

Ten Mile Creek  
Jeanette Isabelle

By a creek ten miles long,  
Is a place where my soul belongs.  
Visions of the past draw me here,  
What it means I cannot bear.

Is it a past life that I see?  
According to Hebrews that cannot be.  
Why do I see beyond my birth?  
For only once we walk the earth.

In my dreams, what I've been through,  
Everything turns out to be true.  
Why do I know this oh so well?  
Not everything is clear like a bell.

It's a joy when I study history,  
Rest of the time it's only misery.  
Can I really see with another pair of eyes,  
Or is it simply a pack of lies?