SINGING BROOK

Leona Frances Choy

When does the brook sing?

When it flows smoothly in shallow waters,
the sand visible beneath its surface?
Do you hear its melody when it winds its way
lazily through the meadow's overgrowth?

No! It sings when it tumbles down a hill,
when it thrashes headlong against the rocks,
dashing against obstacles the hinder it,
forcing it to find new courses around barriers.

If you think that this rippling aria
is just noise— then your heart is not in tune—
The brook is singing!
And not in minor notes,
but in a major key joyously,
for it has found its way again
and moves jubilantly
in a new direction
over the fields and green pastures
or through the valley of the shadow
to its eager goal
beneath a far fence.

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