

# Alone in a Crowded Stream

By Marla J. Deaton

The driftwood floats, down toward the rocky slopes  
Without a care in the world.

"I can't be bothered by these jagged rocks now,  
In this cool water where I enjoy my ride.

Besides, there's still time to turn this around,  
If I could just go against the tide.

What a life this is being driftwood,  
Where I go next is anybody's guess.

So I smile like nothing's the matter,  
Not knowing how to get out of this mess."

But the rapids are swift as I look toward the cliff.  
Disbelief is the state I am in.

With no means of stopping, no place to get off,  
I ask for a miracle I don't deserve.

Then in the silence, alone in the stream,  
There is hope just around the curve.