

## **“The Brook” by Morgan Kelly Moss**

Aye! The fair sun;  
Smooth and sweet, Kisses the brook as she giggles and laughs,  
Twists and turns,  
Sparkles and gasps!

The wind ...  
A whisper...  
Combs through the grasses  
And tickles the branches  
The willow she dances,  
Spinning round!  
The babbling brook, the babbling brook, aye!  
The babbling brook!

Aye!  
Her sister the river,  
Feeding the land and watching the sky;  
Aye!

Winged creatures abreast in the air,  
The unbeaten path, the breath of the ground,  
The taste of the pine, the splash of the fawn,  
And I,  
Aye!

The babbling brook, the balling brook,  
Aye, the babbling brook!

*“The Brook”, written during the COVID-19 pandemic, is a reflection of my past. During this time where we are forced to stay home, I visited places deep in my memory instead of out in the world. I often visited a place I loved as a child. In my yard, there was a brook that made the most beautiful noises where the birds sang and the sun gleamed, and because I can no longer visit this place, it was my mission to recreate the wonder that the brook inspired in me. I hope that the piece will inspire this wonder in the listeners as well.*

*- Morgan Kelly Moss*