

...on some other ordinary day...

As I sit at the water's edge,
I listen...

Water running over rocks
In a little stream trying to make
Its way home.
The wind in the grass
As it bends them over
To make its presence known.

The beating of my heart
Blends in with the rhythm of
Branches rubbing and knocking against each other.
The birds sing their song to
The beat that nature gives
Where nothing could be the bother

This is
Some other ordinary day.

I hear the melody
And harmony of God's
Creation,
Lifting my spirit,
Calming my body
Nourishing my soul.

I am at a point where
I can think clearly,
Breathe freely,
Move gracefully,
No worries, not a care,
Nothing could be the bother.

This is
Some other ordinary day.

On some other ordinary day...
I wouldn't hear this..
I wouldn't be here.
God knows, if I had my way,
This would be
Every other ordinary day.

Junior Etienne

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