

The Special Place

The birds sing with great compassion
as the trees sway to their steady rhyme.
Frogs and fish complement the noise
with a splash in the river.
Running under the bridge,
giant rocks and small rocks
line the floor of the underpass.
The sun shines through leafy branches,
creating shade for me to sleep.
A fire was made by someone, or something,
so say the signs of an ashen fire spot.
Spiders crawl under the bridge,
and webs line the spaces in between.
My sight becomes impaired
by the beauty of my heart's sensation.
The river flows to the end of the world,
and the weeds are long overgrown.
Part of the world,
part of the universe,
with scenes like these,
I'm reminded of being part of something
great.

