

## **Down Sugar Loaf Brook**

by Inez George Gridley

Walking with the water down Sugar Loaf Brook

the sound of brook water is in our ears

rising and falling as it rushes along

cold from the mountain springs.

Watercress grows between the stones.

Deer have browsed on touch-me-nots

and cropped lush needles along the bank.

Jack-in-the-pulpit has ripened its berries.

Small salamanders hide under the stones.

A brown woods wren keeps house in a brush heap.

Thrushes call in the cool deep woods.

We walk down Sugar Loaf Brook

Pushing through windfalls, climbing over rocks.

We walk with the water but the water never stops

to draw breath or listen.

it is going on its journey.

We can't keep up with it.