

A Walk In the Park

A blossom drifts down,
spinning like a top,
then lands
on the highway of the river.

Ripples try
to run away from each other,
but only succeed
in no progress.

Me and my Mom
keep moving along,
as a little white fluffy shadow
scuttles by my side.

The trees wave and whisper
as the wind makes the branches clatter.
“Come, come this way!”

A bird song flutters

through the light, and
a cool breeze passes
through us like a ghost.

And when a blossom drifts
and the trees part,
the wind seems to whisper: "*Peace.*"

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