

WATERSMEET

We stepped into a wood
looking for a cafe
and found water cascading.

Banks of wood anemones,
paths weaving
besides the riverbanks.

The sun shone on the water
thundering
under the rickety bridge.

Yellow birds came to our table
lifting crumbs
from the children's flat hands.

A love lived there,
a faint orange glimmer
outlining the trees.

We did nothing
but feed the birds,
ambling over riverside paths,

discovering
small pink flowers
laughing under the sky.