

Cascades of Cacophony

Erik Kountz

Hungry hikers tiptoe through the tangled forest,
Between sticky and thick thorny thistles,
To an open clearing where the sun shines through.
In the center flows a stream
And nearby the rush and roar of a waterfall thunders.

The stream is a tumbled torrent of water,
As it tears and blasts from cataract to cataract,
And thrashes and smashes from rock to rock.
The fast water flow is like a horse that can never be broken.
The bubbling foam of the stream makes the rapids rage whiter
And have more shape than ever before.

The water gushes as it seems to race from rock to rock,
As it cascades down from the drop,
As it rumbles down the steep and slippery slope.
In a jet of pure power, water spurts and spouts,
As wave after wave of water rush to destroy
Everything in their path with untold force.

The hungry hikers, no longer famished,
Pack their picnic belongings.
They smile happily, as they think about their wonderful day,
Inundated with joy.