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## **Erosion**

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## **Erosion**

By Adrienne Violand

There are streams in my back yard.
Small and thin, hiding, until you trip, not looking

where your feet were going, into a stream, breaking the hard glass surface. Bruised body: a testament.

I sometimes wonder what my backyard looked like before the dam broke and flooded the field.

Where there was soft dirt, grass, tall pines, there are now streams violating the earth.

The water worked its way into my field, forcing itself from the source. It rolled through,

washed the layers away, drowned the earth and left a permanent mark. I think about the Grand Canyon

that once was whole before the streams and rivers poured out, unending until all that remained a chasm of red hard rock;

a void, years in the making.