

yellin' at me. I told him I cracked your box so I left it.
He bought it. You ain't got nothin' to worry about. I
won't let 'em bother ya."

On the walk home Jake didn't talk to himself.
He didn't even mind the rain when it began to fall,

and as he turned onto the gravel path the only sound
was the sound of the rain smacking the tin roof of his
box-like home. In bed, he laid on his back and
stared up at the ceiling listening until he fell asleep.

Winter on the River

I go there, sometimes, to lose myself.
The river, with its breathy flow, calms me.
Nighttime is the best, in the cold of winter.
The only sound you hear is the gently hiss of snow being
absorbed into the water moving below me.
Sometimes it is me moving—not the river.
I travel the length without the scene changing.
I float above the water like the clouds do overhead,
being shaped and moved by the wind.
My anxieties flow away with the water,
and I go back to the world, refreshed.

But now that I am away, I long for it more than ever.
The soothing feeling I get from something only God could
have
created.
But I realize that, as with all of God's creations, I need
only to close my eyes,
and my memories take me back.

--Mickey Rogers