**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.