Along A Stream

By Yoko Kuyma

I stood alone on the bank
Spreading freshly green
With soft sprouts
And caught a stone
In the morning dew.

Along the murmuring stream
I followed in tone with
The peaceful hymn of ripples
Splashing down, down to
The white foam of the sea.

A yellow butterfly stopped me
And sat me down
In the dewy sprouts;
Sweet murmuring echoed
Far away in the early morning air.