

Alone in a Crowded Stream

By Marla J. Deaton

The driftwood floats, down toward the rocky slopes

Without a care in the world.

"I can't be bothered by these jagged rocks now,

In this cool water where I enjoy my ride.

Besides, there's still time to turn this around,

If I could just go against the tide.

What a life this is being driftwood,

Where I go next is anybody's guess.

So I smile like nothing's the matter,

Not knowing how to get out of this mess."

But the rapids are swift as I look toward the cliff.

Disbelief is the state I am in.

With no means of stopping, no place to get off,

I ask for a miracle I don't deserve.

Then in the silence, alone in the stream,

There is hope just around the corner.

Copyright © 2008 Marla Deaton