

River Flows

beauty comes in a spark,
like a scorching sip of tea against your tongue,
or a shiver as nature unfurls its bitter breath of cold,
but it's not in an instant
this feeling sinks its fangs into your heart,
an everlasting twinkle leaving a mark,
carving into you,
she feels it when the river greets her,
the crystal waters serenading a gentle roar,
with caramel trees standing like toy blocks,
and the grasses leaning over like little crescents,
she used to paint the scene as a child,
but now the scene paints her childhood.