

ROCKS

Only the rocks live on forever....
The melted mountain snow is making
its way down,
The ever-widening rivers,
And moving with it, the ground.

When at its deepest depth,
Icy cold, and clear as glass,
Travelling with a roaring sound.
I watch it, as I pass.

Waters churning white and fearsome,
Thundering over the rocks.
In a month or two, the water will be
tame,
So I'll take off my shoes and socks.

To wade in the cold mountain waters,
Refresh myself from summers heat.
To feel the rocks, that years have worn
smooth,
Massaging my sore, tired feet.