Photographed by Chao Vang

Waterfall

By: Rebecca

As I hiked up the steep mountain of the Yosemite Valley,

Sweat running in rivers down my face

And along my neck just to soak into my shirt,

I was breathing in gasps.

Mosquitoes, sucking my blood like vampires,

Surrounded me like gangsters.

My pack weighed a thousand pounds

My energy turned to fatigue.

I advance to the top,

As if I was a dead-man walking.

Then as the light approached me,

I stepped onto the peak.

And bore my eyes, was Mother's creation.

Within moments, I was rejuvenated.

Energy flowing as fast as

Hermes' winged shoes carried messages to Zeus.