

Cunningham Falls

Tumbling gently, down it's face
Through ancient rocks, once set in place
In time, incomprehensible it seems;
The raw material of dreams.

A lad once climbed the waterfall.
He stood and looked out over all --
The mountain forest all around;
Beauty, cacophony of sound.

It had been long since he'd been there,
Until his love with auburn hair;
To sense again the majesty
With memories of that boy -- of me.

A touch, a laugh, a long embrace --
The falling spray upon her face.
The scent of perfume in the air --
The sunlight streamed through auburn hair.

To live again that sunlit day,
Oh, would it be too much to pay --
Perhaps, in memory its best
For her to be his welcome guest.

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