**The Stream**

Tác giả: Hien Nguyen

I see the stream,
From forests away.
It shimmers underneath
 the bright sun.
My mouth thirsts,
For such clean water.

I run,
As fast as
I can.

My stamina dies.

I pant,
Yet,
I have made it.
I see my reflection
And smile.

I wash my face.
The water refreshes me.
God has given me
A miracle.
I will survive.