



The Waterfall

Bubbling and bouncing
Like bobbing little ones
Just learning to jump rope
Frequently flopping over its silver self
Like someone's lucky sixpence
Stood on edge,
It gradually glides
Into a muted murmur
Of more maturity.
Then, the dependable river,
Winding in Mona Lisa smiles
Around the universe
Smoothing to whispered roundness
The rocks that once would have
Up-ended it.

Watching it, I smiled,
Thinking
Isn't love like that?