Blank Page

Nothing more than a blank page...
That's how life begins.
White, the color of the light.
As we age things change.
White turns to grey,
Grey to black.
Problems, victory, and defeat,
More marks on the paper.
By the time we're through, the page is dark,
The color of night.
But did you color within the lines?
Or did you put some marks
On someone else's blank page?

The Stream

Water rushes beneath my feet.
Rippling waves are dashed on stones.
In winter this will be an ice sheet,
And its water will chill your bones.

Fish of all shapes scatter
As my feet clumsily crash amongst the reeds.
You can hear the drops of water going pitter-patter;
Sitting on the rocks I throw the feed.
Maybe this year will be better
For all the fish are leaving the stream.
The water is now starting to fetter.
A large lake is now their dream.

With fall approaching the stream wanes.
When the summer rains come,
I will only be able to see it through the window panes.
The journey to the lake is only for some.

As the winter winds roll in,
The stream has no fins.