

She Is

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Snow falling gently down her shoulders in beauty found.
A resting place, a reprieve from the cold North face.
Midnight searching for a space to be broken,
Her light shining between the shadows and pining.

Sunlight breaking through the cherry blossom flowers
Resting on her cool graceful face.
She looks up and down and turns all around
And shares her glow with the falling rays of bows.

Cotton candy clouds floating down so proud,
Kissing her cheeks while she bats her eyes and seeks.
Swirls and kisses around this missus.
White and blue, create reflections in her milieus.

Colors floating all around her like leaves in Fall.
Spinning fairies orbit her aura, the spring greeting her with its flora.
The Sun and the Moon, they compete to watch over her room.
The wind carries her a melody, her voice like that needed remedy.