

Culvert Corner

You know how much I love to give nick-names,
To places on the routes, I often walk.
They act like beacons and heart-warming flames,
As I know with me, you love to talk.

There is a roadside corner where I pause,
Longing to hear just the faintest sound,
But the traffic rumbles on and roars,
Blotting out your beauty so profound.

Gently flowing water is your voice,
Gurgling down your culvert out of reach.
When I hear you, oh, how I rejoice!
For the lessons only you can teach.

Things in life that just get in the way,
Like the hedge that hides your voice from view.
Stopping me from hearing what you say,
Lies that try to silence what is true.

Your thorns present the challenge some despise,
Not willing to press in and so pursue.
In order to receive the smallest prize;
A water wonder love letter from you.

It would be so easy to walk on
And cross what I call Living Water lane.
Then I would miss the message from the one,
Whose rivers fill the seas with drops of rain.

For you alone can make all water live,
And water live in every heart of stone,
But only if that heart will first forgive
Accepting then that wonder all your own!

Oh, how I long to come and stand a while,
Listening for the lessons in your flow.
Treasuring the way you make me smile,
Both enriched and wondering as I go.

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