

A Walk by the Water

By Danny Schwarze

There I was down walking by the water
The collar of my coat
pulled up high against the breeze
A chilly Sunday morning in November
No sound but the rushing water
and the leaves between my feet

I watched the sun peak over the treetops
and cast its sparkling visage
on the river down below
The rays began to warm the autumn morning
The sunlight glinted gently
on the leaves of frosted gold

I thought I heard somebody say my name
Not more than a gentle whisper
over the sound of the breeze
But when I turned, nobody stood to answer
And the whisper faded back
into the sound of the leaves

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