MY BALLAD, MY HEART SONG

By Darcey Anne Farrow

A tree
So wonderful
So huge
Longing for the world
To sit upon its branches
This length of limb
I've not feasted on before.

This tree
Sitting in a empty field
Surrounded by fields of wheat
Blowing in the breeze,
A gentle, flowing stream nearby.

Morning has rolled in
The birds sweetly singing
The sun has started its ascent
And the HEAVENS have opened up
To shine down upon us once again
Giving us hope -- a new day is here.

A stream of light
Appears imbedded in a cloud
Like a shrine full of candles
Glowing brightly, serenely.

The clouds above
So white, so pristine
Untouched by human hands
The water below
So dark, so mysterious
Rolling along without a care