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Gone

I hike down to the river,
Three-leaved plants surround me
but I no longer hear the rush of the river.
I no longer see the sparkle of the water.
I no longer smell the earthy aroma of wet dirt.
The rocks are dry.
Sandstone, pointy and rough, sticks out of the ground.
Dry.
Memories float by:
the laughter,
the swimming,
the smiles,
the warmth of family.
Something swallowed up all the wetness in the world.
It is stealing the waterfall that crashed down onto the rocks,
The apples and cheese we ate for every lunch at the river,
the river that brought my family closer together.
It was so magical.
This river was a part of me
But now that part of me has disappeared.
Gone.