth on which you kneel  
as you scoop soil into your palm, letting  
it sift through your fingers.

Nor does it matter if you are young or old,  
because, whoever you are,  
your feet will be cool and refreshed  
as you wade into the stream,  
where you bend low to drink  
with cupped hands; then rise,  
as the filtered light caresses  
the back of your neck.

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Kenneth Garcia