

The Laughing Brook

In a quiet meadow, not far from here,
Where wildflowers bloom and skies are clear,
There flows a brook, so mischievous and sly,
With a sparkling twinkle in its watery eye.

It gurgles and giggles, it can't help but tease,
As it dances and splashes among the trees.
The Laughing Brook, a playful sprite,
Laughs with all its might, day and night.

It tickles the toes of the willow's feet,
And serenades pebbles to a watery beat.
The creatures of the meadow gather 'round,
To hear the stories of this giggling sound.

It whispers secrets to the swaying reeds,

Tales of adventures and daring deeds.

It carries the dreams of a world so small,

A brook that's mischievous, yet kind to all.

As it journeys along, so swift and free,

The Laughing Brook shares its mystery.

With ripples of laughter, it weaves a song,

A melody of joy that's ever so strong.

So if you seek mirth, both day and night,

Visit the brook with waters so light.

The Laughing Brook will always be near,

Sharing its laughter for all to hear.

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