

My inspiration came from seeing pictures of a small picturesque spring, called "Duckwater Spring" in America. In my mind it reminded me of an oasis, and gave me the idea to write my poem about it.

Duckwater Spring

He waited by the oasis,
of the hot water spring
red roses lined the edges,
as he went for a swim.

The blazing orange rays of the sun
lit up the hills all around,
the yellow sand of the desert,
the whispering wind making no sound.

He waited by the oasis,
of the hot water spring,
the green acacia his shade,
of the water he was in.

The sky was forever blue,
not a cloud within sight,
as he stared out of the water
day became night.

He waited by the oasis
of the hot water spring
the leaves began to fall
the light growing dim.

The indigo twilight grew cold,
yet the water was still warm
it remained his oasis
whether dusk or dawn.

he began to ponder if it were real
the violet lilac bouquet in his hand,
was he waiting for something that would never come?
was the hourglass leaking sand.

So he got up,
moved on,
and didn't look back
in the end,
Was it worth it?
if it ended up sad.