

The Brook

Written By Gary Lee Vincent
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sound rings out in the forest
But many do not hear
The rhythmic rush of water
From a brook so near.

The stream flows from the mountains
Far above the sea
To the remote valley
And joins the river free.

This land of wonder does exist
But places like it are few
The woodlands so immaculate
The skys forever blue.

So tell me in your travels
Have you seen such a place?
So far away from people
In the bowls of nature's grace.

