

Country Road

A leisurely walk along the stone paved road
The breeze waved gently at each step of our toes.
The pond full and rippling with slight rolling of the tide
Bamboo rustling roughly to our side.
Dogs bark protectively and fiercely from the fence
Warning to not come closer.
The horse eyed from afar and trotted softly to look us in the eyes.
The grass waved slowly grasping to the land.
Birds' melodies reached the opening of our ears
with each tweet singing a new hymn.
A slight creaking of a fence as the breeze pushed gently on
As the adjoining bush sang out a tune of its own
To the thundering of the road.
Bright blooms of yellow fought the autumn chill,
steady and refusing to be dismissed.
The icy breeze slows our regress back home.
Finally welcomed home by the rocks that shift slightly with each step.
The door opens easily to let me come to rest.

BEK

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