

When I am tired, as I am now, it is hard to read. Even more, it is hard to write. So I cannot tell you how the words in my slim book blur together into undeciphered sentences and paragraphs; how my eyes shift away from the pages to rest unfocused on the stream beside me; how the rhythm of the stream washes over me in its irregular susurrations. Or how my ears adjust to the sounds of the forest, and I hear the water's short, steep descent further downstream; the insistent chirping of a single bird and the measured call of another; and the creaking of the wood bridge behind me.

I cannot tell you what I see as my eyes focus: The water's indirect path, navigating the half-hearted blockades of branches and twigs, churned into ripples upon ripples upon ripples by the smooth pebbles that layer the stream. The quick splashes of a dog as it detours from the nearby trail.

And I cannot tell you of the clean, fresh scent of earth and running water; the gradual briskness as the daylight fades; and the slow, slow descent of the forest to monochrome.

Though I cannot tell you any of this, you may still be able to imagine: That my seat on this log on the ground by the stream is more comfortable than any chair, and that in the stream and the rocks and the earth and the trees I found the tranquility and the solace I had searched for, without any need for words. Perhaps that, in itself, is enough.