

At the Brook

Vreid

It was like the mountains had shifted
The paths had crossed
Trees had become stones
The forest filled with rocks
No stars are burning
The heaven pouring of rain
The skies came against me

North had turned south
I had lost my way
The further I walked
The longer I had gone

The birds flew against me
In this circle
I continued to walk
The wind was howling
The earth felt like clay
The shadows were everywhere
Night never turned into day

In the haze
A mild voice suddenly whispered
A luring trickling sound so near
With the blink of an eye the fog faded
A paradise in front of me appeared
At the brook I trembled and kneeled
It waded me to join it
Into the silent streams
I closed my eyes
And fulfilled my dream

The mountains echoed my screams