

My Treasure...

Wake to the slow dawn of a day,
Look for the rainbow in pearl drops of dew;
Feel the soft touch of the cold crisp morning air
And hear the larks with the first worm among the few.

Heed the words of the wise...
(though many a times seem unfair)
Yet strong with wisdom, wrought
Comfort to a bleeding heart.
Time stands still a gentle maiden
Full of promises yet to unfurl,
A sweetness so enchanting, yet as fleeting
I know naught but at Nature's feet to curl.
Happiness, love, or life's simplest pleasures...
All this and more, I will always treasure.

By Elena Sona Brugnera

