

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

*Robert L. Martin*

### **A Melancholy Brooke**

Poor little brook, why are you crying?  
You're so calm and peaceful in your idling  
While raging rivers move so swift  
No time to float about and drift

Their journey to the sea moves too fast  
You crawl and ponder to make it last  
Time will come when you'll reach the end  
A moment to treasure, I assure you my friend

Raging rivers are like men who can't wait  
Moving too fast, unsure of their fate  
They trip, they fall,  
They go 'round and 'round  
While the calm and collected,  
Self assuredly bound

Rivers in their haste look at you with envy  
The way you swagger like a noble gentry  
Marching through the river bed  
With lofted banners  
A triumphant knight  
Endowed with civil manners  
Little brook, you can hold your head high  
Look at yourself, your fame is on nigh