

The World I Live In

I love to sit upon my porch
And watch the cars and trucks
Pass by,
And see, directly before me,
The branches of the budding tree
From which the small birds fly;

I see the plane's white trail pass
Behind the spire of the church
Across the street,
And just beyond, the emerald grass
In the park, where people
Meet;

I sit in the sun, and it
Warms the cool breeze's
Goosebumps on my skin,
And I think to myself,
"How lucky I am, to enjoy
The world I live in!"

©2001 Shannon Rae Noble