

Being who they were made to be

The power of the roaring of water
Rushing freely
Pushing ever forward.
Onward
Seaward
Continually, slowly wearing away the rocks
Never stopping

Still centuries old gnarled hawthorn tree
Holding tightly
Roots delving deeper
Watching
Blooming
Holding ever tighter
Never moving

[reflections from a morning walk to Aber Falls]

