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Valley

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Valley

Somewhere...

In a valley of peacefulness I can relax, finally.
Where the lush green leaves are big, and the only sounds I hear
are of the winds tickling the trees, and of the birds laughing,
and of the water in a secret safe stream, content with its
rubbing the rocks in its bed.

If I were little again it would be okay...

I would play until dusk, picking dandelions and bleeding hearts
and making pretty bouquets, and climbing big oak trees until I
was swaying back and fourth while a breeze had its fun with me,
and rubbing and bath on my hands and smelling them and then
patting them in the dirt until big coulds of dust came wafting
up, and then swinging until I thought I was higher than the
rainbows. And then I would come home the long way, through the
woods, picking on puzzle trees the whole way, I would walk in
and my day would be with me and everyone could tell by the smells
what I'd done.

Ashlin Bush