

THE LAND

Trees rustling
in the crisp
morning air,
Birdsong melodies everywhere,
Water trickling
my bare feet,
Exploring woods
acres to roam,
This land
I call home

Sun shining
through the trees,
Running fast,
feeling the breeze,
Leaves dancing
as wind blows,
Deer prancing on
the meadows.

At dusk
before the night,
Setting sun
a beautiful sight,
Spraying colors
throughout the sky,
Firelight embers
float up high.

Making memories
with my friends,
hoping fun
will never end,
These acres
I have roamed
This land
is my home.