

Dear The Stream at the Bottom of my Garden

Sunlight shimmering in the shadows. You are full of the most wonderful creatures from glowing goldfish to awesome otters. You help us find who we are and show us the way home. No matter how loud the wind blows I always know you are silently trickling. Your comforting sounds show us we belong.

Apple green, bark brown and autumn orange. All of these colours you wear like a canvas ready to be painted. But if you look closer, you find that the canvas you are is not yet finished. We are the same. Changing, developing, regressing, every turn an adventure, a glimpse of the future ahead.

Every single droplet which makes you whole, knows it is free; running, dancing, stepping in-between rocks and jumping down waterfalls. Giving life to the plants which grow on your banks and making flowers blossom with rainbows. All things living in harmony, peaceful, none able to survive without the other. You show us the way.

Yet now you go where we can't follow, continuing your journey where we are not able. You are forever alive; moving yet still, compromising yet unyielding, consistent yet forever changing. You hold your memories but leave them wherever you go, timeless.

Thank you for your company,

Love from Daisy