**Run Off**

Vicente Handa, 9/29/24

In a high country where they stretch

From mountains to mountains,

Trees have limits too,

Taking only what they can hold.

When every cell is full

From roots to trunks to boughs,

Trees shut down their capillary action and

When too much is too much,

They allow the water to flow.

The water trickles, gurgles, cascades

Through rills, rivulets, runs, trickles, spring branches

‘Til they can hold no more.

They send water down to brooks and creeks,

Eddying, riffling, meandering, filling every

Ditches, swales, and pools.

And when too much is too much,

Water moves down to streams and rivers.

The rivers may hold the water for a while

In crevices and in holes –

Potholes, plunge holes, scour holes.

But when too much is too much,

The water rises, filling the banks,

Spilling over flood plains,

Finding new tributaries, and

In tremendous force,

Drowning homes.